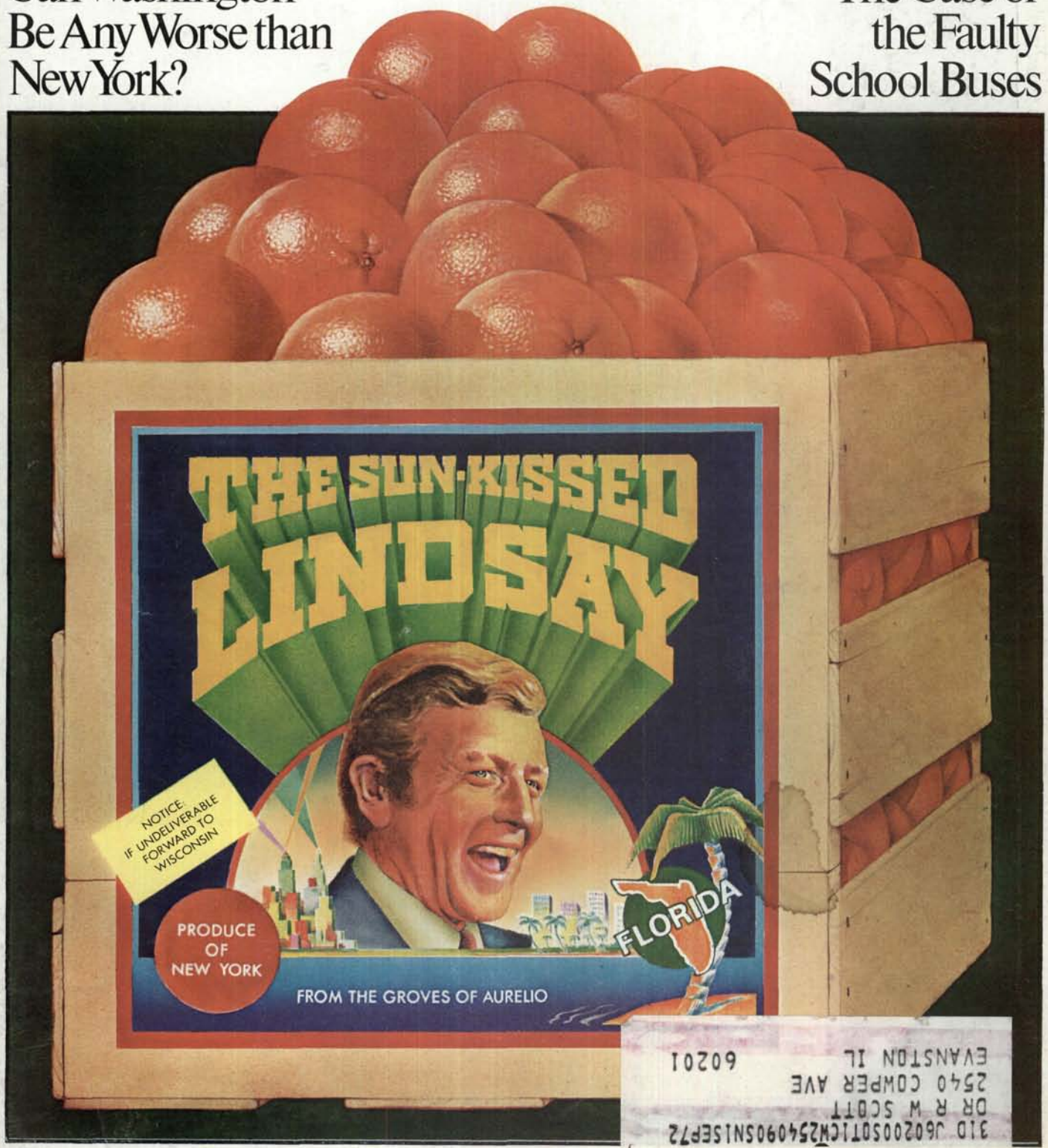
THE SOCIETY
Saturday Review
MARCH 11, 1972 50¢

Mayor John's Gamble: Can Washington Be Any Worse than New York?

In the Name of Profit: The Case of the Faulty School Buses



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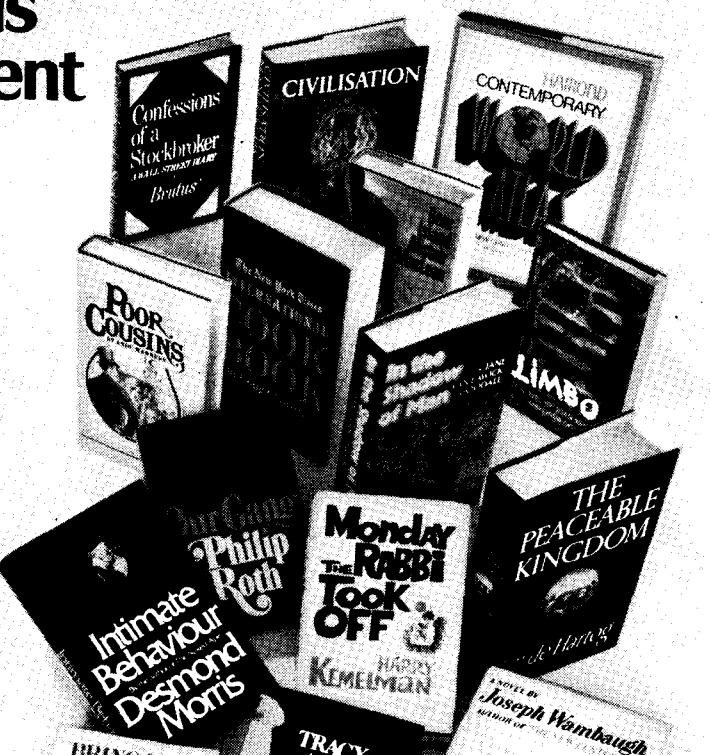

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

In the Good Old Wintertime

On TV summer comes before spring. They've already begun to sneak in the summer reruns while it's still winter. Reruns are indicated in the program listings by an (R). So watch it—any season with an R in it may be hazardous to your television viewing. The reason so many shows are repeated is that they are so forgettable.

Fortunately, we may get a break in this election-year spring and summer. Many of the reruns will doubtless be pre-empted for the primaries. McCloskey campaigning in the primary in New Hampshire, Lindsay in the primary in Wisconsin, Muskie in the primary in Massachusetts, Wallace in the primary in Florida, and Nixon in the primaries in Peking and Moscow. To say nothing of the two big conventions. When politics begins to look better than the entertainment, we are in bad shape TV-wise.

However, China-wise, television was useful as well as Oriental and may take a deep mandarin bow for opening a long-closed, politically smeared window on an old world of 800 million new people.

But this has not been our most fun home-screen season. The situation-comedy situation is so lackluster it's not even funny. The three Saturday night half-hours, *All in the Family, The Mary Tyler Moore Show,* and *The New Dick Van Dyke Show,* are still engaging and worthy of the laughs they provoke, either tracked or in your home.

Of the others, some are fair, some are unfair even to the low esteem in which a viewer's mentality is held by the programers. I was tempted one evening to watch a Lucy show with special guest Bob Cummings, until I saw a half-page ad in *TV Guide* that said in big type: "POOR BOB. ONE DATE WITH LUCY AND HE DOESN'T KNOW WHETHER HE'S CUMMINGS OR GOING." I knew the show could not be funnier than that.

One of my favorite unfunny shows—or as my wife puts it, "One I like the worst"—is *The Glen Campbell Show.* But I try each week to catch its last few minutes. This spot is when an innocent little eight-year-old girl comes out with an envelope and says to Big Glen, "I have a fan letter for you." Big Glen says, "Thank you, Susie Ann," or whatever her name is, and he reads the letter to us. One night it went like this: "Dear Mr. Campbell: I played one of your records the other day, and my goldfish died." And Big Glen replied, "Well, you better get yourself another goldfish, because I'm going to sing another song right now." And that was one of his better nights.

Humor like this is not restricted to entertainers. There was the night Vice President Agnew, a very good joke man who can deliver a one-liner like a pro—jokes, I am told, that are usually created for him by the Bob Hope writers—was speaking at a Boy Scout executive dinner. He must have been ad-libbing that night, because he said, "I saw the publishers from McGraw-Hill in the elevator. I knew they were from McGraw-Hill, because they were wearing black arm bands." When that laugh had trickled down, he said, "I understand McGovern is writing Lindsay's biography," and capped that one with "The Boy Scouts over the years have helped millions of old ladies across the street, and thirty-five per cent of the old ladies really wanted to cross the street." A joke that has been helped across the street for at least fifty years.

But non-joking aside, folks, and the generally desolate state of TV entertainment notwithstanding, the judges of the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences will, with straight faces, go about their annual routine of handing out awards for excellence in telecasting. These awards will be presented with pomp, and splendor, and éclat, and a certain hauteur. Envelopes will be nervously torn open and actors will run forward to hug the Emmies to their bosoms and give thanks, and thanks, and thanks, and cry.

One program that this viewer hopes will not be overlooked in all that falderal is the one titled *'S Wonderful, 'S Marvelous, 'S Gershwin*—ninety minutes of Gershwin music, conceived, written, and directed by Martin Charnin, who had the boldness, the inventiveness, the audacity to present a quiet ninety minutes of sheer television delight without a laugh track or canned applause. Let's hear a big round of applause for Mr. Charnin.

In trying to recollect other high spots in the season, my radar memory doesn't pick up much. I keep seeing on that little one-inch screen at the top of my head some women who are addicted to squeezing toilet tissue, which, as we all know, is against the law. I also keep hearing a young lady saying, "I hope you will try my coffee." And Danny Thomas comes on saying, "*Your* coffee?" And she apologetically says, "Our?" That's what's been keeping me awake nights. It's not the coffee. It's Danny Thomas saying, "*Your* coffee?" □

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General Telephone & Electronics, 730 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

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It's too important a question to leave to chance.

So most phone companies have programs for teaching school kids to report emergencies.

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GTE

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Saturday Review

MARCH 11, 1972

THE SOCIETY

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Hubie Marlow came over from across the street.

"Hiding Easter eggs?" he asked. I don't answer questions like that. "The reason I ask," he went on, "is because if that's what you think you're doing you're wrong. I can see a dozen from here."

"I've already used up all the hiding places," I said, "and I still have six chocolate bunnies, twelve marshmallow chickens, twenty-four candy eggs—"

"How about blindfolding the kids?"

"Easter is early this year," I went on, "and the weeds haven't come up yet."

"There's an answer for everything," Hubie said. He went in the garage and came out with a stack of empty flowerpots. He started putting them upside down on the grass.

"You call those hiding places?" I asked. "That's the first place they'll look."

"You don't put an egg under each one," he said. "That's the secret." Some secret. By the time I'd finished with the pots, Hubie had brought out the bikes and sleds, tools, paint cans, old tires....

"Hubie," I said, "don't you think the yard is beginning to look a little tacky?"

"Do you want your children to have a happy Easter or not? It's as simple as that." I shrugged. "I'll need help with the rowboat," he said.

Hubie had just left when Maggie drove in. The kids jumped out yelling and ran in for their baskets. Maggie stood looking around the yard thoughtfully. "I had to make some extra hiding places," I explained. She didn't answer. People were strolling home from church in all their finery. They all slowed down as they passed the house. The Easter Parade. One lady stopped in her tracks. "Madam," I said, "I think your new bonnet looks great." She nodded and walked away. Fast.

When the kids had found all the eggs and candy, I asked them if they wouldn't like to help carry all the things into the garage.

"The Easter Bunny got it out," Sammy said, "let *him* put it back." I started picking up flowerpots.

In a little while Maggie came out to the garage.

She was wearing slacks and carrying a couple of Bloody Marys. "Here," she said, "sit down and relax, and then I'll give you a hand."

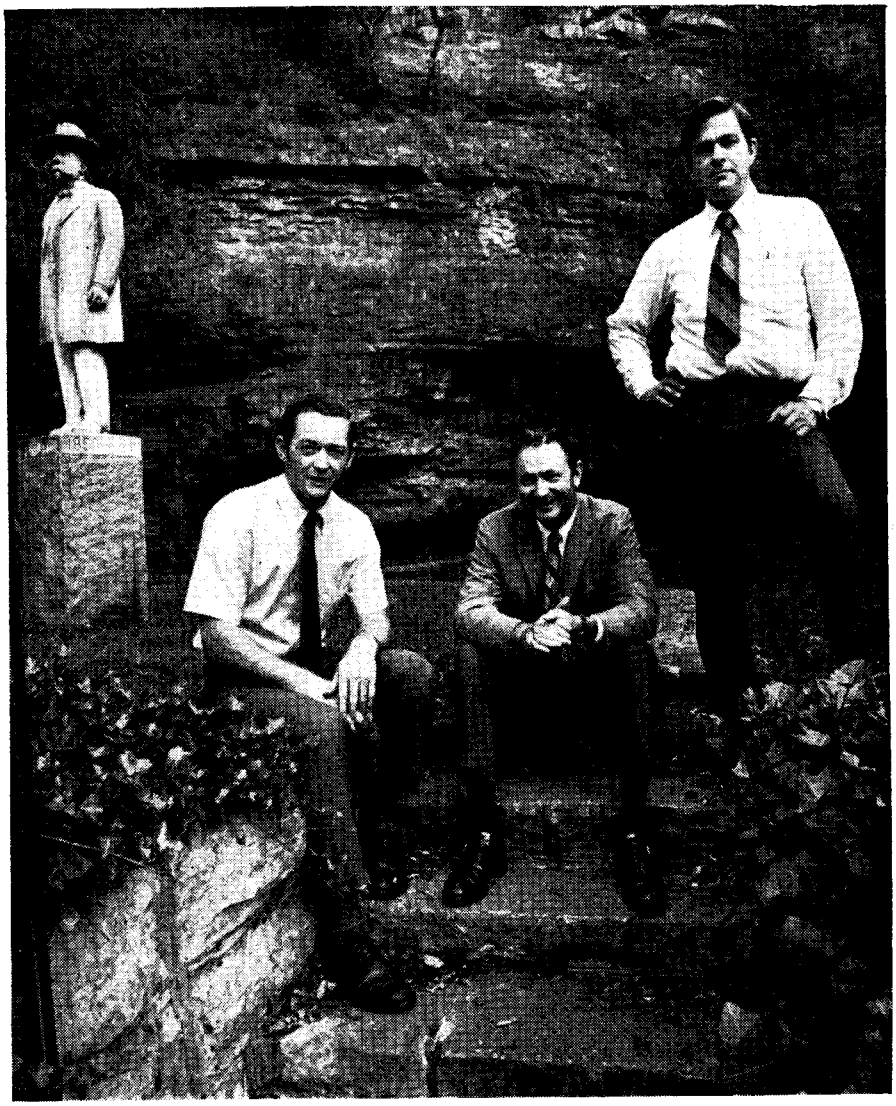
I sat down on the wheelbarrow. "You're not mad at me?"

"At the Easter Bunny?" she said, grinning. "How could I be?"

So if anybody is still wondering if the Easter Bunny has a wife, the answer is yes.

One of the best.

Will Stanton



THE BOYS FROM THE JACK DANIEL'S FRONT OFFICE say they've never had their pictures shown. Well, meet the boys from the front office.

Charlie Manley, the one in the middle, can remember when he was our only finance man. But now he has two assistants and a new calculating machine. And he loves to talk about how he's changed our bookkeeping methods over the years. Of course, when it comes to whiskey we still charcoal mellow it in the slow, old-time way. And, you can be sure, neither Charlie nor anyone else is about to be changing that.

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Advertisement of the Week—as found by Bill Lynch in the Seattle *Times*:

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Sleeps four

We've got it. Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice.

Definition of the month—as located by Mrs. Tirzah Dunn of St. Louis in Funk and Wagnall's *Practical Standard Dictionary*:

am'bi-va'lent, . . . Experiencing love and hatred at the same time, for the same person, especially for a mother-in-law

If we can't get objectivity in our dictionaries, how about equal time?

Paulette Goddard, the beauteous widow of the late Erich Maria Remarque, has been engaged on a promotion of Mr. Remarque's last novel, *Shadows of Paradise* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), and when we met her in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, the girl who has played virtually every part on the screen and in real life has been the wife of Edgar James, Charles Chaplin, and Burgess Meredith promptly declared that this was the toughest role yet.

"I remember," she told us, "Bill Jovanovich telling me I could do it. 'You're a ringer,' he said. 'I can't,' I said. And in a minute we're fighting—like we're married—and in 21!

"One thing I won't do," she went on, "is television. Erich himself never did anything there. He used to say books were never finished anyway—they were only finally abandoned. And after the publishers got one away from him and published it, he'd run and hide. The only clipping he ever carried was about his performance in the movies. He was in one once—*A Time to Love and a Time to Die*." She smiled. "He had three or four lines—which he never could remember—and he had written them himself!"

Miss Goddard poured us each a Coke. "This is my first trip to Hollywood in ten years," she went on. "It's off my beat now. But I loved it when I was here—the outdoors, the sunburn, the whole sports thing. God, Jinx and I used to knock the pants off everybody at tennis. Of course, it was mostly Jinx—but together we could always win butter dishes. Yet I always remember that the minute a picture was finished—before my makeup was off even—I'd be headed for New York or Paris."

Where, we asked, did she live? This time her smile was devastating. "When I was married to Charlie," she said quietly, "I lived in his house. When I was married to Burgess, I lived in his house.

"One day, I remember, when Charlie and I had quarreled—God, I never quarrel with anyone today—anyway, I left, and H. G. Wells left, too. H. G. was visiting us, and when I left he left. He stayed with me two months—at the beach house—but he had to have his tea. And it had to be just the right tea and fixed just the right way. So finally I had to hire the head cook at the Beachcomber's. He made Chinese tea every day, so H. G. stopped squawking."

What, we asked P. G., was H. G. really like? "Adorable," she said, "and funny. One day we had a party for him, and nobody came for a whole hour. It was because the invitations were wrong. But we thought it was political, because everyone thought H. G. had written, 'Here come the Germans, hooray, hooray.'

"It's all so ridiculous. The other day a woman came by here, right to my room—one of these snoop sisters—and asked if I minded that Charlie didn't have his footprints in the sidewalk at Grauman's. I told her, no, I didn't mind, and I felt fairly certain Charlie didn't either."

Miss Goddard has remained a close friend of Mr. Chaplin and will attend the reception for him at Lincoln Center next month. "I remember going to the reopening of *Modern Times*," she said. "God, how funny he was. And touching. And moving.

"Politics are very strange, you know. Erich was born in Osnabrück, the very bed of the Nazis. They always talk about how, after *All Quiet*, the Nazis burned his books and banned his films. But, God, his sister—they beheaded her. His beautiful, blonde, twenty-three-year-old sister. They beheaded her because she said that Germany would never win the war." Miss Goddard paused. "And then they sent Erich the bill for the execution—sixty marks.

"Erich really was more than just anti-Nazi—he was anti-German. 'Every time they lose a war,' he used to say, 'they win it. They'll never change.' And yet when he wrote *Arch of Triumph* right here in this hotel he was under curfew. All Germans were—even if you were anti-Nazi. He couldn't go out after six o'clock at night. And he was a night person, too."

Where, we asked, did you meet? "We met here in Beverly Hills," she said, "at Hahn's Flower Shop. He sent me flowers, and I couldn't thank him because I was married. I didn't see him for five years. And then we met again on Fifth Avenue and he asked me to dinner. I remember he said Friday at eight. And he was very smart—he never called back to confirm it. If he had, I would have said no. But I couldn't do anything about it. And at eight he came, and we had dinner." She paused again. "And we had dinner forever after."

Wasn't it a hell of a life, really, we asked rather abruptly, being married only to actors and writers? She poured another Coke. "Oh, no," she said. "They're like children. All artists are. Painters are the very worst."

Did she have any more Remarque books? "I have a hundred and twenty pages of one," she said, "and then there are his notebooks. I've found twenty-three of them—they go from 1938 to 1954. Then I found 1923 all by itself. It started off, 'Martha and I arrived in Berlin this afternoon.'" She shrugged. "He never mentioned Martha. He never kept a diary after we were married. Maybe people keep diaries only when they are lonely. I like to think so."

Would she now please, we asked, talk about herself? Where was she born? What did her father do? "I was born in New York," she said. "My father left when I was two." This time there was a long pause. "No," she said, "I can't. I can hold any subject for three minutes—but not myself. I have never given a bio or a screen-magazine story. In twenty years I didn't. It takes away from what I'm about. I live only in the present. Let Joan Crawford see her old pictures. She's a pal of mine, and I love her. But I won't see mine. She's always asking me, 'Why are you so difficult?' I won't even keep portraits around. Any portraits I have are in storage or in cellars—even the Rivera. I don't like conversation pieces."

What, we asked, is the difference between living with an actor and living with a writer? Once more she smiled. "I don't remember. I don't live a comparative life, either." □

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1978)

SAR A. LEVITAN
BLUE-COLLAR WORKERS

The tremendous anger which working-class people have recently expressed toward youthful rebellion and exhibitionism can be understood. The anger accompanies anxiety that their children, too, may be weaned away by the dramatic and obviously gratifying, if immoral, activities of college kids.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

But Can We Take the Children?

Recently, the Motion Picture Association, arbiters *in extremis* of the moral values in American movies, switched their GP category to PG. Both are intended to suggest "parental guidance," but GP apparently sounded too much like "general public." PG, I'm afraid, connotes "pretty good"—or even Procter & Gamble (for a movie that is 99 and 44/100ths per cent pure). But the new rating points up the dilemma currently facing the film studios. With the box office swooning like a Victorian lady with the vapors, the producers are being forced to turn to films that will attract the broadest possible audience. Xs are re-edited into Rs, Rs cut to GPs—and GP has turned into PG.

One producer who has managed to stand clear of all these transmogrifications is Robert Radnitz, whose films have generally been based on such time-proven children's classics as *A Dog of Flanders* or on books that have been given the cachet of the Newberry Award medal. For Radnitz, the G rating has never meant simply a kiddie film—one that you send the children to. He makes his films for a family audience and hopes that they will be rewarding enough on several levels that parents will want to *take* their children to his movies.

It is an altogether valid premise, and in his newest film, *The Little Ark*, Radnitz has backed it with what is, for him, an epic story derived from Jan de Hartog's novel about the disastrous 1953 floods in Holland. As always in the Radnitz iconography, the inspiration is a child forced into manhood—except that in this instance there are two children, a Dutch boy (Phillip Frame) and an Indonesian girl (Genevieve Ambas). Isolated in a church steeple when the floods strike, they find a brief, idyllic refuge in an abandoned houseboat before being rescued by a bluff sea captain (Theodore Bikel). The irony is that they would rather not be rescued.

Once under Bikel's wing, they gradually become aware of the enormity of the disaster and find a certain satisfaction in helping to care for the flood's many victims—but, happily, without loss of their natural children's instincts. They still are more concerned about their pets than about people. And finding their own foster father again is, understandably, more important than getting a bunch of strangers to shelter. But this attitude has begun to change before the final reunion.

The production, though low-budgeted, captures with vivid intensity the deluge and its aftermath. Filmed in Holland, it not only captures the day-to-day life of that sky-filled land but ingeniously uses the shallow waters of the Zuider Zee just north of Amsterdam to reproduce the look of actual flood conditions. Young Master Frame may not be the ideal protagonist; James Clark's direction is hardly imaginative, the situations are often too pat. But Radnitz has learned how to make children stay believably childlike, with the result that both children and adults can identify with his characters—especially in *The Little Ark*, probably his best film to date.

One mark of a real family film is that it gives the family something to talk about after it is all over. "Did it really happen?" was the question raised by a number of children after *The Little Ark*. "Could it really happen?" is probably the first question that springs to mind after *Silent Running*, a science-fiction film directed by young Douglas Trumbull, who was responsible for much of the special-effects work in Stanley Kubrick's *2001*. In both instances, the answer is yes, and part of the persuasiveness of both films is the photographic ingenuity that went into their creation.

Trumbull postulates some future time, unspecified, when the earth has been given over to synthetics. The food consists of chemically produced pellets; plant life has all but disappeared because of the poisoned atmosphere. Out in space, however, a gigantic spaceship carries vast, domed capsules filled with all types of vegetation that will one day be returned to a purified earth. A dedicated botanist, Bruce Dern, is in charge of the program. But after eight years in space something has gone wrong. The flight is to be abandoned, the botanical gardens jettisoned, and the ship returned to earth. Knowing that his are the last remaining specimens of vegetation, Dern refuses. He disposes of his comrades, outwits the authorities, and goes on watering his plants—for a while.

Deprived of all human companionship, Dern sets up a curiously moving relationship with the diminutive robots, much like ambulatory TV sets, that operate the vast spacecraft for him. The ship itself, an interstellar junkyard, is a convincing elaboration of the gadgetry of *2001*. And, as a good family film should, *Silent Running* poses several important ecological questions. Is vegetable life more important than human life? And should we litter outer space with human fabrications? You can go on from there. □

(Advertisement)

Mr. Tom Wolfe, writing in a kandy-kolored issue of *New York Magazine* that I found on my desk this morning, seems to be saying that the New Journalism has zapped the novel. I don't agree that the novel has been zapped, but I have seen the new journalism—Talese, Mailer, the Wolfe-man himself—and it works.

No "new" journalist works better than Oriana Fallaci. Her new book NOTHING, AND SO BE IT tells about her tour of duty covering the Vietnam war and her experiences covering the Olympics in Mexico City. It is journalism, all right, but it is as personal, as moving, and as highly charged as any writing you are likely to see about men —and women and children—at war. Oriana was in Nam during the Mylai massacre. She flew bombing raids. She jumped with the paratroopers. She witnessed immolations and executions. She talked at length with General Ky, spent hours with women political prisoners, with highly-placed American officials, and above all with GIs. Wherever she went, she tried—and failed—to make some sense of the war.

At a certain point, when Oriana Fallaci could no longer take the death and misery all around her, she asked to be relieved of her assignment. She was sent to Mexico City. There, while covering a student meeting, she was shot three times in the stomach, during a police rush. She tells about this participatory reporting and much more in NOTHING, AND SO BE IT, a book of new journalism that ranks with the best in the genre.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

NOTHING, AND SO BE IT ($7.95), by Oriana Fallaci, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 673 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Lowell Revisited, or Thoughts on the Death of "Look"

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us,
Magazines taxed for a corner to die in,
Internal Revenue comes to shrive them
(But the air is free for TV to lie in).
For paper and print their lives they pay,
Postage they earn with a whole soul's tasking,
Our heavens alone are given away
And only wavebands had for the asking.

John H. Lienhard

The Chick-Chick Syndrome

My wife Maggie has always been like a kid about holidays—Thanksgiving, Christmas—she can hardly wait. That's why I was so surprised when she remarked last March that she was dreading Easter.

"How can you say that?" I asked. "Aside from the religious significance, it marks the end of winter. It's a time of budding and blooming—a fresh start for all."

"It's also a time for coloring eggs, for hiding eggs, for fighting over eggs, for stepping on eggs. And I haven't even mentioned the candy—a chick chick here, a bunny bunny there. It's all a pain in the neck."

"Very well," I said. "This year I'll take over the whole operation."

I knew Maggie was expecting me to make a botch of it, so I made up my mind to fool her. On Saturday afternoon when Maggie came into the kitchen, the eggs were boiled, the dye mixed, newspapers spread over the table, the decorations all laid out, and everything spotless. I opened the freezer, took out two Bloody Marys, and handed her one. "I know you like them extra cold," I said gallantly.

She shook her head. "I simply can't believe it."

I smiled. "Sorry to disappoint you." I picked up an egg carton from the shelf. "I had a dozen left over," I said. "You want them in the refrigerator?"

She reached for the carton, and I let go of it a split second too soon. She lunged and missed it. "Damn it."

I picked it up laughing. "It was only an empty carton."

Maggie set her glass on the table. It was empty, too. The Bloody Mary was spread from the neck of her dress all the way to the hem. "A little joke," I explained. She didn't say anything, just stood there staring at me. And dripping. I picked up her glass. "I'll mix you another," I said. "I hope I can get it cold enough."

She turned very slowly and started out of the room. "The last one was just right," she said.

I wiped up the floor and called in the kids. I put Roy and Gretchen on one side of the table and Sammy on the other. He's the youngest and needs the most room. There were eight colors, and I gave Gretchen and Sammy three each and Roy two, because he was oldest.

Roy said that was no fair—he always had to give in because he was oldest. There was a certain amount of truth in that, so I took one bowl from each of the others. They set up a howl about that. "I don't want to hear another sound," I said. "Shut up and dye."

Sammy wanted to know why the Easter Bunny hid the eggs instead of putting them in your stocking. I said I didn't know. Gretchen wanted to know if he had a wife, and I said I didn't know.

Sammy asked if there had been an Easter Bunny when I was a kid. I said, "Sure." "Wow," he said, "I never knew rabbits got that old."

He started to move the purple dye over to his side, and Gretchen grabbed it and tried to pull it away from him. "Stop it!" I said. "Let go of that bowl!" Sammy did.

Gretchen started to cry. "Never mind," I told her. "It's only vegetable dye, and you have to take a bath anyway. It'll wash out of your dress." I got the orange dye from the shelf and gave her that to keep it even.

Gretchen said it was all Sammy's fault. He said it was her fault—she should have let go when I told her to. Roy said they both better shut up.

"That's enough," I said. "If you don't quit this, the Easter Bunny won't bring you any eggs."

"Who cares?" Roy said. "We've already got the eggs."

"Well, then, he'll hide them so good you'll never find them."

"I think that's plain mean," Gretchen said. "The Easter Bunny makes me sick."

"Oh, he does?" I said. "Well, let me tell you, Miss Smarty Pants, you make the Easter Bunny sick."

"What did you say?" Maggie had just come in wearing a fresh outfit.

Roy looked up. "He said Miss Smarty Pants here makes the Easter Bunny sick."

She nodded. "That's what I thought he said, but I couldn't believe it." Then she happened to notice Gretchen. "Well, well," she said. "He worked it on you, too."

"An accident," I said.

She picked up the bowl from the shelf. "How come you're not using the green dye?"

"That would make an uneven number," I said. "Three wouldn't go into it."

Maggie said, "Three *is* an uneven number."

"Look," I said, "who's in charge this year?"

"I'm sorry," she said, "this year three *isn't* an uneven number." Women have no head for figures.

Finally, Easter morning came. Maggie took the kids to church while I stayed home to hide the eggs and candy. Maggie had about thirty pounds hidden in the closet, and I counted out everything in multiples of three. I put everything into a big basket and took it out into the yard. After a little while,

"You're suffering from an overdose of vitamin C. I'm going to give you some common cold virus to combat it."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

SHORTLY after the Attica uprising, Governor Rockefeller, in response to a reporter's question about why he hadn't visited the prison...

REFLECTIONS

IN THRALL TO FEAR

...having failed most dismally and shockingly, we are beginning to cast about for a new set of values. The American people, if not their leaders, have come near to recognizing the failure of romantic, aggressive "realism," although a new idealism has yet to take its place. Perhaps we will settle for an old idealism—the one we conceived and commended to the world but have never tried.

—J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT

THE SPORTING SCENE

SOME PIRATES AND LESSER MEN

BASEBALL has concluded its annual exercises in the obligatory fashion—with another World Series and another franchise shift. A riot followed the wrong event...

—ROGER ANGELL

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CLOSING CIRCLE—II

...Human beings have broken out of the circle of life, driven not by biological need but by the social organizations that they have devised to "conquer" nature. Once more, in order to survive, we must close the circle. We must learn how to restore to nature the wealth we borrow from it.

—BARRY COMMONER

SOLITAIRE

...Instead of turning it over, he tore it across; the card was plastic-coated and tough, and crumpled before it tore. From a fragment he saw that it had been the missing ace. No matter. He was a modern man, not superstitious even alone with himself; his life must flow from within. He had made his decision, and sat inert, waiting for grief to be laid upon him.

—JOHN UPDIKE

PROFILES

BLUE CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Stewart Rawlings Mott

ANNALS OF MEDICINE

A SMALL, APPREHENSIVE CHILD

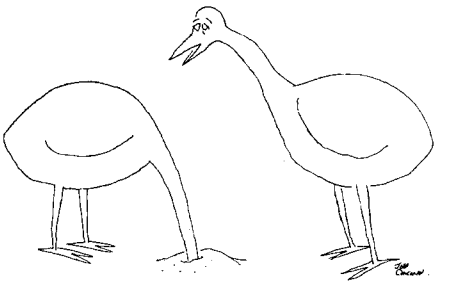
HER experience was so exceptional that I'll give her an unexceptional name. I'll call her Barbara Logan. Barbara was...

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

ALIEN CORN

ACCORDING to last week's *Variety*, "Jesus Christ Superstar" is expected to prove "the biggest all-media parlay in show biz history." Having begun in the record, or platter, medium, it quickly progressed to the concert medium, and has now reached the dramatic, or legit, medium, filling the stage of the Mark Hellinger with colossal optical effects and ear-drubbing hyper-miked sound...

—BRENDAN GILL



"And what kind of a world would this be if everyone decided not to get involved?"

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Fall and Rise of Vittorio De Sica

...After a career in the late twenties and the thirties as a movie matinée idol—the handsome singing star of dozens of romantic musicals—De Sica had become a director, at first of highly successful light comedies and then, with the collaboration of the writer Cesare Zavattini, of a series of movies that were aesthetically revolutionary. The style that they initiated in 1942...

—PAULINE KAEL

This page is a New Yorker sampler.

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THE NEW YORKER

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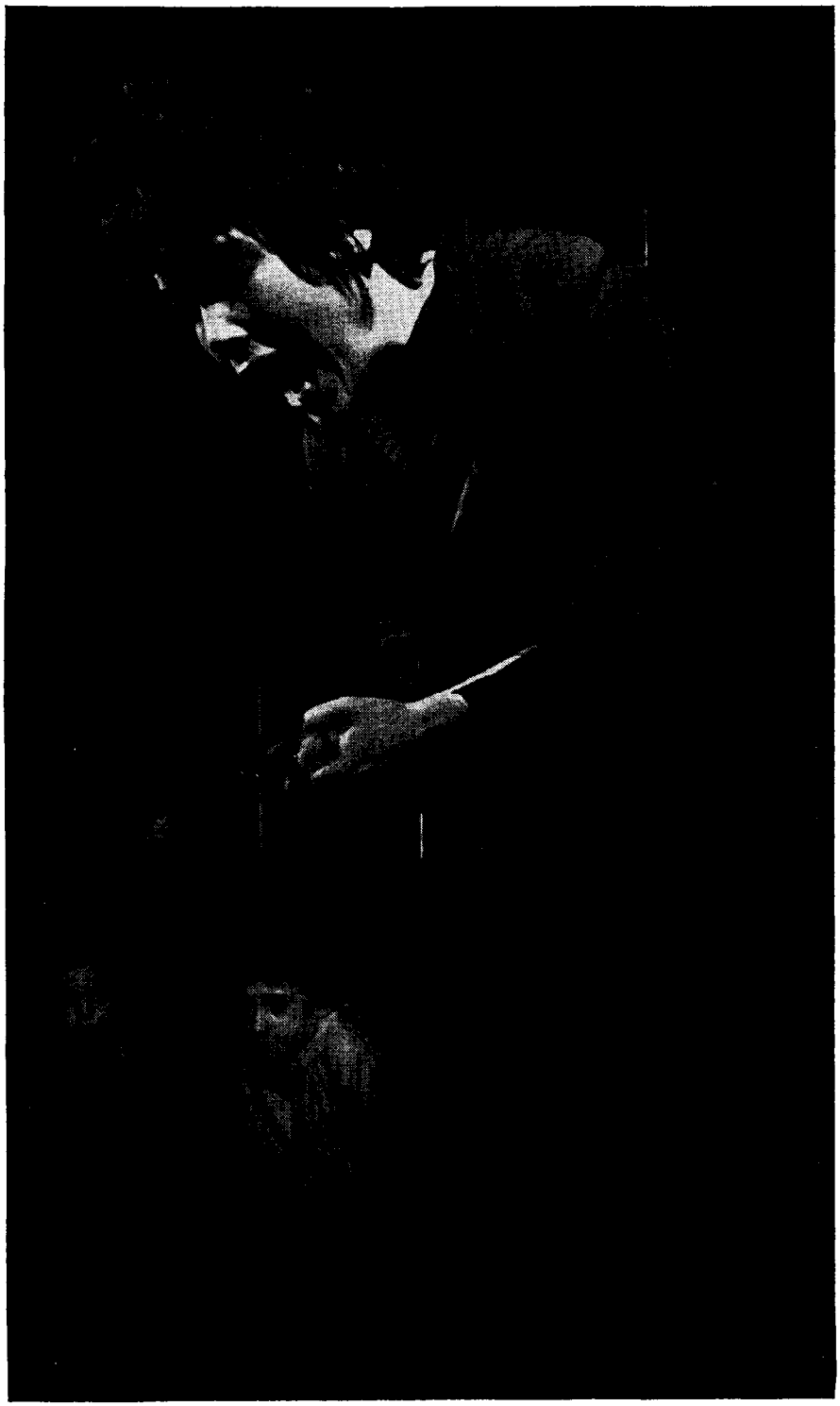
The Theater

Henry Hewes

Subterranean Sounds Surfacing

Forty-five theatergoers descend the steps to the cellar, guided only by the lighted candles in the hands of the actors. Isolated in the limbo of a long subterranean corridor, we sense something inevitable and awesome waiting for us in the dark adjoining room. A black woman advances up the corridor speaking ancient Greek. Although we don't understand the words, her anxiety and terror are totally expressed in her eyes, in her frenzied mouth, and above all in her voice, which seems to emanate from some transmitter located deep inside her. She is Medea's Nurse, and she knows what is about to happen. Medea, who has been abandoned by Jason for a young Corinthian princess, will use her witchcraft to avenge herself. The sensible thing would be for someone to kill Medea before she can get started. But out of respect for absolute justice, no one will prevent the tragedy.

Now the audience enters the large dark room and seats itself on benches that line two of the walls. At the far end stands Medea in chains, spitting out Greek deprecations like a caged wildcat. From this point on, we don't so much follow the story, which is a mixture of Euripides (spoken in Greek) and Seneca (spoken in Latin), as participate in its events as rites.



(Above) Prologue to La Mama Repertory's unique and wondrous rendition of "Medea." Because of the size of the basement theater, which adjoins this long corridor, director Andrei Serban's chamber-style production could accommodate an audience of only forty-five persons a night, which created more disappointed theatergoers than did Jerzy Grotowski's Polish Laboratory Theatre when it limited audiences to eighty on its visit a couple of seasons ago. (Left) Priscilla Smith, as Medea, dramatically considers the alternative of killing herself rather than her children. (Right) Medea, beyond the reach of her grief-stricken ex-husband, Jason (Jamil Zakkai), whose daughter (Diane Lane) she has slain before his eyes.

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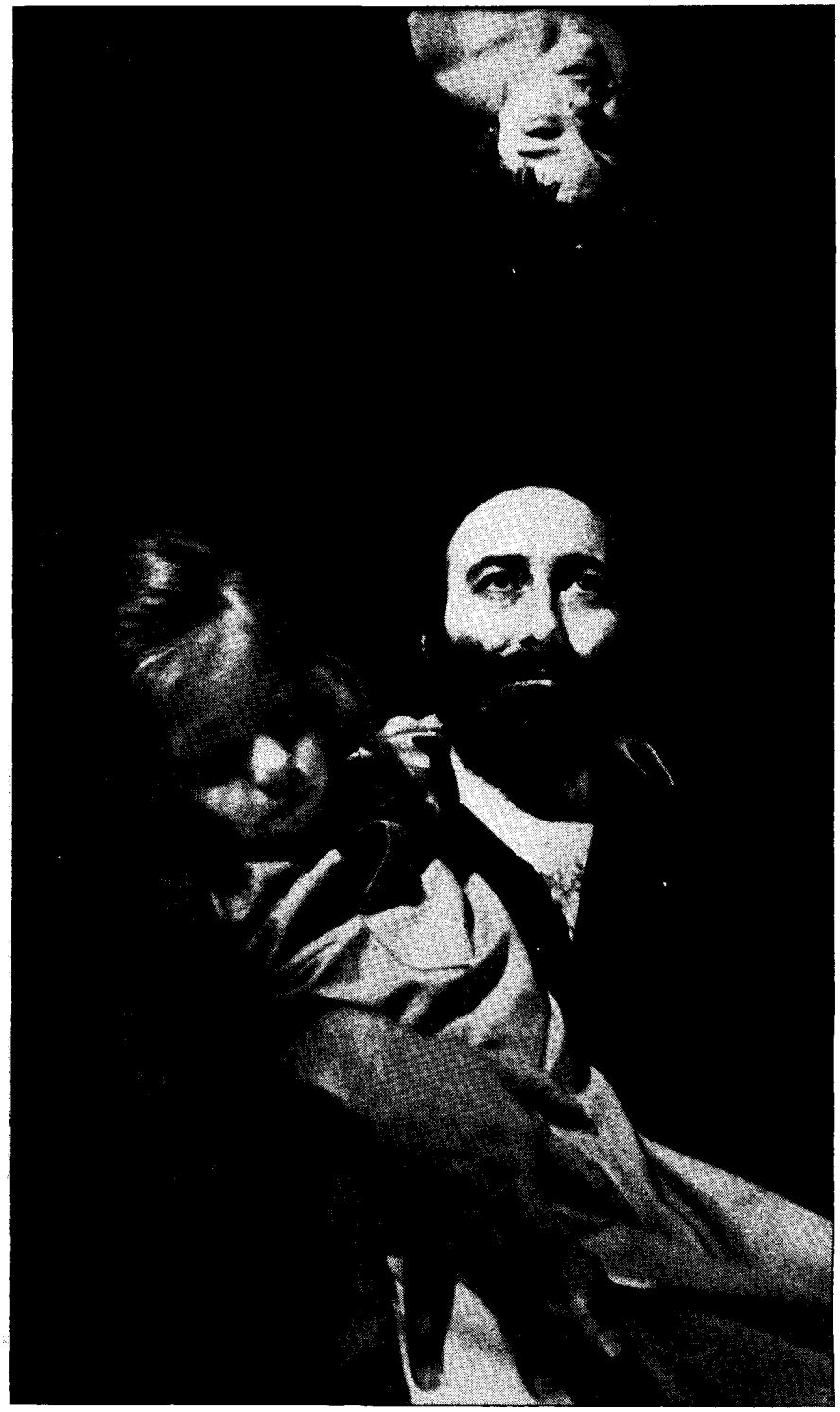
These rites include the humiliation of Medea, from whom Jason's new wife takes the crown and from whom Creon takes the mask; the evil chorus's incantation with the flame Medea has used to poison the wedding gifts; Medea's deciding whether to turn the knife on herself or her children; and her final appearance in a magic getaway chariot, which at La Mama is effectively suggested by having her speak upside down through a hole in the ceiling.

The performers speak their Greek and Latin lines with astonishing sureness and intensity. Priscilla Smith's Medea is a woman's body wrapped round a supernatural, scrapingly resonant voice. Jamil Zakkai's Jason glows, an eloquently sad portrait with high voltage used at lower key. And Natalie Gray's Nurse provides the sounding board for the play's terror. Sensitively reinforcing the dialogue and the play is Elizabeth Swado's percussive music.

The fifty-five-minute experiment constitutes the most dedicated and pure piece of theater we have seen in some time. The work is the result of four months' work by members of the La Mama Repertory Company and the twenty-eight-year-old Rumanian director Andrei Serban. The same combination will next produce, with only three weeks' preparation, a free-swinging, very impure staging of *Measure for Measure,* which will accompany *Medea* on the forthcoming European tour La Mama producer Ellen Stewart has arranged. The opposite of *Medea,* it will be for large audiences.

Serban was brought here two seasons ago by the Ford Foundation to work in the American theater. The young Rumanian took another group of La Mama actors and produced *Arden of Faversham* in a startlingly dynamic production. British director Peter Brook saw *Arden* and immediately invited Serban to work with him at his new Center for Theater Research in Paris. It was there that he got the idea for doing *Medea* in an original way. Brook had wondered why it is that, in the middle of saying a lot of easily understandable words, an actor can suddenly make a nonverbal sound that will electrify everyone. Part of the center's research was therefore devoted to determining if perhaps the actors could speak nothing but patterns of syllables and still hold the attention of the audience.

For *Medea,* Serban began with a compromise plan. The actors, whose dialogue would be in classical Latin and Greek, would also keep the audience abreast of the plot by use of a few speeches in Elizabethan English. But he found these insertions broke the mood, and he discarded them. In rehearsals, the aim was to make everything come freshly out of the play and the actors' response to one another. The actors painfully learned organically to feel and create sounds from 2,000 years ago. They learned to make the Greek and Latin come out of their emotions so truly that the lines would never become just something recited. In so doing, they found centers in their bodies out of which their voices could resonate without straining their vocal cords. Although many of their rehearsal exercises were physical, Serban eventually eliminated as much of the physical dynamics as he could, because he wanted to communicate the emotion of *Medea* through sound. Since *Medea* started performance at La Mama, the director has observed that some of the audience weep and some yawn. Presumably those who respond best are those who don't take a literal approach to following the plot or don't require a kind of physical excitement the actors easily could have supplied. For Serban, the aim has been a refining away of everything false, a first step toward understanding why he is working in the theater. And the result similarly challenges us to examine our own preconceptions about theatergoing. □



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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Hanging Around Words

I once had as a writing student a Navy veteran who had served in the Pacific aboard a tanker that refueled warships at sea. At the end of one story about his war experiences he wrote, "We had arrived at our mid-ocean rendezvous."

In our manuscript conference I made some detailed suggestions toward a possible revision of the story and concluded by pointing to his use of "arrived." He was ambitious to become a writer: At what level did he mean to engage the English language? It was not a question I could answer for him, but it was one I had to ask.

Our English word "arrive," I pointed out, is only a slightly changed way of spelling and pronouncing the Latin *"ad ripam,"* meaning "to the bank" or "to the shore." The adjective "riparian" and the noun "riviera" are related derivations. At root, therefore, he was saying, "We had come to the shore in mid-ocean." Was he willing to say that?

He was impatient with the question. Everyone who speaks English knows that "to arrive" means "to get there." Who cares about dead Latin roots?

"To arrive" does, of course, mean "to get there." So, in one sense, does "to reach" ("we had reached our mid-ocean rendezvous"), but with a root image of "stretched out toward" and with a residual sense of "stiffness," the Latin root *"rig"* yielding both "reach" and "rigid." If the two words did the same thing, they did it differently, and theirs was a usable difference.

If I were writing of a dead seaman being brought home for burial, his coming would be a true "arrival"—a last coming to shore. If I spoke of him "reaching for heaven or hell," I could thereby suggest the stiffness of his body and perhaps play the word against its other usage in "a reach of sea." If I were writing an elegy for a seaman in which there were many images suggesting the idea "stretched tight" (taut rigging, the strictures of sea discipline, the stiff silence of his surviving shipmates), I would certainly want to continue that theme by using "reach." It would offer, in such a case, a thematic possibility no poet would willingly ignore.

I sensed that my man was resisting such a notion of language. Perhaps I had reached too far (too stiffly far) for an example. I tried a more obvious one. Suppose I were to write about "a crusading Egyptian social worker"—would that usage strike him as funny?

He wanted to know what was funny about it. I pointed out that a "crusade" (from Latin *"crux"*, i.e., "cross") is a specifically Christian venture ("toward the cross"), that Egyptians were not generally motivated in that direction, that they had tended, in fact, to be on the other side in those expeditions we call the Crusades, and that to make crusaders of them might well seem a comic confusion of history. He didn't see anything funny in that.

A "crusade," as far as he was concerned, was "any campaign to bring about desirable reforms." He was telling me in effect that he took his war experiences seriously, that he meant to write about them seriously, and that he had no time to take from serious business "to fool around" with Latin roots.

That student never went on to publish anything. As far as I know, he has given up the idea of being a writer. I cannot imply that this instance proves a point. There have been writers who made reputations of a sort without being interested in words. Such writers tend to be slabs of raw energy (I deliberately assign them a mixed metaphor), and energy can be enough to win through.

Yet most good writers, the poets in particular, do use language at a depth beyond the practice of the man on the street. For them words are entities that involve roots, textures, histories, associations, levels of usage, shape, taste, their particular demands upon the speech muscles. In good poetry those intrinsic qualities of words often determine what the poem is and how it gets to be what it is.

Early in *Prufrock*, T. S. Eliot writes, "to lead you to some overwhelming question." The evolved meaning of "to overwhelm" is "to overpower the feelings," and that meaning certainly fits the mood of the poem. The Anglo-Saxon root "hwelm" referred to the sides of an open ship of the sort used by the Vikings. The root survives in our word "helm," now generally designating the stern of the ship. "To be overwhelmed" means, at root, "to have the sea crash over the side and swamp the ship."

In *Prufrock* that root suggestion becomes a first sounding of a theme of underwater imagery and of sensations of drowning. The very landscape of the poem seems to be that of some submerged city. The poem resolves itself "in the chambers of the sea," where "human voices wake us, and we drown."

Eliot is using language as a musician uses his musical elements, not to make a statement but to develop a theme. The poem, it can reasonably be said, is not a message but the statement, development, and resolution of its themes. So taken, those intrinsic qualities of the words are not ornaments upon the poem, they are the poem itself. It was those intrinsic qualities—the ghosts of the words—that moved W. B. Yeats to write, "Words alone are certain good," a declaration that must seem nonsensical unless one comes to it with a sense of what words are to the poet and to his poem.

The same sense of things was pointed up by W. H. Auden when he was asked what advice he would give a would-be poet. Auden answered that he would ask the man why he wanted to write. If the answer was "Because I have something terribly important to say," that man might become many things but he was not interested in poetry and there could be small hope of expecting poetry from him. If, on the other hand, the answer was "Because I like to hang around words and overhear them whisper to one another," then that man might fail of any of thousands of human reasons but he had a poet's interest in the poem and could be hoped for.

For a poem does not set out toward a subject. Rather, it finds one. Let a man sit down with no intent but to describe an old family photo—say one of those faded sepia nineteenth-century stiff poses of a group of ancestral faces. He has no notion of being significant or far-reaching. He means only to make visual. By the time he has finished a single paragraph aimed at visual accuracy (*and if he is a word sensitive*), the words he has summoned in his effort to be accurate will have leaked a ghost that was nowhere in his mind at starting. That ghost (or those ghosts) once evoked, the rest of his writing is between him and those ghosts.

In this instance, the very word "sepia," if registered in depth, is enough to summon the spirits. *"Sepia"* is the Latin word for "squid" from the Greek *"sapein,"* meaning "to make rotten," it being a Greek belief that squid ink produced rot. Mediterranean cookery still uses squid ink as a marinating agent, as in the Spanish dish *calemare en su tinta.*

Is all that too far afield? My Navy veteran would have said yes, but let it be remembered of ghosts that they do wander and of words that it is the poet's vocation to trail them to their furthest reach, to whatever arrival they may be, to whatever overwhelming presence they release, apart from any saying, there in the mists of imagined self where identity is never a declaration but a haunted presence—exactly the sort of haunted presence a good poem is. □

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

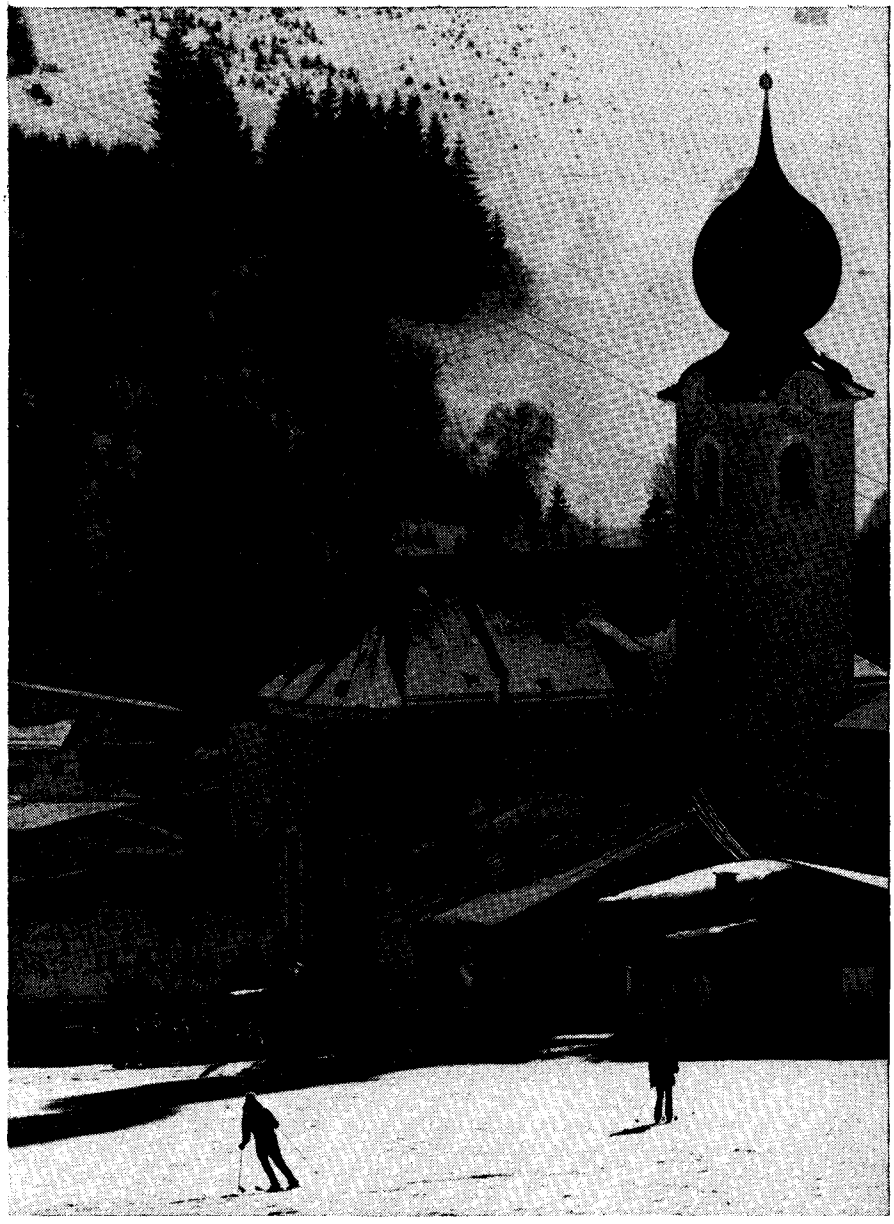
The Pleasant Slush of Saalbach

Everything about the little Austrian village looked as it should. You wondered if Hollywood had put it there for a Robert Redford ski movie. White stone buildings with their gently inclined roofs and carved wooden balconies followed a winding road upward toward the mountains. People strolled about in colorful ski wear. And from the onion-domed baroque church in the main square came the peal of bells.

So what was missing from little Saalbach on that bright February afternoon? Snow. *Schnee.* The same thing missing from so many other Alpine ski resorts this winter. Beyond the village you could see the south-facing slopes half turned to brown as though April and spring had already rushed into this corner of Salzburg Province called the Pinzgau. Far from cursing the freakish weather, people were sitting everywhere the sun shone through, smiling lazily back. All seats were occupied on the red bench in front of the Town Hall. People were out on balconies taking their lunch or sitting outdoor-café-style in front of their hotels and *pensions*, drinking beer.

Saalbach, a three-hour drive southeast of Munich, was bearing up well to a snowless winter. "We had the driest January in one hundred years," said a Saalbach man whose elders told him so. "Business is down maybe thirty or forty per cent." You might have sensed the slack at the lifts and on the slopes, but not down in the village at tea-dance time. The tea dance is just one of the gifts Austria has bestowed on the ski world. The Scandinavians may have got on skis first, but they made work of it. The Austrians, three-fourths of whose land is so mountainous that a ski slope is never more than an hour away, didn't have the terrain for the sometimes punishing Nordic cross-country style, so they shaped their slats a little differently, climbed the mountain, and flew down with a whoop and a yodel.

Saalbach's beginners' slopes are just a short glide from the village square and the onion-domed, 300-year-old church, whose bells ring out at the oddest hours.



A tea dance? It's Austria's own form of après-ski activity, a misnomer perhaps in that you don't have to drink tea or even dance to feel you are a long and happy distance from the often self-conscious gotta-meet-her-now setting of other late-afternoon ski scenes. Saalbach's Sporthotel has a downstairs dance floor, the Sportkeller Discothek, and from 5 to 6:30 p.m. it is mobbed with young people just off the slopes (or, this winter, straight from the Town Hall benches). While the band plays, you drink not tea but Austrian white wine or beer, and gradually the boys come over from their tables to ask the girls to dance. When the music stops, you witness an Austrian or perhaps Alps-wide custom not practiced from Killington to Squaw Valley. The boys see the girls back to their tables and return to their own roosts, instead of "moving in."

Across the narrow main street, which isn't marked but which townsfolk call Dorfstrasse, or Village Street, a different kind of tea dance is unfolding at the Saalbacherhof's Castello. This is the cellar of one of Saalbach's several first-class hotels, and the après-ski clientele tends more to families. Here the Jacks —or was it the Jocks?—played to older couples and Saalbach's better-endowed Austrian and German guests, among them a mother and her courtly son. Later, an after-dinner transformation converts this same den into a rocking, piercing dance hall.

In the calm of an early evening Johann Dschulnigg, the hotel's husky, hardy owner, sat down with us to drink white wine from Vienna's Grinzing district. His background and his entry into the ski-resort business are typical for Saalbach, for Austria in general. Saalbach grew up around its early-eighteenth-century church little by little, almost reluctantly. "My people," said Johann, "have been here in the mountains since the fourteenth century. My grandfather brought in the first telephone in 1880 and people threw stones at him. My mother began this

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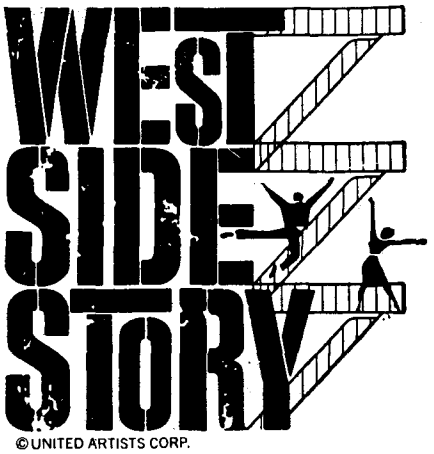

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WEST SIDE STORY

hotel as a little *pension* in 1929 or so. Saalbach was nothing more than some farmers then, and woodworkers. My own father was a blacksmith, and I worked in his shop.

"In 1933 the Germans had to pay their government a thousand marks to leave the country and come to Austria on holiday. So we hoped for the Dutch, British, Hungarians, and Czechs to visit us. Oh, we had some important Germans. Speer was here with us, and the man in charge of building the Western Wall between Germany and France —Todt. They would come at Christmas and Easter when I was sixteen or seventeen and we kids would take them up the mountain.

"Then the war came, and when it was over I was with the Army in Italy. I knew the mountains, so I walked all the way home from Milan. During the American occupation the soldiers used to live with us. At first, we were not allowed to fraternize with them; they saw a Nazi in everyone. But that lasted only three or four months. We weren't treated badly. Nobody in Saalbach had to give up his house. Of course, we learned English from the troops. In the autumn of that year, 1945, we wanted to build a ski lift, so we used an old German Army cable car. It broke in the spring, but the ski village was on the way."

Until 1955 Saalbach was a cluster of *pensions* and guesthouses. Then the villagers began to expand or rebuild their places into substantial but not overdone hotels, and various ski lifts were installed. To this day, the owners themselves keep a check on development, and a mayor's committee watches from the background in case expansion goes too far. Only one outsider has come to Saalbach to build a hotel, the Kristall. She is a Viennese woman of wealth named Dagmar Eder, but she fits perfectly into the humble, friendly milieu, so much so that when we met in her lobby and later that night in the Kristall's rollicking dance bar, I took her for a smiling hostess.

You get that impression from meeting most Saalbach citizens. Checking into the Hotel Haider, whose finely carved balcony railings suggest an Oriental pagoda, I followed a friendly, swarthy man up to my room, where he carefully set down the bag and explained the hotel's eating arrangements. Something told me he wasn't one to tip, but it wasn't until later that I learned he was the hotel's owner and founder, Josef Haider. He had come to Saalbach in 1946 from a nearby village as one of the area's first ski teachers. His comfortable middle-range hotel asks only about $13 per person in high season (i.e., February) for a bed and three meals. Austrian hotels are renowned for offering full pension, tons of food, and the lowest rates in the Alps. In Saalbach a big bed with the fluffiest quilt-like *Decke* (with three meals) hardly tops $16.

To illustrate just how content and cut off Saalbachers are, there was almost no talk about the Winter Olympics taking place that week in Sapporo, and while Vienna was getting ready to stage a hero's welcome for the ill-fated Austrian skier, Karl Schranz, few people in Saalbach seemed concerned for Avery Brundage's sacrificial lamb. Things might have been different across the mountains to the northwest at Kitzbühel or in the Arlberg villages of Lech and Zürs, resorts that draw from a more worldly and festive lot.

Even the Saalbach tourist director, who might be expected to adopt a more cosmopolitan view, prefers the ways of the Pinzgau to anything he's seen abroad. We were drinking huge mugs of spiked Austrian tea, *Jägertee*, one afternoon in the region's oldest farmhouse-turned-café when he grew rather melancholy and said, "You see, I am Austrian, and I like old-fashioned things. It is slow and simple here, but it is *gemütlich*. I don't like self-service, hurry-up restaurants. I would rather hear American spoken than English. English is so correct. It's the same as comparing our Bavarian-Austrian speech with the High German. We are not so correct. I think we prefer American to English because we heard it so much after the war: 'You like some chewing gum?' "

In Saalbach people greet each other with *"Grüss Gott!"*—or "God's greeting"—and to special friends they say *"Servus,"* a salutation of Roman origin. You hear *"Grüss Gott!"* all over Austria and Bavaria, whether approaching a hotel desk, a shop's counter, or a ski lift, and soon you are saying it back.

Austrian originals, besides the tea dance, are the country's systematized ski-teaching technique and the ski circus, a chain of interconnecting lifts and trails that take you over mountains, across valleys, and home again. Saalbach's runs were considered elementary until additional lifts brought the area's more challenging runs nearer to town and created a three-ring circus called the Europe Sport Region, which includes the villages of Kaprun, Zell am Zee, and Saalbach. Now, when the snow is right, it is possible to ski five or six neighboring mountains without using a bus or taxi.

To escape the balmy lower reaches, the best way is to drive to Kaprun and then take a three-stage cable car run to the Kitzsteinhorn, a 10,000-foot-high glacier. Until this aerial tram was built a few years ago, the glacier was strictly for spring skiing. Villagers hiked up the mountainside on skis cov-

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ered with sealskin and then glided about the year-round whiteness, while far below boats plied the lake at Zell am See.

Now, at the top, the air was almost as warm as in the main square of Saalbach, and from the lookout you could peer south to Austria's highest peak, the 12,000-foot Gross Glockner, and beyond it to the dark slopes of Italy. Northwest lay the Wilder Kaiser Mountains of swinging Kitzbühel. My Saalbach companion warned repeatedly against taking too much sun, as if we were lying out for the first day on the sands of Tahiti. Lunch on the second level was a bowl of goulash soup, a local favorite imported, as many Austrian dishes are, from Hungary or other lands to the east. This stew-like treat would appear before me often, most notably as a sobering-up agent.

When I drove out of the little village and headed west toward Switzerland, the tires were making the same whoosh-whoosh-whoosh sound through the melting snows as they had the day I arrived. In a sunny 4,000-foot pass just northwest of Innsbruck lies the novel resort town of Seefeld—novel because half of the people who come in winter are not skiers. They come to take the brisk but salubrious air, to walk the plowed trails into the neighboring mountain villages, to play the peculiar form of Austrian curling called *Eisschiessen*, and to use the fourteen swimming pools, each with sauna. Nordic skiing has been introduced on the gentle, forested terrain nearby, actually a carry-over from the 1964 Innsbruck Olympics, when the cross-country and ski-jumping events were held at Seefeld. "And we still have the original Finnish sauna that was built for the Scandinavian teams competing here," a Seefelder told me.

He bemoaned the lack of snow, which not only has forced Seefeld to convert its picturesque horse-drawn sleighs into squeaking wagons but also has exposed much of the main dump, which rises like a modest mountain on the outskirts of town. The problem of garbage disposal is one that plagues many Austrian villages. It is no small surprise to American eyes. Not that there were many American eyes to behold the scene. Some 60 per cent of the 4,000 tourists in town were Germans, 15 per cent Dutch, 7 per cent English, 5 per cent Belgian, and 13 per cent others. "Probably eighty per cent of the visitors are happy anyway," he said. "It's enough for them to lie on the deck chairs and take the sun." After a round of tea dances and a go at the slushy cross-country course, I left the next morning for the promise of whiter lands. Hypnotic as it was, sun was not my aim.

Schnee was. □

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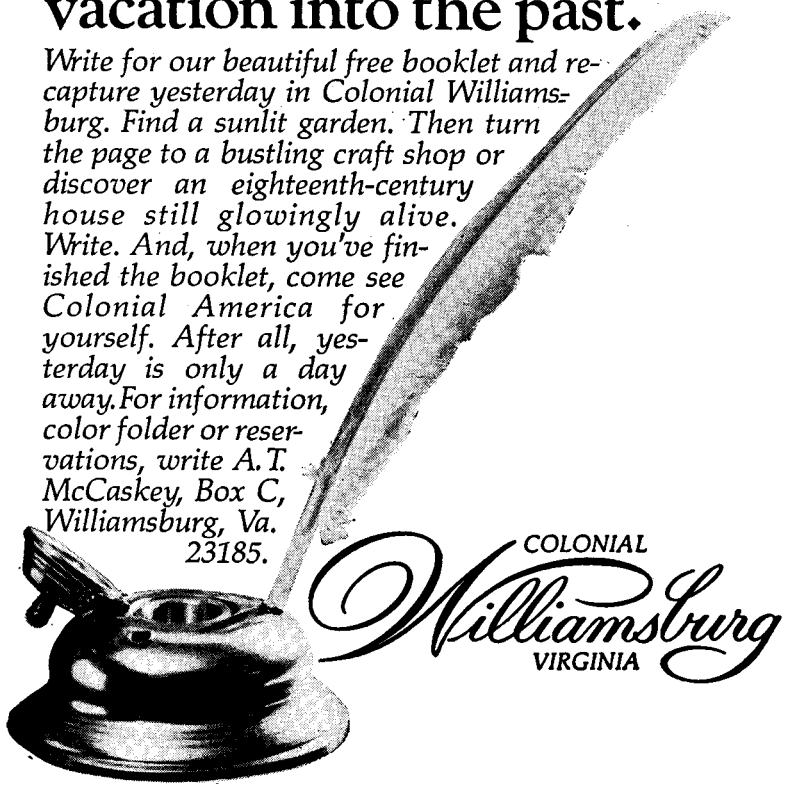

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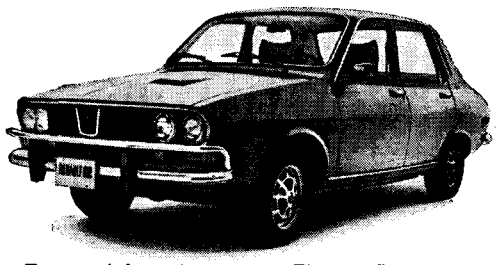

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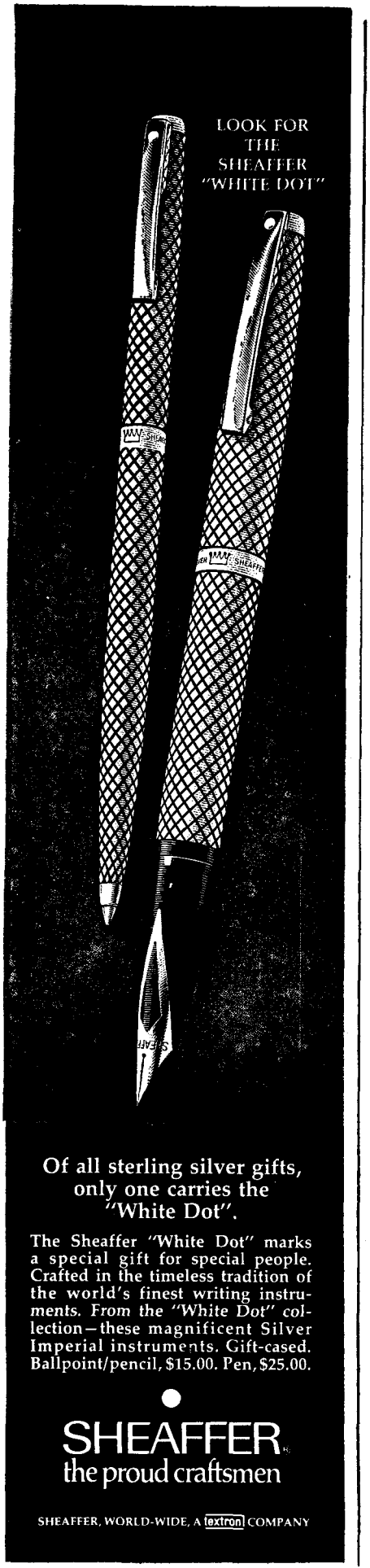
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Recordings in Brief

Delius: *Brigg Fair*; "A Song Before Sunrise"; "Marche-caprice"; "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring"; "Summer Night on the River"; "Sleigh Ride"; and "Intermezzo" (from *Fennimore and Gerda*). Sir Thomas Beecham directing the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Seraphim stereo, S-60185, $2.98.

Few surpassed Frederick Delius in his realization of a bygone romantic world that had already begun to recede into the past when he began to compose *A Village Romeo and Juliet* in 1900. None have equaled Beecham's command of what his friend was trying to do. For all its delicate colorations, Delius's music was full of tensions and hidden strengths. Beecham gives full value to both the colorations and the tensions, in performances of a strength that may never be equaled again. To bring about that outcome would require not only an interpreter of Beecham's insights but a man of the material means to bring together as many fine performers as he did in the Royal Philharmonic, the last and greatest of the five or six orchestras he created in his lifetime. The reproduction does justice both to the music and its re-creation.

Granados: *Goyescas* (Parts I and II). Aldo Ciccolini, piano. Seraphim stereo, S-60178, $2.98.

Ciccolini's performances of the six pieces contained in the two parts of *Goyescas* meet every standard but the highest, the one embodied in the efforts of those indoctrinated in the Spanish idiom from birth and habituated to its special kinds of sonorities, pedalings, etc. (as set forth by Alicia de Larrocha in her interview with Robert Jacobson in *SR*, Oct. 30, 1971). Though he has doubtless made an effort to achieve an adjustment to the Spanish style, Ciccolini is still basically the pianist praised by Virgil Thomson as "a powerful technician and a musician of impeccable taste, with an especial cleanliness and clarity all his own." The first half of this endorsement is as applicable to Granados as to any other composer, but not the second. The languorous haze and veiled sonorities wanted for "Los requiebros" are absent, likewise the coloristic attributes in "Quejas o la maja y el ruiseñor" ("Laments or the Maiden and the Nightingale"). For those who might wonder when there will be a new de Larrocha issue to replace the withdrawn Decca set, the word is that it will not be for some time—two or three years. Ciccolini's piano sound is well reproduced.

Lutoslawski: Concerto for Orchestra. **Hindemith:** *Mathis der Maler* Suite. Paul Kletzki conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London stereo, CS-6665, $5.98.

Some of the earliest recordings to make the *ffrr* ("full frequency range recording") symbol a "mark" worth owning originated in Geneva with the Suisse Romande Orchestra under the direction of the late Ernest Ansermet. There have not been too many from there since Kletzki became the orchestra's chief, but the tradition of ever increasing quality and fidelity persists. This is probably the best-sounding version to date of the Lutoslawski score, not because Kletzki has a better penetration into the depths of his countryman's music than Ozawa (there aren't any depths, really), but because the broad panorama of sound is superbly realized by the London-Decca technical team. The result is even exceeded in the Hindemith, for here there are depths to be plumbed as well as a surface to be extolled, and Kletzki does both with masterly craft.

Mahler: Symphony No. 4. Lorin Maazel conducting the Orchestra of the Berlin Radio; with Heather Harper, soprano. Nonesuch stereo, H-71259, $2.98.

Despite some faster than usual tempos, especially in the Second Movement (marked *"Ohne Hast"*), Maazel makes a succinct, unified thing of a work that is sometimes disjointed and nonconsecutive. He is especially successful in following through on the Schubertian practices (they are much more than implications) on which Mahler has stranded some of the most expressive materials he ever invented (or borrowed). The orchestra's understanding of Maazel's objectives and its response to the manner in which they relate to Mahler produce much expert performance, especially among the wind players. The fine vocalism of Heather Harper completes a version of the work that is not only very personal to Maazel but suitable to the composer. Good, bright reproduction.

Rossini: *La gazza ladra, La scala di seta, Semiramide, Il barbiere di Siviglia, L'Italiana in Algeri,* and *Guillaume Tell* overtures. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. DGG stereo, 2530 144, $6.98.

The more symphonic Rossini's writing becomes, the better Karajan's responses suit the music's needs. This points to "William Tell" as probably the most suitable subject for the Karajan-Berlin Philharmonic treatment, and so it is. The picture painting is with broad strokes, the imagery vivid, the final gallop a dashing experience in musical horsemanship. In the earlier works—both in chronology and in the sequence above—the more transparent scoring and less dramatic content are more often than not overtaxed by Karajan's emphases, especially on the percussion.

Irving Kolodin

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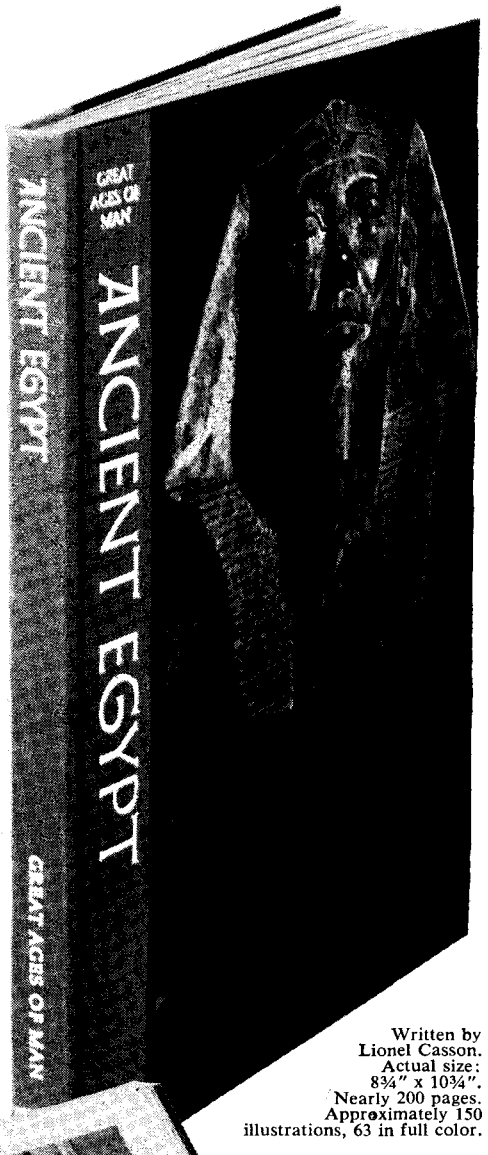

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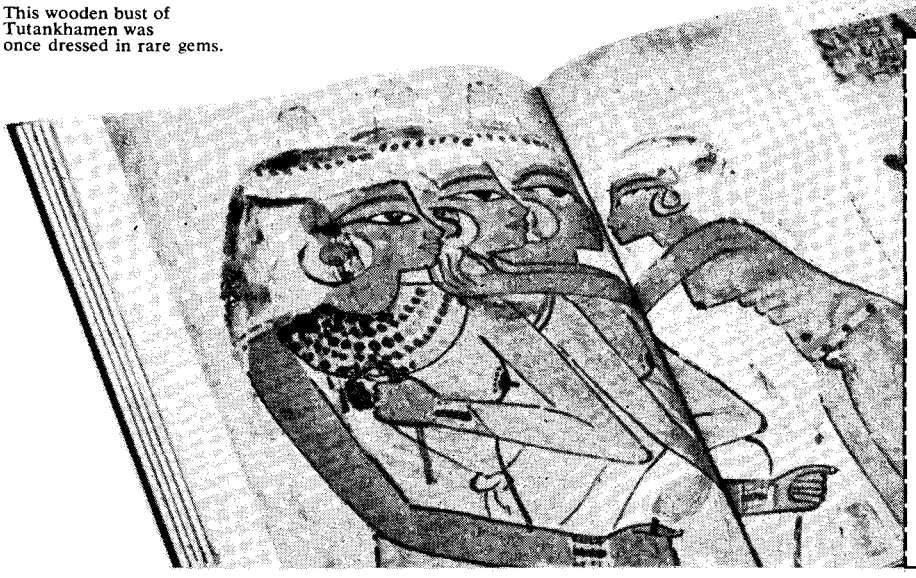

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Letters to the Editor

Living the Life

It was good to see Faubion Bowers's article "Homosex: Living the Life" [*SR*, Feb. 12]. It's always amazing to see a generous, gracefully written evaluation of such a taboo subject. Mr. Bowers is to be commended highly for his sophistication.

But one point should be made. Readers might be misled into thinking that anyone but a handful of people is anywhere near the open-mindedness of Mr. Bowers. I know from personal experience how police harassment and entrapment of homosexuals, job discrimination by the U.S. government and other employers, and social rejection by friends and relatives (some of them supposedly intelligent and even artistic) are still daily occurrences.

Hopefully, the optimism that pervades Mr. Bowers's article will convince more people to be less medieval, but the truth is that in movies and literature homosexuals are almost always depicted as loathsome or contemptibly amusing. The mere acknowledgment of people of variant sexuality in art is not equivalent to a fair or even accurate treatment of the maligned sex. Homosexuals remain the easiest target for ignorant artists and cruel audiences. In life, too, homosexuals are still spat upon when they are not the objects of "nausea" and hatred.

Daniel Curzon,
London, England

In his apparently well-intentioned but unfortunately ill-informed article on homosexuality, Faubion Bowers makes several assertions that cannot remain unchallenged. Least important, perhaps, but typical, is the statement that "*Sunday, Bloody Sunday* did on film what Puccini's *verismo* did in opera." Puccini's operas are not *verismo*, and none of them deal in any way with any kind of homosexuality.

To say that three homosexuals committed suicide during Gay Pride Week in New York City in 1971 is as meaningless as to make the same statement about a like number of cat lovers during National Cat Week.

It is a great pity that the whole article could not have been as accurate and detached as the paragraph that concluded by saying that the homosexual "is not a capon, a mental eunuch, an altered, failed, or lapsed man. . . . He is simply turned on sexually by men." It is an even greater pity that the American Psychiatric Association, which Mr. Bowers takes pains to defend, does not agree with that conclusion and classes homosexuality as a disease.

Kevin P. Norton,
San Francisco, Calif.

Nader Raters

Re: "The Public Ways of the Private Nader" [*SR*, Feb. 12]. James Roche seems to feel that Ralph Nader wishes to destroy the free enterprise system. The free enterprise the big corporations want is freedom from scrutiny of their profit-taking ways, even though they endanger the health and safety of the consuming public. Along with Mr. Roche, we too wonder where the automobile business would be today if Mr. Nader had come along sixty or seventy years ago. We only wish he had. Instead of oversize internal-combustion engine cars smothering us with smog, we might have steam and electric cars, and along with these an adequate transportation system. We might have fewer freeways and more bicycle paths, wilderness areas for hiking and horseback riding. Instead of urban blight and the fighting over busing school children at enormous costs, we might arrange towns so children could walk to school and their parents to work.

Then Mr. Roche says, "Mr. Nader doesn't seem to have many ideas about how he can improve [the system] within the facts of life." Rather, it seems that Mr. Nader is in reality the system's best friend. He would like to see the system work to serve the public. It seems logical that corporations would enjoy longer lasting success if they worked for the good of the public as well as for profits. As it is, they are systematically killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

The Congressional aide who said that Nader's greatest strength is his spiritual quality hit the nail on the head. How else could he toil twenty hours a day for the good of his fellow man? The difference between Ralph Nader and the rest of us who have seen Edwin Markham's "immedicable wrongs" is that he sees the importance of action and has carefully not given "hostages to fortune," while we, even if we do know of the wrongs, have ourselves in hock for our families, or friends, or jobs.

Mrs. W. Corwin Chase,
Vaughn, Wash.

I was surprised to read that a reporter for *The New York Times* feels that he doesn't "want to be associated with any negative stuff about Ralph Nader." Does all the news that's fit to print exclude all but good news when it concerns a public hero? Another comment in the same article said, in effect, that criticism of Nader sets the cause back. What about the public-disclosure and open-debate philosophy of the Nader crusades? Shouldn't this apply to news reporting about Nader himself?

Robert L. Shaw,
Washington, D. C.

Identity Crisis

William Glasser's "The Civilized Identity Society" [*SR*, Feb. 19] reminds me of *The Greening of America*–much truth, much self-deception. Glasser questions those who have "erroneously concluded that aggression and antagonism are innate human qualities while cooperation is not. Written history backs their theory. Human history seriously challenges it." These are slippery sentences. What is "human" as distinct from "written" history? Is it an oral tradition, giving rise to folkish myths that disdain scholarship? Is it man's prehistory derived by inference from a study of animal behavior? Does Glasser agree with Lorenz and others that aggression and cooperation are innate in man and the lower animals?

Glasser assumes that population pressures and social psychology are solely responsible for the great turning points. The vital effect of technology on his themes–power, security, the quest for identity–is almost ignored. The strongest cave man had only a marginal advantage over his fellows. But as instruments of violence became complex and costly, only a large organization could maintain them. The man controlling this apparatus had a more than marginal advantage. It was technology, not psychology, that created the hypertrophy of war. Patton could fight with the ethics of a Sioux Indian, but his tools of war created a vastly greater effect.

Before we hail the new emphasis on identity as presaging a revolution of nonviolence, let us recall the peaceful Balinese villagers–a "primitive identity society"–who periodically "run amuck" with curved swords, slashing at themselves and others. Presumably, these outbursts relieve boredom, liven things up a bit, or release aggression. If they had pro football. . . .

Glasser says, "Not everyone can work at a job he would enjoy identity with, such as doctor, artist, or teacher; but now anyone can pursue a recreational goal (such as bowling or bridge-playing) or a volunteer goal (such as working at a hospital or fund-raising) that reinforces his identification as a worthy person." Is bowling or fund-raising any real compensation for spending eight hours a day at a job one doesn't like? Are there more good things now than in the bad old days of the nineteenth century? Card-playing, according to Twain, and volunteer activity, according to de Tocqueville, were rather more prevalent than today. The consolation Glasser offers may only mask the shallowness and superficiality of today's "happiness," which gives rise to frustrations that produce lives of "quiet desperation" or lead back to the old nemesis–violence.

The experiments in new life-style are exhilarating and filled with possibilities. Decline of organization man and of nuclear brinkmanship can only be welcomed. But the new life-style struggles with its own problems of drugs, tension, apathy, and a special brand of environmental pollution. Maybe these unhappy effects arise through its clash with the vestiges of "survival society." But perhaps human nature has some hell-raising streaks not automatically eradicated. If so, these traits must be accommodated in new and less damaging outlets, instead of trusting aggression to dissipate in a passive and likable sort of self-fulfillment.

Glenn R. Paschall,
Rancho Cordova, Calif.

Correction

Apparently the answers to the Wit Twister in the February 12 issue are incorrect. Are not the correct words torso, roots, and roost?

Diane Neukirch,
Cleveland, O.

Editor's note: *Our apologies. The words noted above are the correct answers to Wit Twister No. 256.*

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OH, WHAT A LOVELY WAY TO RUN AN ELECTION

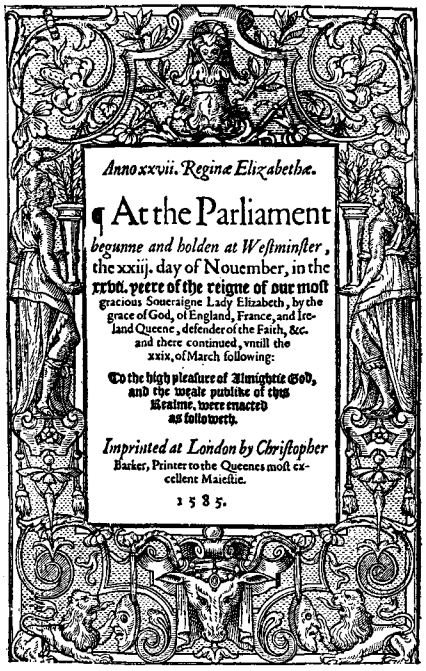
BY HERBERT R. MAYES

LONDON

Rarely a day goes by here without a plethora of newspaper reports and editorial comments about the forthcoming American Presidential election and the lengthening list of Democrats who are scurrying from state to state in quest of primary support. In Britain, where party discipline is exceptionally firm, people find it odd that a cluster of hopefuls should strive against one another to be their party's nominee. According to local custom, the decision about who shall lead a party is quite quickly settled and without any expenditure of time, effort, and money for primary campaigns.

British elections are not all simonpure, and intraparty politics are not always instantly fathomable. But now that I have had almost three years of looking at British government and politics, including the 1970 vote that brought Edward Heath and the Conservative, or Tory, Party to power, I am convinced that there is much about a Parliamentary election that is more equitable and better regulated than our Presidential election. It may relate to the question of national character.

The British are frequently regarded as stubborn, which is hardly news, and no less frequently as eccentric. They drive on the left side of the road. They drink their beer warm. They don't pay interest on overdue income taxes, and Inland Revenue doesn't ask or expect them to. They do initiate changes, of course, but always with reluctance. It was only in 1969, for example, that it became legal for a political party to incur expenses for banners and bands of music during an election campaign. It was only two years ago that department stores and shops—but not all of them—began to stay open on Saturdays. It was only one year ago that decimal currency replaced the ancient shillings-and-pence system, a traumatic transformation if ever there was one. The British will make a stab at daylight saving for several years, and then, as they recently have done, switch back to the old time, which means that in much of the country it will be pitch black at 3 o'clock of a winter afternoon. But if that's the way the Angles and the Saxons liked it in the fifth century when *they* occupied the country, who is to complain now? There are even natives who resent the antipollution measures that have almost done away with the impenetrable fogs. Their attitude is that if pea-soup fogs were okay for Sherlock Holmes, they couldn't be all bad.


Anno xxvii. Reginæ Elizabethæ.

¶ At the Parliament begunne and holden at Weſtminſter, the xxiij. day of Nouember, in the xxvii. yeere of the reigne of our moſt gracious Soueraigne Lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God, of England, France, and Ireland Queene, defender of the Faith, &c. and there continued, vntill the xxix. of March following:

To the high pleaſure of Almightie God, and the weale publike of this Realme, were enacted as followeth.

Imprinted at London by Chriſtopher Barker, Printer to the Queenes moſt excellent Maieſtie.

1585.

Title page of the Acts of Parliament, 1585.

Periodically, the British grumble about the monarchy, which is devoid of political power, saying it costs too much to maintain. But they will cling to it passionately, because it has, you understand, been around so long. There still is no moderately formal luncheon or dinner at which the guests, even the most rabid Socialists, don't drink the loyal toast, before which, incidentally, it is absolutely lese majesty to light a cigarette. Everybody is dying for a smoke, naturally, because coffee is already being served, but it's just not done. Then, too, a member of the House of Commons catches another member, a man he hates, in a flagrant falsehood. He rises and wants to scream that the despicable s.o.b. from Skipswich is a bloody liar. Custom, however, obliges him to refer to "the honourable member who perhaps unwittingly lapsed into error." If he should forget himself and lose his temper and so much as breathe the word "lie," the Speaker, who is the impartial chief officer of the House of Commons, will instantly order him to apologize or scram. A few months ago a member of the House did both: First, he scrammed in a huff, then, after reflection, returned and apologized. Only Miss Bernadette Devlin, the spitfire MP from Northern Ireland, has been able to misbehave and escape chastisement. Early in February, after thirteen civilians were killed in Londonderry by British soldiers, Miss Devlin swooped down on the Home Secretary, who was reporting on the affair in the House, and clawed his face. Like Prime Minister Heath, who a month earlier scarcely batted an eye when spattered with ink by a wrought-up female in Brussels, Reginald Maudling remained unresisting and unruffled. Government officials seem to be geared to imperturbability. In any event, the irascible Miss Devlin, who normally would have been exposed to extraordinary disci-

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Herbert R. Mayes, author of *SR*'s London Letter, has been a contributor since 1966. He is a past editor of *McCall's*.

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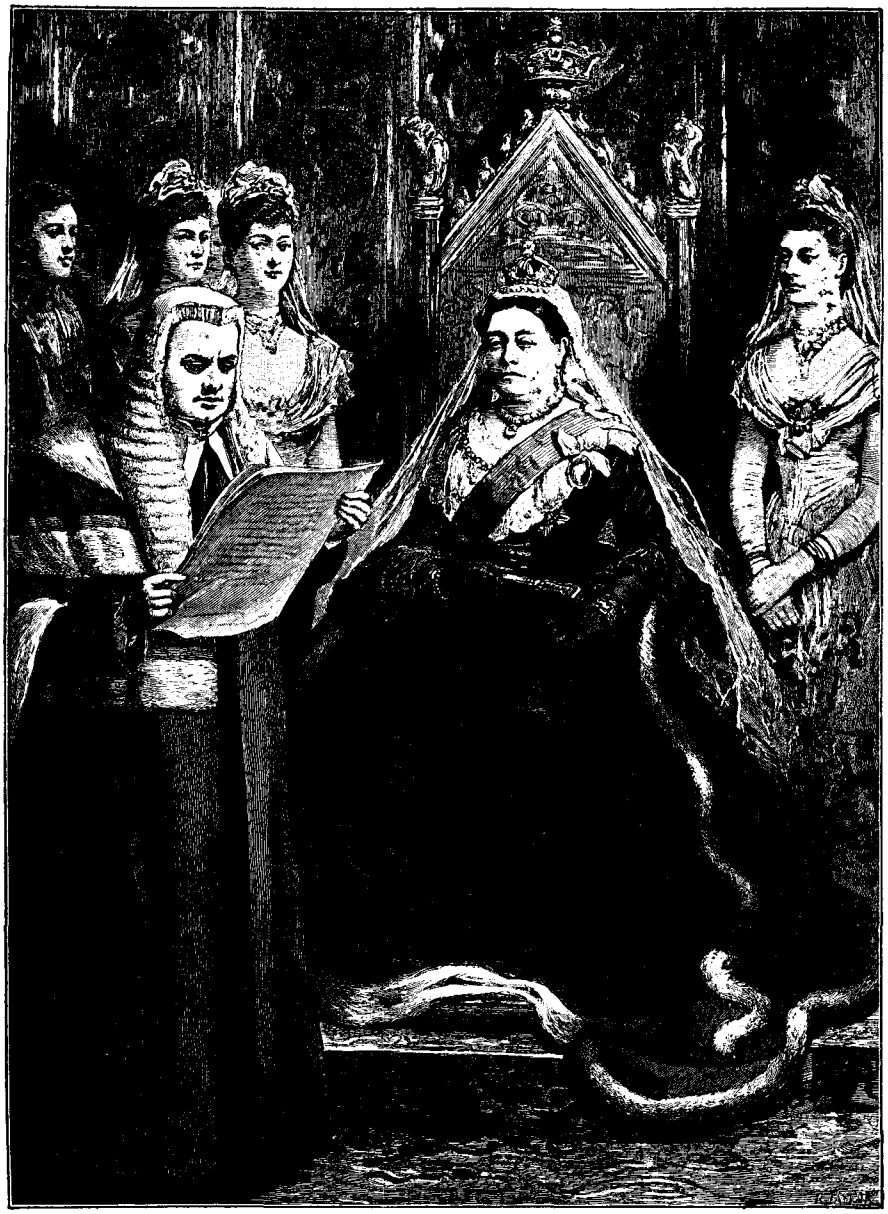

"A horse, a horse . . . the next Election for a hors

Parliament is officially opened in 1886 with a reading of Queen Victoria's speech (upper left). The formality persists today, though the Crown's further role is merely ceremonial. Politics is to the people, and politicking, even the political cartoons, is kept folksy.

plinary action, was most extraordinarily permitted to go unscathed, the Speaker holding that the unfortunate shootings under discussion at the moment served to explain if not excuse the young woman's emotional unbalance.

There is a kindly aura of mumbo jumbo that attaches to and surrounds the Crown. It is virtually inviolate, except for occasional snide cracks from left-wing dissidents. The Queen has about as much authority over political matters as I have, but there can't even be a call for a Parliamentary election until she decrees it. It is the Prime Minister, actually, who decrees it, by telling the Queen, who therefore *must*. But then even the Prime Minister, when elected, is not expected to assume office until he has first gone to Buckingham Palace and "kissed hands." Contrariwise, the Queen may never put foot inside the House of Commons, with the same prohibition applying to every member of the House of Lords, because the Commons is pernickety about preserving its independence and its exclusive right to represent the people. Precedent and tradition are overwhelming in their importance, yet the citizenry are dichotomous in respect to law and order, where it is as normal for them to queue up neatly for a bus as it is to stage wild demonstrations against any suspected infringement of their rights.

In England, as in the United States, the theory of responsible government is based to a large extent on the predominantly two-party system, as against the multiparty system that often produces political confusion in such countries as Italy and France. Currently, the two major parties in England are the Labour and Conservative, with the Liberal Party a distinguished but politically inconsequential third. In a Parliamentary election, which is the equivalent of our Presidential election, the party that wins a majority of seats for the House of Commons is the party whose leader automatically be-

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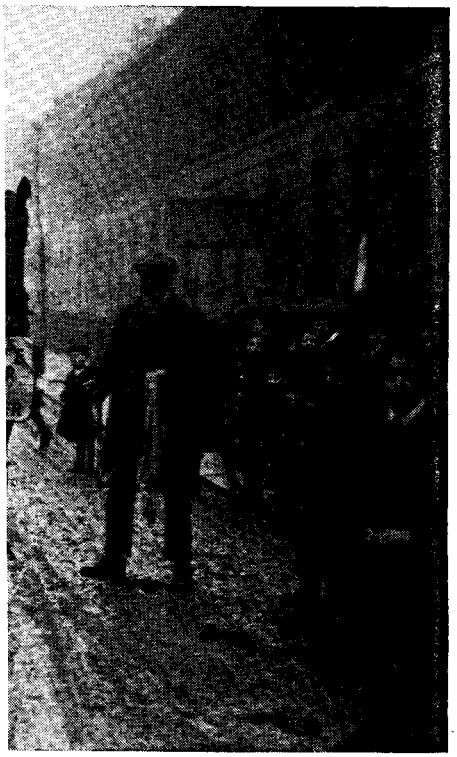

Until 1832, only 5 per cent of the adult British population could vote. Today, it sets one of the best examples in the world of democracy in action.

comes Prime Minister; whereupon he and his Cabinet become Her Majesty's Government and, subject to certain conditions, may remain in office for a maximum of five years before being confronted by another election. The larger minority party and its leader officially become Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition. In order to remain in office, the Prime Minister always must have a majority of the House of Commons voting with him on any major policy or piece of legislation. If he doesn't hold a majority in any such instance, he resigns, and the government is out. Also, a vote of no-confidence introduced at any time by the opposition and supported by enough members of his own party to cause the Prime Minister to lose his majority, obliges him to resign. Parliament is thereupon dissolved, and a new election called.

There are, in effect, three basic differences between American and British political procedure. First, a man may be elected President of the United States even though his party doesn't win enough seats to have a majority in the Senate or House of Representatives. Secondly, he may remain in office for the statutory four-year term even though his policies and proposed legislation are regularly defeated in Congress. In England, a man can't become Prime Minister unless his party wins a majority in the Commons, and he can't remain Prime Minister unless his policies and legislation always command the majority support of the House. (The Labour government under Clement Attlee once retained office for only nineteen months, and once, under Ramsay MacDonald, for only nine.) Thirdly, it happens occasionally that an election produces for the Prime Minister's party only a slender majority in the Commons. After two or three years in office, or even fewer—especially when the economy is strong and unemployment is at a minimum—the Prime Minister may decide to resign and call for an election to increase his party's majority and to extend his term for as long as five more years. Also, if an extraordinary issue arises on which the Prime Minister desires a "mandate" from the electorate, he may call for a new election in order to prove to his followers and opponents that the electorate solidly supports him.

The majority party in the Commons has unquestioned, unlimited authority. For as long as it is in office, it is supreme. To quote an expert on Parliamentary functioning, "Though in strict terms Parliament means the Crown, Lords, and Commons, in practical terms Parliament means the House of Commons, in that the power of the Crown is limited by convention, and the power of the Lords by statutes *and* convention." A peer may be appointed to a Cabinet post by the Prime Minister, but he may not have a seat in the Commons unless he renounces his title. Indeed, in a Parliamentary election, a peer does not even have the right to cast a vote.

An ancient clause, unaltered, unamended, still stands at the top of the electoral law here. "And because elections ought to be free," it reads, "the King commandeth upon great forfeiture that no man by force of arms, nor by malice or menacing, shall disturb any to make free election." It was the first statute of Westminster, passed in 1275 during the reign of Edward I. It sounds a quaint and archaic note, and I was pleased to discover it, because it has such a ring of democratic *equality* about it. But then I discovered there were so many tax, property, and other qualifications specified that until 1832 only 5 per cent of the adult population really was eligible to vote. It was not until 1928 that the right to vote became universal. Which is not bad progress, especially when it's remembered that in the old days here, when ballots weren't secret, some people who voted the wrong way weren't allowed to live long enough to regret it.

For someone like myself who is much enamored of stirring declarations about freedom by such eminences as William Pitt and John Bright, it hasn't always been easy to understand why an Irish patriot like Daniel O'Connell could not occupy the seat in Parliament to which he was duly elected in 1828—that is, not until Catholic Emancipation became effective a year later. Though not much of a churchgoing nation, England always has had a surfeit of religious prejudices. Today it is distinguished as among the most liberal and tolerant of nations, but one nevertheless is reminded of Lionel de Rothschild, who was chosen several successive times by his fellow citizens in London to represent them in Parliament but denied his seat each time because he refused to take the oath "on the true faith of a Christian"; after a mere eleven years of debate, the "Jew bill" was enacted that enabled him to be sworn in on the Old Testament. One is also reminded that presently a man can't be elected to Parliament if he happens to be of the clergy of the Church of Rome, or the Church of Scotland, the Church of Ireland, *or* the Church of England (which is rather difficult to fathom in view of the fact that in the Order of Precedence the Archbishop of Canterbury outranks the Prime Minister). No active member of the armed forces can be elected to Parliament, either—nor, for that matter, a policeman. And since the Act of Settlement in 1701, the Protestant succession has been unbroken: No Catholic or person married to a Catholic can be the Sovereign.

One of the formerly cherished everyday customs here involved bribery. It was as closely identified with British elections as roast beef and Yorkshire pudding with Sunday dinner. The kings bribed, the clergy bribed, the fishmongers bribed, *every*body bribed; it was a national pastime. But for a long while now, by almost any standard, elections have been clean. Precautions for ensuring fairness and honesty and reasonable partisan courtesy are detailed and specific, even if, like the British constitution, they're not all down in black and white. The deviations are rare. Often raucous, now and then ungentlemanly, sometimes even mean, elections here are conceded to be without any element of fraud. There are politicians who rave and rant, excoriate and denounce, but any reflection on the *personal* character or business of an opponent can bring the writer or speaker sharply within the penalties of the law. It is quite all right

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Churchill addresses a crowd from an open window in this typical campaign scene.

for Home Secretary Reginald Maudling to say about a Labourite, as he did not long ago, "I won't say that Mr. Benn made a big boob last night, because Mr. Benn isn't big enough to make a big boob," but he isn't likely to go much beyond that. The libel laws are so stringent that newspapers, in particular, treat all personal references gingerly. Because Mr. Heath is a bachelor, the papers noted last summer that there was a girl on board his yacht—so far and no further. When asked about the girl by an undiplomatic reporter, the Prime Minister replied, "She's only the cook."

A small domain, smaller in size than single American states such as Colorado or Nevada, Great Britain is crowded and compact. Unlike the United States, with our federal government and fifty individual, practically autonomous state governments with their legislatures, government in England is *unitary:* Sovereignty resides exclusively in Parliament, the central government. Political procedure is uncomplicated. Local governments—the county and borough governments, even the most remote rural village governments—are called councils and are wholly subordinate to the central government; their uniform authority to manage local affairs is limited to that granted by Parliament equally to all. Thus health, housing, rent control, local taxes, divorce, sanitation—all are dealt with at the local level, but all under the same central statutes. New York and California, on the contrary, as is the case with the other forty-eight states, make most of their own laws regarding such matters.

This unitary system in Britain is profoundly effective. It makes the task of governing fifty-five million people relatively easy. There are only two types of elections: for Parliament and for local councils. The voice of Parliament may never be challenged; there is no separation of powers among the executive, legislative, and judicial branches; Parliament is all three. No court, such as our Supreme Court, can overrule or declare any of its decisions invalid. Local, or council, government is merely an *agent* for Parliament, which makes *all* the laws for the whole country.

The closeness of the electorate to government is apparent and impressive. A citizen wants to know, for example, if there can't be better accommodations for immigrants in his area. He calls a member of his local council, the councilor calls the chairman of the local housing committee, the chairman provides the answer. Another citizen asks his council if the elderly and disabled in his area have ample food and fuel supplies. The question then goes to the local social services committee, whose chairman must provide the answers. Still another citizen demands to know if the Queen is paying taxes on certain property under royal control. The question goes from the council to the local finance committee. If necessary, any or all of these questions, no matter how seemingly trivial or local, will be referred directly to Parliament and debated there. It is as though one Milwaukee citizen's complaint about garbage collection in his neighborhood became a subject for discussion in Congress. Well, here it works just that way, and very well indeed.

Council and council committee members hold jobs or own businesses from which they earn their living; but for all the time and effort they devote to their constituencies, they receive no pay. Thus the day-by-day government of Britain is run by men and women who serve voluntarily. It is exhilarating to observe the Westminster City Council, to choose one at random, with its sixty-eight elected members, spending long and late evening hours in the local town hall. Even as an alien, I have been able to take up a parking problem with the council in my residential area. Three councilors telephoned me to ask for more information. One councilor and two council officials cheerfully came to my home to discuss it. Later, the council as a whole, in formal session, voted to grant me and my neighbors the relief requested.

In an earlier issue of *Saturday Review,* I pointed out that Britain is served by only three television channels that are subject to rigorous discipline by a wholly independent, politics-free Television Authority. On but one of the three channels is advertising permissible, and paid political advertising is prohibited even on that channel. The revenue for the commercial channel comes from business—the makers of food products, toiletries, automobiles—exactly as at home. The revenue for operating channels BBC1 and BBC2, which accept no advertising, comes from the sale of licenses to the public. Once a television receiver is rented or purchased from a shop, the possessor must pay the government an annual fee of $17.50 for a black-and-white set, $30 for a color set, despite which 95 per cent of the eighteen million British households are equipped with television. On the commercial channel, no more than 10 per cent of the total broadcast time may be allocated to advertising. The commercials are brief, often of only fifteen seconds' duration, bunched together at reasonable intervals.

Similarly, no paid political advertising is permitted on radio. Instead, on both television and radio, each of the two major parties is assigned specific and equal free time during an election period. A third party, e.g., the Liberal, also is given time, but not equal. In the Parliamentary election period of 1970, the Conservative and Labour parties were allowed five television broadcasts of ten minutes each; three ten-minute broadcasts went to the Liberal Party. On radio, the two major parties had five broadcasts of ten minutes each, plus three broadcasts of five minutes each. In the course of a year, other than during an election period, each major party may have sixty minutes of broadcast time. If, in addition, a government

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spokesman should request and be granted special time to broadcast an explanation of policy having to do, for example, with the Rhodesia problem or a strike crisis, the opposition promptly becomes entitled to equal facilities for argument and rebuttal. It is firmly believed here that the public would rebel against additional political broadcasts, that it would not tolerate the degree of electioneering and political advertising to which Americans are exposed.

Parliamentary electioneering campaigns are, mercifully, of short duration. Never longer than five weeks after the Day of Proclamation, when Parliament is dissolved, a warrant for a new election is requested by the Prime Minister and issued by the Sovereign. One becomes a Parliamentary candidate not because he wins a primary election over other persons of his party who seek to be the constituency candidate, but through designation by a committee composed of active local party workers, and often with the advice of the central party headquarters.

When a person is nominated to run for Parliament, he must make a deposit with the government of $375. After the election the deposit is returned to him, unless he has received less than one-eighth of the total number of votes received by his opponents. This provision is for the purpose of reducing the number of "cranks" who might independently wish to run for office, on an issue like antivivisection, and who would have no chance of receiving more than a handful of votes.

On polling day, Parliamentary candidates are voted for or against solely on the basis of their party's recent record and current policy and program. In the United States it is not unusual for a Southern Democrat to disavow his party's nominee for President, as happened when Harry Truman and Lyndon Johnson ran, or for a liberal Republican to announce his defection from the platform of his party, as happened when Barry Goldwater ran. It is even possible for a Presidential nominee to ignore his party's adopted platform. There have been three instances in English history when political leaders switched their allegiance to other parties, but party discipline here is normally ironclad. Because the country is small, and most political issues therefore national in scope, a Parliamentary candidate just naturally goes along with his party's program. If elected, he may speak out in Parliament against a specific party measure, but when a vote is taken he is not inclined to be a maverick. Rather than vote against, he will abstain; he will not abstain, however, if his vote is needed to maintain his party's majority. There are, of course, exceptions. Last autumn some Labour and Conservative members refused to vote with their respective parties on the issue of Britain's entry into the European Common Market. Last month fifteen Tories again violated party discipline by opposing British entry, but the proposal to join carried with help from the Liberal Party.

The most influential newspapers here are *national*—they are distributed simultaneously in every part of the country. It is as though *The New York Times*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and *The Washington Post* appeared at the breakfast table every morning in every American home. Though there are controls upon paid political advertising on television and radio, there are none upon such advertising in the press. Such advertising is sanctioned and extensively employed by the national parties. It is *never* used by individual candidates or *for* individual candidates. Political advertisements in the press are confined to issues: taxes, unemployment, the Common Market, inflation, defense.

The Labour Party and the Conservative Party both have their central headquarters on Smith Square, facing each other genteelly, though the Conservatives have by far the more opulent amenities. The great proportion of campaign literature—pamphlets, posters, buttons, newspaper ads—is prepared by these two central offices and sent by them to local committees and constituencies. Local groups seldom undertake campaign material of their own. From headquarters, for example, they will receive posters, at the bottom of which may be phrases like "You'd be better off Conservative," or "Let's go forward with Labour," with space left at the top for insertion of the name and photograph of the local candidate. In a Parliamentary election most of the emphasis tends to focus on the "image" of the party leader who, if elected in his local constituency, and provided that his party wins a House majority, will become Prime Minister.

For the Labour Party, most revenue for advertising comes from contributions made by trade unions and assessments levied on trade-union members by their leaders. For the Conservative Party, the money comes from voluntary contributions, chiefly from industry. In the United States the Corrupt Practices Act permits no individual, at least theoretically, to contribute more than $2,000 to any one national campaign committee. In England the maximum sum that a Parliamentary candidate may spend for personal propaganda purposes is $1,875, plus 12 cents for each six voters in his constituency. He is forbidden to spend anything except during a campaign period. In the 1970 campaign Mr. Heath had a total allowance of $2,930, and Mr. Wilson—because there were more voters in his constituency—$4,132. In addition, each candidate is permitted to spend $250 for personal expenses, which would include travel and hotel accommodations. During a campaign it is illegal for a candidate to provide free refreshments—food or drink—to voters.

No party here expects or receives large contributions from individuals, candidates or otherwise. There is no such thing as a political pay-off; ambassadorships, Cabinet posts, and other consequential positions are not the result of wealth or financial contributions but go traditionally to persons of long and generally distinguished careers in government. Usually, it takes at least twenty years for a politician to serve his apprenticeship and work his way up to the higher echelons of his organization; almost all prominent politicians sooner or later serve as Chancellor of the Exchequer, as Foreign Secretary, or in some other Cabinet post, before being thought of as a party leader or as of Prime Minister caliber. It is inconceivable that a Wendell Willkie could come out of left field to become head of government.

For all the restraints on expenditures by individuals, it is necessary to stress that there is no limit on the amount of money that may be spent by the central party machines on Smith Square to publicize their policies and principles. The public, presumably, is thus always informed about what each party stands for. And because each party is identified with specific issues, the voters' choice becomes quite clear. In their campaign literature the British parties adhere to national issues, which may include statements about more jobs, higher wages, lower prices, lower taxes, more schools, better transportation facilities. The end result of a Parliamentary election depends on the strength or pressure of political ideas as expressed through the parties and on the character and personality of the two principal party leaders.

Polling day in Britain is not a legal holiday, though employees are given sufficient time off to vote. Even though there are no voting machines—only paper ballots—winners and losers can usually be forecast accurately long before midnight. It is agreeable to note that, differences aside, their system and ours have so very much in common. Here and there, notably in connection with the delegated use of radio and television, the British seem to have a more democratic approach to elections, and their unitary form of government undoubtedly is simpler to understand and administer. To use a cliché, perhaps their electioneering is more "civilized" than ours. But together, the two countries have set the best examples there are of democracy in action. □

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Philharmonic Foursome, Dohnanyi, Silja, China Bands

The New York Philharmonic offered its audiences in the end-of-February sequence of programs the rarest of happenings in the yearly round of American symphonic activities. This is a concert in which the focal point is not a resident or guest conductor, a celebrated soloist or vocalist, but the orchestra itself. Clustered around the first appearance of concertmaster Rafael Druian as soloist were tributes to four members of the orchestra who are retiring at the end of the season with a total of 139 years of service.

Junior of the lot was bassoonist Frank Ruggieri, who joined the orchestra in 1949, a mere twenty-three years ago. Of rather greater seniority was principal violist William Lincer, who came in with Artur Rodzinski in 1943, just short of thirty years ago. By that time, Engelbert Brenner, a rare master of the English horn, had been a member of the orchestra for a dozen years. But even he had to yield claim for record tenure to that incomparably different drummer, Saul Goodman.

That Goodman has achieved the matchless distinction of serving longer —forty-six years—than any other first-desk player in the 130-year history of the Philharmonic is a tribute to more than his qualifying for membership in 1926 at an age (twenty) that prompted the late Erich Kleiber to dub him the "timpani *Wunderkind*." It is a consequence of the ability and durability that saw him through 6,000 concerts with ten music directors and more than fifty guests. Doubtless Goodman made some mistakes or had a bad evening in that time. To one who has been listening, man and boy, to the Philharmonic at least once in every one of those years, such a misdemeanor eludes recollection.

The concert itself had its share of distinction, to which, under the acute direction of Pierre Boulez, each of the above-named contributed in a prismatic performance of Stravinsky's *Le Chant du Rossignol*.

There was less to admire as the evening progressed. To this taste in Mozart, Druian and Boulez never did find common ground in their performance of the A-major Violin Concerto (No. 5). Druian's conception was fluent, personalized, and a little overripe tonally, the answering phrases of Boulez rather more clipped and noncommittal. The other works of the program were Bartók's Divertimento for Strings, somewhat suaver in sound than one would have wished, and a fine-grained playing of Ravel's *Rapsodie espagnole* that brought the evening's end back to the high level at which it had started.

Franco Zeffirelli's celebrated production of Verdi's *Falstaff* was both more and less, at its latest appearance in the Metropolitan's repertory, than it was four or five seasons ago. It was more comic, less witty, more theatrical, less dramatic, and, worst of all, more operatic, less human. This follows an all too customary repertory pattern in which finesse and discipline diminish as an operatic production gets further away from the hands that created it. Moreover, the regeneration that may sometimes come from a vigilant conductor was not provided in his first Metropolitan effort by Christoph von Dohnanyi (grandson of the celebrated composer-pianist-conductor Ernö). He marked the main divisions capably enough; he may simply not have had sufficient rehearsal time to do more.

Such charity can hardly be extended to Geraint Evans, whose once totally admirable character study of Falstaff has evolved into a star turn. Sight gags, fatuous graces, and indefensible exaggerations have so corrupted the picture Evans draws that the old reprobate is now coarse rather than gusty, vulgar rather than hearty. It is also noticeable that Evans's tonal resources have begun to erode, which may of itself be a subtle cause for him to indulge in dramatic excesses to distract from vocal shortcomings. In any event, the chain reaction was inevitable: Regina Resnik broadened her already broad Dame Quickly; Dr. Cajus (Paul Franke), Bardolfo (Andrea Velis), and Pistola (Richard Best) became figures of travesty rather than caricature.

Some admirers of the results originally (1964) achieved by Zeffirelli with Leonard Bernstein as his musical collaborator may recall that Renata Tebaldi was promised, but never did appear, as Alice Ford. It is now rather late in the soprano's career for the kind of fine-drawn vocal lines this role requires, and her first venture with it here was unsuitably heavy, overstressed, and portly in sound. Her admirers (clique, rather than claque) insisted on treating her entry at the beginning of Act II as another Adriana Lecouvreur. The orchestral sound was inaudible amid the inappropriate applause, and conductor Dohnanyi had to restart the act. In the circumstances, it was to the credit of Luigi Alva, a practiced Fenton, Jeannette Pilou, a charming embodiment of Nannetta, Joann Grillo, a new, delightful Meg Page, and Kostas Paskalis, fresh and vibrant as Ford, that they did not become parties to the prevailing competition in distortion.

At first impact, Anja Silja gave every promise of being an interesting, perhaps even a distinguished, addition to the Metropolitan's list of memorable Leonores in Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Silja looked well and bore herself admirably. She also provided a more believably male, and youthful, illusion than the average dramatic soprano.

Indeed, she looked rather young to have a vocal problem, but the evident fact is that she does. At low levels, the sound lost audibility; at full voice, the quality was consistently rough, raspy, and without vocal velvet. There is much a clever singer can do to disguise such disabilities, and Silja is unquestionably clever. But the canon quartet requires a kind of control that comes hard for her, a real blend with Judith Blegen's fine sound as Marzelline, Leo Goeke's as Jacquino, and John Macurdy's as Rocco was beyond attainment. No one could question the dramatic motivation she brought to the denunciation of her husband's persecutor in the big dramatic scene beginning "Abscheulicher! Wo eilst du hin?" However, it also requires more legato than Silja could comfortably sustain in "Komm, Hoffnung," and the long rush to the climax on "Die Liebe!" didn't make its proper effect for much the same reason—insufficient sustaining power. James Morris put his sturdy bass voice to good use as the Minister.

In addition to the great variety of general interest in the Presidential visit to China, the TV reportage provided the music-minded with some special insights. One was a new awareness of the proficiency of the military band schools in the People's Republic; another was the musicians' adaptability to requirements that could only have been anathema to them a few months ago.

Whether there was one or more than one unit at work in the several days of ceremonies in Peking was difficult to determine. The one identified as the Band of the Central Military District of Peking performed its own literature of marches and ceremonials with fine sound and admirable spirit.

However, it was what the band, or bands, did on short notice with the new, barbaric requirements that aroused my admiration. Its "Star-Spangled Banner" was, if rather cool in temperature, accurate and in tune, its "Turkey in the Straw" and "Home on the Range" (wrong President?) real idiomatic. As for their "America the Beautiful," they played it as if they really liked Samuel A. Ward's swelling tune. □

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THE MISCHIEF OF LANGUAGE

BY LEO ROSTEN

A malaprop, according to the Fowlers' *The King's English* (". . . and so is the Queen!" cried Dizzy Dean), is a word used "in the belief that it has the meaning really belonging to another word that resembles it." Most malaprops are as dreary as that definition. The ones that most delight us are those that convert a platitude into a laugh ("A rolling stone gathers no moths"), or that titillate the mind with a revelation that has been lying around for centuries, waiting to be uttered ("Rome is full of fallen arches"), or that transform a cliché into an epigram—an inadvertent, unintended epigram, to be sure, but an aphorism nonetheless, pointed, memorable, a crisp distillation of a larger truth. "An oral contract isn't worth the paper it's written on."

Hobbes brilliantly described "the passion of laughter" as "sudden glory arising from sudden conception of some eminence in ourselves by comparison with the inferiority of others." This lovely insight explains why we feel superior, no less than amused, when we read such marvelous blunders as "Radium was discovered by Madman Curry," or "Underneath those shabby trousers beats a heart of gold." Each is a sudden, risible occasion for vainglory.

The cave men (whose descendants the theologians treat as fallen angels and the Darwinians as ascended apes) probably laughed their heads off when a baboon slipped on a banana peel. It took centuries, I presume, before some Homo sapiens reached the cerebral sophistication required to place a coconut where some sap would be sure to be conked by it.

The practical joker must have been the earliest wit in human history—and remains the most enduring. He is found in every primitive society, anthropologists tell me, as well as in Switzerland. I say Switzerland not because I am anti-Swiss but because I have come to the conclusion that anything that can get a laugh in the yodel belt will tickle the ribs of men anywhere else.

It is my guess that our ancestors first laughed at a prat fall; later, laughter accompanied a practical joke ("monkey business"); later still, snickers followed some mistaken grunt of "Blgh" instead of "Ugh." Men fell on their butts long before they burbled a boo-boo, because you must *have* a word, and know it, and have it understood by your peers before its misuse will trigger a giggle.

The treasury of verbal bobbles is enriched each hour each day in every land on earth. Was there ever a child who did *not* come a cropper with a word? When my daughter was eight, she described something she had seen "as I was towardsing home"; when she was ten, she told a story that ended flatly, "This is my virgin of what happened"; when she was eleven, she sighed morosely, "I am a middle-aged child."

In a Winnetka kindergarten some years ago, one lad drew a man with tiny tailed creatures creeping all over him. When the foolish teacher asked what the drawing meant, young Raphael explained: "That's John, with all the mice on him." What John? What mice? "From the poem: 'Diddle, diddle dumpling, mice on John.'" I can find no way of faulting such peerless imagery. Or that of the tot who sang, "London britches falling down. . . ." These delightful inventions are not, of course, in the same immortal league as the line, uttered by a child, which has surely been savored ten thousand times: "The equator is a menagerie lion that runs around the middle of the earth."

Given the ancient lineage and unceasing production of verbal goofs, it strikes me as astonishing that we had no name for the malaprop until the seventeenth century. I say the seventeenth century even though the word "malapropism" is usually associated with Mrs. Malaprop, a character in Sheridan's *The Rivals*, first performed in 1775. It turns out that Dryden preceded Sheridan by a century, when he enlisted a French phrase, *mal à propos*, to describe some false use of a word. But *mal à propos* happens to be quite inexact. It means improper, unseasonable, not pertinent—none of which is precisely what a malapropism is.

The length of time it took English writers and linguists to devise *some* name for amusing verbal fluffs is all the more striking if we consider how large is the supply of Greek or Latin roots available for English neologisms —itself a good example of word-building. Consider the array of technical terms we do use when we want to name, not describe, other forms of language play or ploy: oxymoron, metathesis, litotes, synecdoche, polyonymy, mimesis, paronomasia, metonymy. They look outlandish, but they are exact and authoritative.

Malapropists galore surely flourished in England and America long before Mrs. Malaprop, the matron saint of word-manglers, appeared on the scene. The pun was always a thigh-slapper ("pun," by the way, is a Drydenian latecomer to English, too). The Elizabethans yakked their heads off over verbal incongruities. Shakespeare created word-bumblers like Dogberry, Mistress Quickly, Bottom, and the Gravedigger in *Hamlet*. Fielding named one of his characters Mrs. Slipslop, to emphasize her bungling of our pliant tongue.

Ireland's writers, all survivors of the Irish bull ("Ireland is overrun by absentee landlords"), have long employed jocular word-jugglery, from Wilde to Joyce to O'Casey ("The world is in a state of chassis"). Englishmen, incidentally, have been patsies for a pun since the day a Londoner threw a sandwich at a pub mirror with the blasé

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quip, "Is that not food for reflection?" But American humorists have long seemed to prefer antic spelling as a lever of laughter. Linguistic crotchets are as old as American journalism: Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and "Kin" Hubbard took impudent liberties with England's prose. And spiritual sisters to Mrs. Malaprop enlivened American letters in the form of Mrs. Partington, the brain child of one B. P. Shillaber, and Mrs. Spriggins, a *faux pas* female sired by John Bangs in the old comic magazine *Life. 1066 and All That* by W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman was a 1930s carnival of historical and verbal doozies. The tradition has been carried on nobly by Richard Armour.

Ring Lardner was a genius at depicting idiots through their idiom (*You Know Me, Al*); he raked fools, scoundrels, and sharpies with murderous parody ("Although he was not a good fielder, he was not a good hitter, either") or exquisite genteelisms ("Shut up," he explained). William Faulkner used dialect with contrapuntal power; James Thurber, Anita Loos, and Dorothy Parker deployed solecisms to deadly effect. S. J. Perelman is both an incomparable punster and a wizard of verbal miscegenation. Arthur Kober pinpointed the argot of the bygone Bronx for history (*Dear Bella*). And I daresay that H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N committed enough malapropian misdemeanors to keep the *mavens* at Oxford busy for a generation.

I often wonder why we do not hear, or hear of, far more bloomers and bloopers, considering the endless opportunities that present themselves in a language so rich in words, metaphors, similes, and slang—all begging to be butchered. Verbal mischief is ever latent and omnitempting in the English tongue.

> If crockery is a collection of crocks, then flattery is a collection of flats, scullery is a collection of skulls, sorcery a collection of sources, and monastery a collection of monsters . . . [and] if jewelry is a collection of jewels, then husbandry is a collection of husbands, infantry is a collection of infants, vestry a collection of vests, and pantry a collection of pants. . . .
> (from *Humorous English* by Evan Esar)

Or consider the realm of print, a veritable paradise for the all-thumbed. Recently, in checking the printers' galleys of an article I had written, I read, with utter astonishment: "The rapists tell us. . . ." I placed an icepack on my head after I realized that "the rapists" was some typesetter's Freudian spatial improvement upon "therapists."

This kind of malaprintism, to coin a word, is the unending nightmare of editors and the recurring delight of readers. American folklore has sanctified the newspaper that referred to "Patrick Clancy, a defective on the police force," and hastily changed it in the next edition to "Patrick Clancy is a detective on the police farce."

Sports-page editors learned from ghastly experience never, never to let the phrase "Babe Ruth's hits" get past them. The cherubic perversity of printers has produced more than one obituary announcing that someone "did eat his home last night," or that some king, president, or mayor was overtired because of "his official cuties." These katzenjammers are of another order from such transmutations of logic as have plagued the Chicago *Tribune* ("He got up, dressed, and took a shower") or *The New York Times* ("He clung to the sill by his fingerprints").

"Typos," as typographical hanky-panky is called, seem to prove the validity of what some unknown sage has defined as Murphy's Law: "If something can go wrong, it will." In the reign of unhappy Charles I, the so-called Wicked Bible appeared, an unforgettable edition of Holy Scripture in which an errant (or diabolic) printer rendered the Seventh Commandment as: "Thou shalt commit adultery." As the Van Buren, Arkansas, *Press Argus* ruefully observed centuries later, "It's nearly as hard to correct a typographical error as it is to get a woman unpregnant." Incidentally, for all of these journalistic gems, I am grateful to Earle Tempel's *Press Boners* (Pocket Books, New York: 1967).

But deeper, darker things are involved here. We have learned from Sigmund Freud that "typos" and slips of the tongue, malaprops and misnomers, are not entirely innocent or accidental. Man's mistakes, no less than his dreams, are packed with meaning. *The Interpretation of Dreams* and *Wit and the Unconscious* are treasuries of dazzling revelations about comic errors that are, in fact, not errors but stratagems to evade the censors of the self.

Comedy is a complex masquerade for anxiety, hostility, or ambivalence, or the unconscious need to diminish guilt by making light of what is taboo. Murder oft peeps through the masks of our wit. The corniest joke may convey feelings we are afraid to confront and reluctant to acknowledge, but can and do express from behind the protective visors of jest. And just as "free association" is never free, but is governed and guided by emotions ordinarily repressed, so humor is the unwitting messenger of truths that churn behind the camouflage of levity. There is method in our boners as well as our madness.

I have been collecting linguistic gewgaws ever since I wore knickers. In Hollywood, where I was indentured for a decade, no week passed unbrightened by some sparkling muff from one or another producer, director, or actor. The moviemakers from Mittel-europa were especially fecund joy-givers to screenwriters. One Budapestian impresario solemnly invited me to cook up a story that would contain "a generous dearth of heartrobs about a great feedle-player—someone like Sascha Heifetz."

Every so often, I run across a line that strikes me as very funny, even though it is not, strictly speaking, a malaprop; why speak strictly at a time like this? Back in 1887, a testimonial advertisement featured an unshaved hobo saying, "I used your soap two years ago and have not used another since then." I do not think we should allow that to be lost in the humorless abysses of the past. I also dream of the day when some farsighted foundation will establish a museum for menus, store signs, theater marquees, and church plaques that clearly deserve immortality:

Today's Special
Barely Soup

* * *

GOOD CLEAN DANCING
EVERY NIGHT
EXCEPT SUNDAY

* * *

NOW PLAYING
Adam and Eve
—with a cast of thousands!

* * *

TODAY'S SERMON:
"HOW MUCH CAN A MAN DRINK?"
WITH HYMNS FROM
A FULL CHOIR

Other such near-miss malaprops too delicious to exclude include such nifties as "Keeping a secret from him is like trying to sneak the dawn past a rooster" (Fred Allen), "No man ever forgets where he buried a hatchet" (Kin Hubbard), "She's beautiful, an angel—with spurs" (Joe Pasternak), "He looks like a dishonest Abe Lincoln" (of Harold Ross), or "You certainly have a ready wit: Let me know when it's ready" (Henny Youngman).

The actual origin of a funny anecdote, a pun, a snapper, or a retort is often hopelessly entangled in the chain of conversational communications. It is just inevitable that the whoppers of one man will be attributed to another. This is especially true in the case of such a virtuoso as Samuel Goldwyn, whose gallery of malaprops has constantly been enlarged by cacologies that originated elsewhere. I have more than once heard an ad lib at, say, the Brown Derby or Sardi's and read it in a gossip column the next day as having

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been coined by Mr. Goldwyn. I even have heretical doubts that that esteemed neologist actually coined the deathless "in two words: Umpossible!" I say this because Jock Lawrence, then Goldwyn's press agent, used to beg many of us for gaffes he would then pass on to the Hollywood press—as 24-karat Goldwynisms.

I learned long ago not to be surprised by popular but incorrect attributions. After all, such historic utterances as "Go west, young man," "We have nothing to fear but fear itself," "... the Iron Curtain," "Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country" were *not* originated by, respectively, Horace Greeley, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, John F. Kennedy. (The encouragement to go westward was first made by John L. Soule in an 1851 edition of the *Terre Haute Express*. In words only slightly different, Henry David Thoreau first wrote there was nothing to fear but fear in his *Journal*, also in 1851. "The Iron Curtain" was first coined by Joseph Goebbels in 1945, and the admonishment, "Ask not. . . ." was made, not quite verbatim, by Cicero, addressing the Senate of Rome in 63 B.C.) The familiar "Any man who hates dogs and babies can't be all bad" is usually credited to W. C. Fields, but the line was uttered not by him but *about* him, by a young speaker at a Masquers' Club dinner in the great man's honor. I ought to know; I was there.

Or again: I always thought it was in a debate in the House of Commons that Gladstone, stung beyond endurance by Disraeli's barbs, cried, "You, sir, will die either on the gallows or of some loathsome disease!"—only to hear Disraeli retort, "That, sir, depends upon whether I embrace your principles or your mistress." Only yesterday (and I *do* mean yesterday) did I learn that the incomparable exchange took place in the eighteenth century, between the Earl of Sandwich and John Wilkes, a libertine of exceptional agility.

One final caveat: Never underestimate the ancestry of a squib. "Athens is a great place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there" sounds as contemporary as bubble gum, but that put-down was tossed off by Isocrates, a ghost writer of the fourth century B.C. You would be startled by the number of current japeries that can be traced back to Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Gracián, Erasmus, Montaigne, Francis Bacon, Voltaire, Samuel Johnson, La Rochefoucauld, Whistler, G. K. Chesterton, Wilde, Mark Twain, Bernard Shaw, Stephen Leacock, Wilson Mizner, George S. Kaufman, *et*, as they say, *cetera.*

As a seasoned tautologist would put it: Some things are so unexpected that no one is prepared for them. □

Remedios Guanzon.
Father dead.
Mother blind.

REMEDIOS GUANZON
AGE 5. Father dead. TB. Mother blind. Earns a few pennies begging. Brother is a scavenger. Remedios guides mother's hands to spots on clothes that require particular scrubbing. Family lives in one small room. Must crawl through small opening to enter. Walls from material found at city dump. No facilities. Help to Remedios means help to entire family.

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Editorial

The Split-Level Presidency

Whatever else he has done, Richard Nixon has certainly made it difficult for friends and foes alike to appraise his performance in crisp, black or white terms. First he delights his conservative constituency by nominating a strict constructionist, and a Southerner to boot, to the Supreme Court. Then he goes and confounds his liberal critics by working toward a relaxation in relations with the Soviet Union.

The President's performance in recent weeks has been a perfect case in point. His trip to Peking was absolute anathema to the Right, provoking angry mutterings that ranged from the editorial offices of William Loeb in Manchester, New Hampshire, all the way to the front porches of retired admirals in San Diego. But his ambiguous position on the bitterly divisive issue of busing school children to promote desegregation has at least partially restored him to favor with the Right. There is, in short, a kind of split-level quality about his Presidency, and it makes life maddeningly complicated for students of the office.

It will probably take years, if not decades, to make a proper evaluation of the trip to Peking, but the fact that Nixon made the effort itself deserves commendation. Plainly, the world's most powerful nation and its most populous one could not continue their angry silence forever. As a result of the visit, in Nixon's own words, the United States and China have begun "to build a bridge across sixteen thousand miles and twenty-two years of hostility," and a threat of future holocaust has distinctly eased.

There can be no doubt, however, that the limited rapprochement has had some deleterious side effects. One of the President's objectives in his opening toward Peking was to keep the Soviet Union honest, particularly with such crucial negotiations as the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks nearing conclusion. He appears to be succeeding. Apprehensive about a possible Sino-American deal, the Russians have shown a new willingness to deal reasonably with the United States, even on issues that had long seemed foreclosed, such as Lend-Lease repayments from World War II. Those photographs of Nixon with Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai are likely to sober the Soviets even further.

At the same time, however, Moscow has been able to exploit the new era in Sino-American relations in various ways. India is one example. Despite Indira Gandhi's seemingly genuine professions of nonalignment, the Soviets have found fertile ground in New Delhi's uneasiness at having seen both China and the United States line up behind Pakistan during the recent crisis on the subcontinent. Similarly, the manner in which the Peking visit was arranged, and the visit itself, have given a bad case of jitters to our most important Asian ally, Japan. That fact has not been lost on Moscow. The Japanese are profoundly suspicious of the Russians and have not forgotten how the Red Army seized huge swaths of Japanese-held territory in the closing days of World War II and have since refused to give them back. Nonetheless, high-level missions are now winging back and forth between Moscow and Tokyo, and life for American officials in the Japanese capital may be a little more difficult than at any time in the last quarter century.

One can also question the politics of the visit. February is not, after all, the ideal time to tour the frigid North China plains—just ask those White House staffers and newsmen who carried thermal underwear and battery-powered hand warmers. But the timing happened to be just right for the March primaries in New Hampshire and Florida. Despite challenges from the Republican left and right (Congressmen Paul McCloskey of California and John Ashbrook of Ohio, respectively), it is extremely unlikely that Richard Nixon is going to suffer his predecessor's fate—a clouded victory, narrow enough to persuade him to quit the race for a second term. Still, there's no sense taking chances.

When all of that is said, Nixon must be given credit for seizing the opportunity to remedy a situation that was not only absurd but also dangerous. Few of us are likely to forget those televised images of the President, set against backdrops such as the vermilion gates of the Forbidden City and the lovely lakes of Hangchow. More important, those images may well become symbols for generations to come of what Nixon called the beginning of "a long march together," leading to "the goal of building a world structure of peace and justice in which all may stand together with equal dignity."

Toward the end of his stay in Peking, at one of those interminable Chinese banquets, the President delivered a toast that was not without certain ironies. Recalling his visit to the Great Wall the previous day, he said it "is no longer a wall dividing China from the rest of the world." But, he added, "It is a reminder of the fact that there are many walls still existing in the world which divide nations and people." One of those walls, surely, is racism. Yet hasn't Nixon helped raise that wall significantly higher by his stand on busing?

Deep problems are involved in busing children to achieve desegregation—particularly when inordinately long distances are involved, or when students are shifted from a perfectly good school to one that may be inferior. But until such things as housing patterns are radically modified, busing—within reasonable limits—remains one of the few tools immediately available for desegregating America's schools. And we would do well to remember that nearly twenty million pupils are now being bused to schools without apparent harm.

With the controversy over busing growing steadily more intense on Capitol Hill and in the statehouses, the President has staked out a position that is clearly geared to his "Southern strategy." If that strategy is to work, George Wallace's appeal must be neutralized. Nixon could still modify his stand, but he apparently intends to counter Wallace with a Constitutional amendment or legislation prohibiting busing designed to achieve racial balance. Given the importance of Presidential leadership, either measure could prove a severe setback to the strides made toward desegregation since 1954.

Of course a President must be, among other things, a political animal. Still, as Cornell's Clinton Rossiter put it in *The American Presidency*: "While he acts as political leader of some, he serves as moral spokesman for all." Does he do this merely by following and articulating public opinion? If so, then Nixon must take comfort from polls showing that approximately three-fourths of adult Americans oppose busing as a weapon in the desegregation struggle. Or does a President serve as moral spokesman by trying to shape opinion? If so, then Nixon has abdicated that function.

In a speech he was to have delivered the day he was assassinated, John F. Kennedy noted that a President must be "willing to serve [the people] at the risk of incurring their momentary displeasure." Richard Nixon accepted that risk, to a certain extent, when he visited China. He avoided it, almost entirely, in the busing controversy. It is regrettable that what our split-level President described as a "week that changed the world" should have been marred by such an evasion.

Ronald P. Kriss

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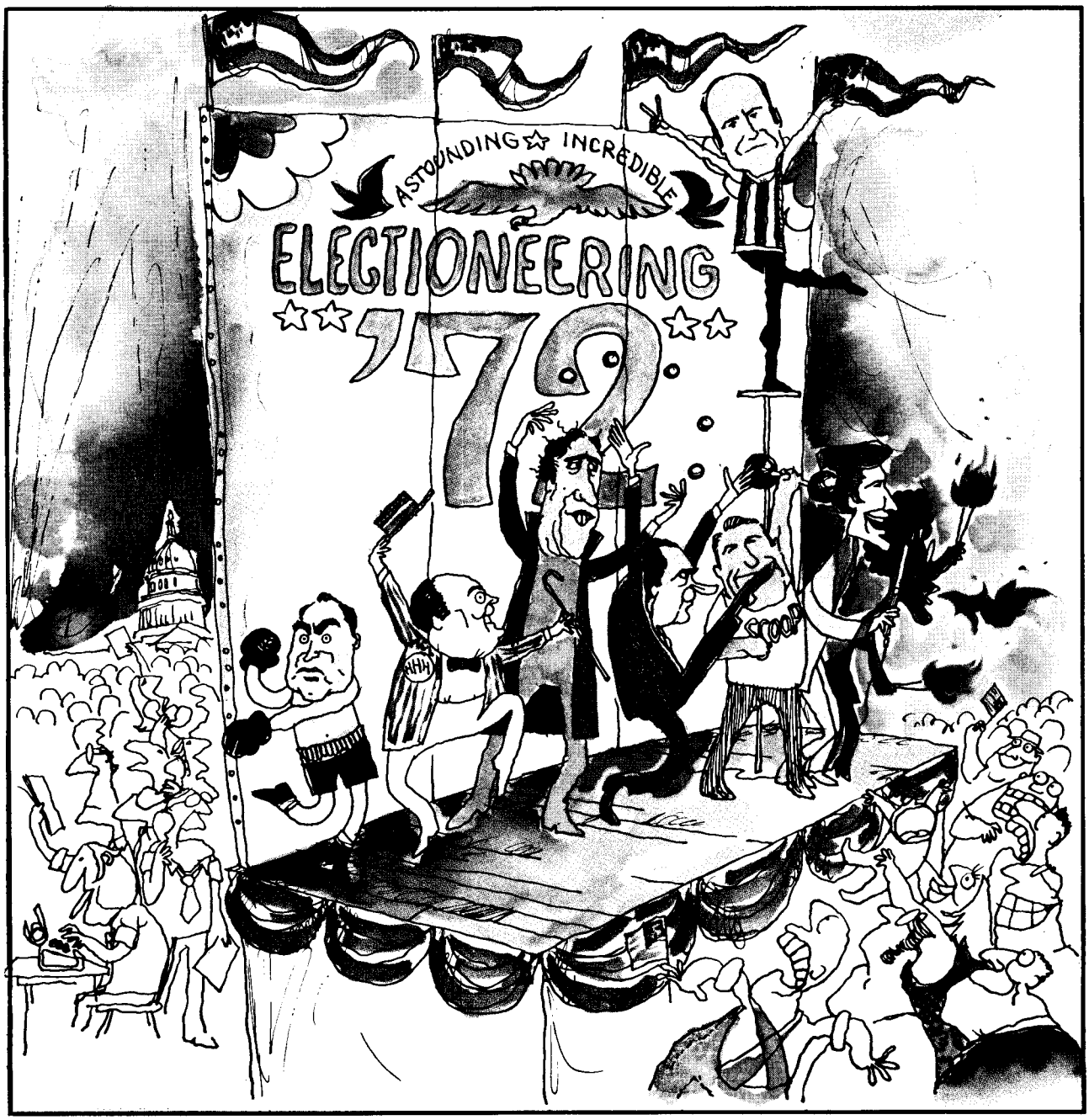
Saturday Review of

THE SOCIETY

Electioneering's on. Politics holds center stage, stealing news time and ad space alike. But glamorous and less publicized struggles continue. This week *SR* features politicking in the Florida primary—but it also peeks behind the campaign billboard to inspect the vagaries of a government regulatory agency, the case of one man's battle against a major corporation, and the philosophy of the zero population growth movement.



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THE SUN-KISSED LINDSAY

Despite a swarm of rivals and a dizzying diversity of voter groups, the Mayor finds Florida no tougher than his 1969 New York campaign.

BY JACK SHEPHERD

"YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!" The bus door swishes open, the hot Florida air tumbles in against the air conditioning, carrying the yells and cheers, and John V. Lindsay gets off his reclined chair near the window halfway back—about where the N is in the red-white-and-blue LINDSAY '72 sign on the outside of the bus—and makes his way with Tom Morgan, his press secretary, past the CBS reporter, the *New York Times*man, NBC, the Tampa *Tribune*, the Miami *Herald*, ABC, the Palm Beach *Post*, and the lady from AP, and, looking like his own mezzotint campaign poster—crisp and central-casting handsome, the blue-striped shirt sleeves rolled just so—he steps off the campaign bus, nods, and waves.

"YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!" The crowd presses around him. Long-haired boys hoist braless girls onto their shoulders. An old man yells: "Hey, John. Washington Heights. We're with ya!" Everyone looks sweaty and rumpled in the heat except Lindsay, who looks cool and pleased—the way he did in the 1965 campaign ads for Mayor of New York, striding confidently in a Harlem street, sleeves rolled again, jacket tossed over a shoulder, and the slogan: "He's Fresh. Everyone Else Is Tired." And that's the impression in Florida, 1972, while Lindsay pushes through the crowds shaking hands, touching, getting slapped on the back. It's an impression carefully planned by Lindsay's managers that maybe this guy's got the excitement, the issues, the strategy, the staff, and the money to sting some Democrats down here and break the race wide open. And you believe it—you're certain of it!—as you watch Lindsay slip by the waving, outstretched hands and into the jammed Lindsay '72 campaign storefront—one of almost fifty across this state—with huge posters taped on its walls and the kids chanting: "Lindzee's die-na-mite! Hey! Hey! Hey!" And the girls bouncing, keeping time to it, and everybody shoving and sweating hard in the TV lights, except John Lindsay, who makes a circle inside the store—an Episcopal bishop blessing the new sanctuary—and slides back into the Florida sun and heat, shakes some more hands, edges toward his bus, ignores the threatening signs from vacationing Queens residents ("Urban Decay Is the Lindsay Way"), steps by a tiny gray-haired lady who asks him, "Isn't this the sight-seeing bus? So where's the sight-seeing bus?" takes a bullhorn, and challenges the crowd: "All sorts of people say there's no way Lindsay can win in Florida. Prove 'em wrong, will ya?"

"YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!"

* * *

That's what John Lindsay supporters and staff plan to do. They believe—and it's infectious—that Florida is really Lindsayland.

Florida toasts in the sun, snug and warm, 1,000 miles from a New York City that cracks and groans through the discontent of its winter. In Lindsayland, far away from the soot and stacked garbage, folks know New York is America's leading Doomed City. Many of them fled it. And for John Lindsay to have survived six years there is *admirable*. He has been, as he tells them, "fighting in the urban trenches."

Florida's March 14 Presidential primary, the first in the state's history, has drawn off much of the national press from New Hampshire (March 7), where, everyone agreed, Senator Edmund S. Muskie had it. In Lindsayland, the press actually *likes* the Mayor; he's the media candidate. They love the drooping knee socks, the patrician nose high above the crowds and grit, the basset-hound eyes that drop dynamite blondes and crinkly-skinned matrons in their tracks. Florida's primary may be crucial. The state's two million Democratic voters will sort out candidates of varying enthusiasms and position the top few for the tough rounds ahead in Wisconsin (April 4), Massachusetts (April 25), Oregon (May 23), and California (June 6)—primaries Lindsay has entered.

As the campaign neared an end, the polls had Lindsay fourth in Florida, behind Muskie, Humphrey, and Wallace. But the Mayor couldn't have picked a better state to show his stuff, for Florida has Jewish voters in Miami Beach, Latins in Tampa and Miami, huge WASP communities along both coasts, poor whites in the northern and central rural counties, large concentrations of students. Many of these have been Lindsay people. There are about 400,000 black Democrats in Florida—about 18 per cent of the Democratic electorate—and Lindsay should do well with them. His strongest boost has come from Charles Evers, Mayor of Fayette, Mississippi, who campaigned at Lindsay's side in northern Florida and called the Mayor "the only one left who cares, who cares about folks." Moreover,

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some 72 per cent of Florida's population now lives in twelve counties and metropolitan areas, with 84 per cent of the Democratic vote. Lindsay's theme of urban survival might work there.

Most important, say Lindsay's top strategists, is the "New Florida." It ignores Florida's establishment politicians, who have jumped like palmetto bugs onto the Muskie and Humphrey band wagons. It has blown aside the old Florida politics and gone after liberals like Walkin' Lawton Chiles and Reubin Askew. And this New Florida, Lindsay's aides say confidently, is their man's turf. In the New Florida, everyone's tired of the old political faces. "And these old faces," cheers a top Lindsay man in Miami, "have been going down to defeat. That's been the pattern. It's been new faces coming out of nowhere. In the 1970 race it was Chiles and Askew for United States Senator and Governor, and they literally came out of nowhere, and they weren't known when the ball game started."

That kind of talk juices up Lindsay's staff. In the final weeks of this key Florida primary, Lindsay is making a massive campaign effort—bigger, say surprised Florida pols, than any other major Democratic candidate. Lindsay's put seventy-five full-time workers into the state, with about fifty of them paid professionals. Muskie, by comparison, has twenty-seven full-time workers in Florida. Lindsay's spending $500,000 to $750,000 in Florida alone, including $180,000—the maximum allowed under new Democratic Party rules—for a radio and television blitz during the last five weeks of the campaign.

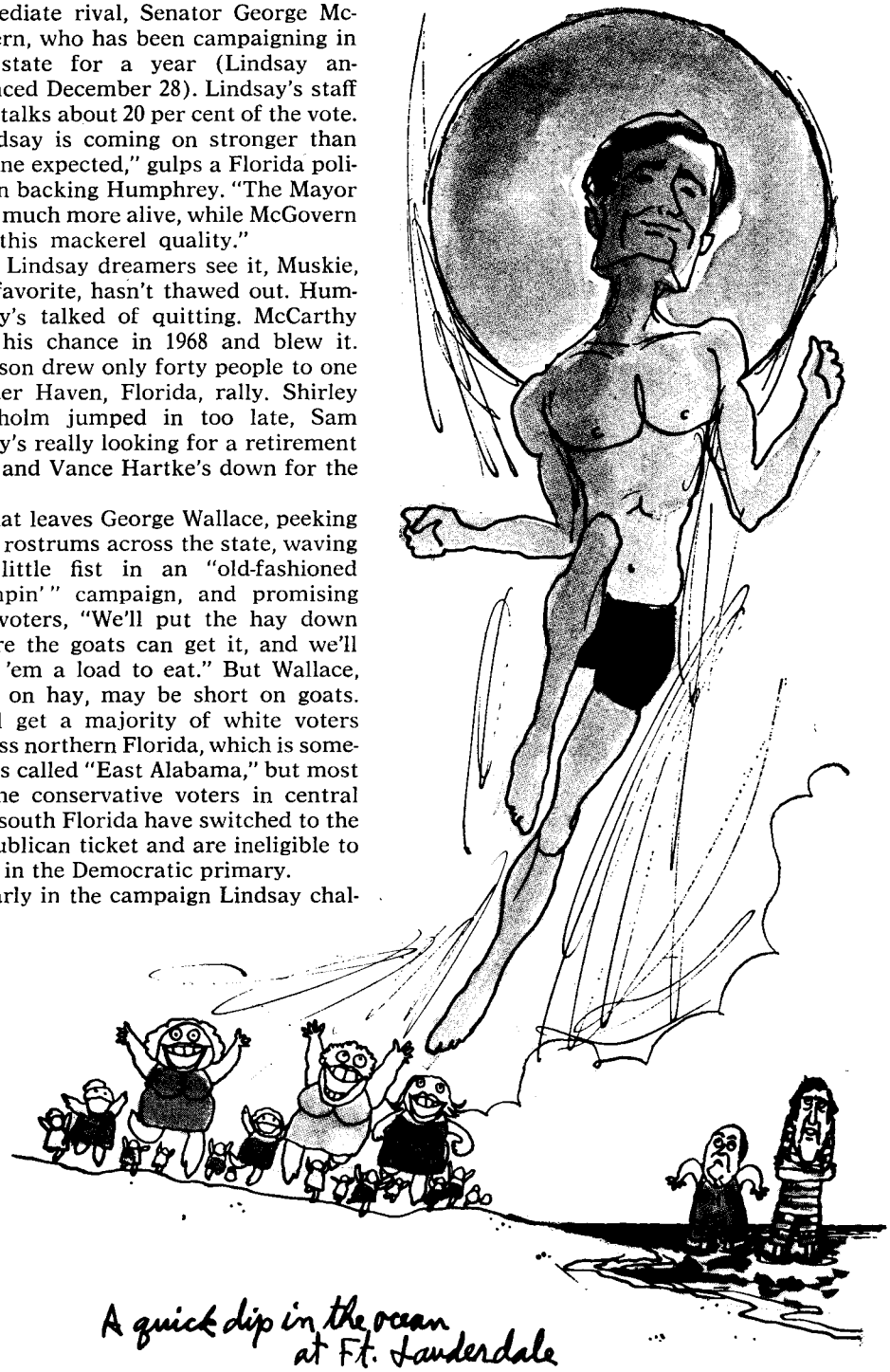
Ten Democratic candidates crowd the Florida race. A candidate with considerably less than a majority will lead the field. All Lindsay's high-powered staff has to do is cultivate the minorities, steal another candidate's bloc, and set the Mayor away from this clump of tired old faces.

In January Lindsay's staff talked about winning 10 to 15 per cent of the vote. But polls in early February showed the Mayor already ahead of his immediate rival, Senator George McGovern, who has been campaigning in the state for a year (Lindsay announced December 28). Lindsay's staff now talks about 20 per cent of the vote. "Lindsay is coming on stronger than anyone expected," gulps a Florida politician backing Humphrey. "The Mayor is so much more alive, while McGovern has this mackerel quality."

As Lindsay dreamers see it, Muskie, the favorite, hasn't thawed out. Humphrey's talked of quitting. McCarthy had his chance in 1968 and blew it. Jackson drew only forty people to one Winter Haven, Florida, rally. Shirley Chisholm jumped in too late, Sam Yorty's really looking for a retirement site, and Vance Hartke's down for the tan.

That leaves George Wallace, peeking over rostrums across the state, waving his little fist in an "old-fashioned stumpin'" campaign, and promising the voters, "We'll put the hay down where the goats can get it, and we'll give 'em a load to eat." But Wallace, long on hay, may be short on goats. He'll get a majority of white voters across northern Florida, which is sometimes called "East Alabama," but most of the conservative voters in central and south Florida have switched to the Republican ticket and are ineligible to vote in the Democratic primary.

Early in the campaign Lindsay chal-



A quick dip in the ocean at Ft. Lauderdale

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Having a tomato with Del Ray Beach field hands

lenged Wallace to a TV debate to put some fire in the race and propel himself ahead of those other clustered liberals. Wallace wouldn't bite: "Why should the guy on top debate the guy on the bottom?" But the exchange served Lindsay's purpose: He was now Wallace's opponent—and apart from the pack.

Also, Lindsay has taken a Wallace campaign theme and turned it around. When the Mayor speaks about the abuse of power and the men in Washington who "grow remote" from the people—the "pointy heads" with briefcases who inhabit Wallace's rhetoric—Lindsay is trying to do more than merely separate himself from his major opponents (all of whom are Washington-based Senators). He also hopes to peel off some of Wallace's blue-collar support to add to the New Florida. "Wallaceism has become a kind of disease," Lindsay told the folks up in Pensacola. "I can't believe the New Florida of Governor Askew and Senator Chiles is going to accept that." Lindsay aides already see the Mayor stealing off with the "Wallace wives'" vote.

* * *

The strategy cortex spreads across the entire thirteenth floor at 415 Madison Avenue in New York City. In the bright, carpeted offices, once the studios for radio station WMCA, some forty political professionals—most of them on leave from city jobs—shape the Lindsay campaign and make decisions that are felt within hours in Wisconsin, Massachusetts, California, and Florida.

City specialists gather information and draft memos. These are sifted, distilled, and sent to top people, such as Mrs. Ronnie Eldridge, organizing women's and peace groups; or John Burns, national coordinator. Sid Davidoff, thirty-two, watches over the Florida operations.

On top of all this, like Pancho Villa in a lavender shirt, is Richard Aurelio, forty-two, a leading campaign water tester and authority on political winds. Aurelio manages Lindsay's Presidential campaign as he did the 1969 mayoralty campaign (and Senator Jacob Javits's campaigns before that). He gives the word. He deploys the troops. And on his desk, marked and thumbed, is a paperback, *An American Melodrama: The Presidential Campaign of 1968.* Aurelio's ready.

A lot of New Yorkers are campaigning for—and against—Lindsay in Florida this winter. One of them, organizing Lindsay storefronts in Jacksonville, exulted in the Miami headquarters: "Would you believe it's winter, and it's eighty-four degrees in Florida? I taught in the South Bronx. Those cold winters, the dirt blowing, garbage! I couldn't work in Miami, I tell ya. When that sun comes up, it says one thing to me—*beach*! They'd have to run a phone out to me. Everybody's working too hard. They look pale all the time, like New Yorkers. Donny Evans even brought a sun lamp down here with him. Can you dig it? The only guy I ever knew who comes to Florida in winter with a sun lamp!"

* * *

Don Evans is a serious young man, twenty-six, who lives at Fifteenth Street and Fifth Avenue in Manhattan and started working for Lindsay in 1958, when he was twelve. When Lindsay was in Arizona last September making speeches and saying he wasn't a candidate, Don Evans tagged along handing out John Lindsay '72 buttons. In Florida he's organizing the storefront operations, as he did in Brooklyn during the last mayoralty campaign. "The staff is always ahead of the candidate," Evans says. "We thought two years ago that Lindsay

There are those who don't like the New York mayor

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would come here and run." He waves his hand. "It's like 1968. Everyone else is going through the tired motions. No one is slugging it out—except John Lindsay. I'm convinced he's going to surprise a lot of people. A month ago I couldn't say that."

A girl, another New Yorker, explains the process of setting up a storefront, the tactic that worked very well for Lindsay in his two mayoralty campaigns: "You rent a car and drive up and down looking, asking everybody if there's a store somewhere for rent. Then you find one, hassle the money, go around and turn on the lights and water. This is what I got my master's to do? You send out post cards about the opening. You have a heart attack—no one will show up—it's the end of your political career. Then you go out and buy toilet paper, and get ready for the candidate and the volunteers to start coming in, and you feel really good. The candidate shows up when he's supposed to. It's working."

* * *

Edmund J. Gong's father ran a Chinese laundry. So did his grandfather. Eddie Gong grew up in Miami, went to Harvard, newspapered two years at the Miami *Herald*, got his law degree from the University of Miami, won a state Senate seat thirteen years ago and kept winning it—the last time by 128,000 votes in metro Dade County. At forty-one, he was associate director of the Kennedy School for International Affairs at Harvard, a Florida State Senator, and a lawyer. Eddie Gong is also a practicing Libra and weighs both sides of issues.

"I heard Lindsay speak last fall for about two hours in Boston. There were about fourteen mayors there. Why'd you change parties? What have you done for housing? What about drugs? Welfare? My image of him up to that point was that he was just a good-looking Yalie. I knew his background—St. Paul's, all that. But the man was bright. He was articulate. He took the tough questions, and he appeared to be honest. He said he'd had gains and losses. He never crybabied. The crybaby answer is, 'Who the hell can run New York?'

"A friend who'd worked for Lindsay knew I'd worked for Chiles. He set it up, and I went down to New York and had a meeting with Dick Aurelio. He asked about Florida, and I told him it was wide open. He said, well, how do you think John Lindsay would do in Florida? I said, great! He was shocked. He said, why do you say that? I told him I felt that Lindsay was the same kind of guy as Chiles and Askew. He said, do you think the Mayor should run in the primary? I said, Yes! Absolutely!" At Christmastime, State Senator Eddie Gong became chairman of Lindsay's ambitious Florida campaign.

A few quick spins around the floor with some senior swingers in St. Petersburg

* * *

Gong put together a staff and set up headquarters in his offices on the eleventh floor of the First National Bank Building in Miami. Jack Hurley, campaign coordinator and a key Chiles aide, came in. So did Steve Fisher, a public relations consultant and lobbyist for Dade County, who handled JFK's 1960 Florida campaign and knows Democrats throughout the state.

Gong, Aurelio, Fisher, who has a staff of six, and Hurley have worked out a basic Florida strategy. And the key man to it is David L. Garth, forty-one, Lindsay's television consultant. Garth has handled the Mayor's television and radio appearances since 1964. (He also helped LBJ supporters in thirty-six states in 1964 and managed Eugene McCarthy's television appearances in the Oregon and California primaries in 1968.)

Garth and other aides measure the Mayor's television effect with delicate precision. When Lindsay appeared on the Dick Cavett show for ninety minutes, his political advisers made sure his appearance would fall on a Tuesday—Cavett's big night. On Tuesday, *Marcus Welby, M.D.*, one of the tube's most popular items, plays from 10 to 11, with Cavett coming on after the news, at 11:30. Garth told Lindsay to emphasize one point during each segment of the show. He did, and Lindsay's staff estimates 25 million people—including a lot of Floridians—watched the carefully orchestrated performance.

Television is playing a central role in the Florida campaign. It sets Lindsay above the other candidates. It is a substitute for extensive day-to-day

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campaigning, freeing the Mayor to make appearances only on weekends (to hold off charges he's neglecting City Hall) before the final blitz.

Early in Florida (and in Wisconsin) Lindsay used street campaigning to attract enthusiastic crowds. And film crews hired by Dave Garth started filming Lindsay in action—as early as December for some footage—for *cinéma vérité* television commercials, Garth's specialty. The first of them began appearing in Florida in the middle of February.

On his weekends in Florida Lindsay seeks high visibility and crowds. It's an old campaign strategy. In one three-day period, he made a ten-city whirl of northern and central Florida. He has toured Tampa's shopping centers and marched a mile-and-a-half in the All-America Bowl Game parade. He has walked through large crowds in Jacksonville, Tallahassee, Palm Beach, Orlando, Miami. To check pollution, he hopped aboard a shrimp boat at Pensacola and went scuba diving off Key Largo—and the TV cameras got it all. In fact, Lindsay is so confident before the cameras that Garth made a TV commercial of an unedited, unrehearsed news conference in Tampa. The half-hour program, to run during prime time on Sunday evenings, cost only $810.

"Television is where Lindsay is by far the best of the field," says a Lindsay media man in Florida. "He's got more sex appeal. We work to get maximum media attention. There's no way on God's green earth that you can get to see all the people in the state. You have to reach them through the media. In one weekend we did seven, eight TV tapings on some of the major stations. We set them up. Two in Tallahassee, two or three in Jacksonville, a couple in Orlando, one in Palm Beach. We got another segment last night in Miami.

"Obviously, we hope to get the maximum in spot news coverage, too. On several Jacksonville stations, for example, we were on as long as four to five minutes on the evening news. Maybe one reason was that he had a CBS crew traveling with us. . . .

Hobnobbing with the ultra-rich of Palm Beach

"I'd much rather have the candidate be shown in a mob of people or shaking hands with black dock workers with a ship in the background, as we did in Jacksonville, or on the beach in Fort Lauderdale taking a dip. We like to show off our candidate in situations like that where his youth and energy and athletic prowess come across.

"There's more than just photographs involved. The guy campaigns sixteen to eighteen hours a day. That's a strenuous ordeal. And he needs about forty-five minutes of exercise. You'll find that on our schedule every day he may go to the health club. No pictures taken there. This is not strictly a picture gimmick thing. We need to exercise the man every day—maybe it's a swim at the health club in Jacksonville, or jumping in the water at Fort Lauderdale beach, which obviously has the advantage of still and TV cameras there, so you get the added dimension. There's no other candidate in the race who looks good swimming in the water. We think this image of youth is attractive, energetic, you know, like the Kennedys. It definitely has appeal, and we try whenever possible to schedule exercise to keep him in shape, and take advantage of it. He's a contrast to some of the other candidates."

It was December 28. Five larger-than-life photos of the Mayor smile down at the perspiring crush of reporters, TV cameramen, staff, and Lindsay family crowded into the tiny meeting room of Miami's Dupont Plaza Hotel. As Dave Garth arranges clear shots for the TV crews, John Lindsay, dressed in lightweight, midnight-blue suit with narrow lapels, and wearing pointed-toe shoes, steps before twenty-six microphones and announces he's running for President.

He stresses the grand themes of his campaign: The Nixon administration is "a clubhouse for privileged power at home and the parade ground for juntas and generals from abroad." The phrases, written by former Robert Kennedy speech writer Jeff Greenfield, outline the urban strategy: "It is time for a President who has seen and felt firsthand the anguish of imposed scarcity. . . . Someone must speak for the men and women without jobs, for the neighborhoods without hope, and for the millions of Americans who feel their country has lost something precious."

* * *

As Lindsay glides around Florida in his air-conditioned buses, he drags New York City with him. For Lindsay has emerged as the spokesman of America's cities. As the Mayor of supposedly ungovernable New York, he claims executive experience that few Senators can approach. He sees urban problems spreading to the suburbs. He tells Flo-

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ridians that they share similar problems with New York City: mass transit, rising crime, pollution, welfare, taxes, drugs, poverty, discrimination. Lindsay's issues are metropolitan issues—New Florida issues—and that's where Florida's, and America's, population lives. "He's been there" could be the new theme, an updating of the slogan that worked in his 1969 campaign for Mayor—Lindsay hopes to make a political asset out of what critics see as his liability.

More than 5,000 kids in a park next to the University of Tampa sprawl or jump or wriggle or yell or smoke or love each other as Richie Havens dips into a couple of numbers, bows, and slides offstage, and they bellow as "Mr. Urban America" bounces on and says something nice about the university, and they bellow again when he cracks at Wallace, and they bellow again when he tells them New York City is the only major city that hasn't been torn by riots in recent years—they know who's been out there in his shirt sleeves walking the hot streets cooling things down. There's been a 30 per cent reduction in air pollution, Lindsay begins, 22,000 new low- and middle-income housing units, and....

"Waddabout ForessssHills?" shouts a sour adult heckler.

"...And the New York police force is now larger than the standing army of Denmark."

In Pensacola Lindsay the Mayor claims his city's waters will be clean by 1980. In Jacksonville he takes credit for the investigation of New York City's police by the Knapp Commission. He reassures folks in Tampa: "We probably have the biggest, most massive drug rehabilitation program in the world." They applaud. "Our crime rate is high," he admits, "but it's number sixteen down the list of major cities.... I believe the crime rate is higher in Miami than it is in New York."

* * *

Ironically, Lindsay supports his theme of fighting in the urban trenches with his City Hall record. America is now more than 70 per cent urban, his aides point out. They theorize that inner-city problems are shifting to the suburbs and making those voters identify with the inner city. Statistics are trotted out. The FBI says crime went up 48.1 per cent in New York City from 1966 to 1969 (Lindsay years). But it rose 100.2 per cent in Englewood, New Jersey; 103 per cent in Freeport, New York; 102.6 per cent in Middletown, Connecticut; 106.5 per cent in Long Branch, New Jersey. The number of welfare clients rose just 13.22 per cent in the city from 1970 to 1971, says Lindsay's staff. But it leaped much more than that, 41.15 per cent, in Nassau County and 32.37 per cent in Westchester County during the same period.

Lindsay's charge about power brokers in Albany and Washington is correct. They control the authority and/or the purse strings to housing, transportation, police, schools, courts, hospitals. Lindsay can do little more than joke about it. "I go to Washington looking for money," he tells crowds. "I go to Albany looking for money. In a moment, members of my staff will pass among you...."

Matthew J. Troy, Jr., a Queens councilman and McGovern supporter, isn't buying the Lindsay line. He has threatened to travel up and down both Florida coasts ripping into the Mayor's "lousy record."

His staff is quick to defend the boss. "Some people feel that Lindsay can be attacked as an administrator running the city," says Sid Davidoff, a close Lindsay aide. "It's come up as an issue. The answer is that the Mayor has gained top executive experience handling the major issues that face New York City and that now face the rest of the country."

* * *

Back in Florida, transplanted New Yorkers recall these perils. Or their friends still surviving in Fun City remind them. Here lies the central problem, for while Lindsay shows strength among Florida's minorities—strength he has shown in past New York City elections—not everyone is getting into line.

Many of Florida's Jewish retirees and vacationers are giving Lindsay fits. Mention two words around Miami Beach these days, and you'll get a fight: Forest Hills. Lindsay has backed a low-income housing project in Forest Hills, part of Queens. And although a New York court order is holding up construction, bitter white middle-class residents of the area, most of them Jewish, claim that the influx of the poor—many black—would increase crime, crowd the schools, and be the death of Queens. The president-elect of the New York Board of Rabbis called it a "City Hall sellout." The community association asked Forest Hills residents vacationing in the Miami area to picket Lindsay. Others have written to the Florida press: "Let Mr. Lindsay, instead of running around the country for President, think about the city."

* * *

Lindsay faced these problems—and this kind of electorate—in 1969, when, some say, his run for the Presidency actually began. He was stunned then by his first political defeat: to State Senator John Marchi in the Republican primary. He had no party, few supporters. He faced seven-to-one odds. He trailed badly in the polls; one put him 20 percentage points behind. He was an Episcopalian in an area where three-quarters of the voters are either Jewish or Catholic. Lindsay gathered some of his inner circle around him—Aurelio, Morgan, Garth—and plotted his comeback. And Lindsay won his second term as Mayor with 42 per cent in a crowded race.

Lindsay has already put his quick coalition strategy to work and done well. The Arizona primary, in January, sluiced adrenaline through the Lindsay staff. He entered Arizona less than a month before the election. He campaigned only three days, talking to students, senior citizens, Chicanos, and Indians, and arguing for urban sanity. Garth's media blitz included forty-two TV spots, 691 radio ads, three one-hour radio programs, and 112 ubiquitous billboards—"Lindsay—Arizona Likes a Fighter—Vote Jan. 29." The Mayor's people say the entire campaign cost just $25,000. The results were worth it. While Muskie won with 37.8 per cent of the vote, Lindsay beat McGovern with 23.6 per cent to 20.4. He ran well with the minorities, split the campus and elderly vote. "I carried Phoenix," Lindsay said, "which indicates to me that there is an urban problem countrywide."

* * *

Eddie Gong is sure Lindsay will win big in Florida. He talks about an Askew-Chiles "a/c" current running through the state: "Both men didn't have a chance. Askew had three per cent recognition; Chiles had four. [Lindsay had nine in January.] Lindsay is another Lawton Chiles. He's another Reubin Askew. He's a new face. He's young, tough, honest. He's got a message. Go into the country. Who's the power there? It's loose. It's everywhere. Out there with the people like a gust of wind. There's no power structure. This damned state is wide-open."

As Gene McCarthy made America face the war in 1968, Lindsay now details the battles destroying its cities. From wide-open Florida to the last big primary in California, Lindsay hears all the old arguments against his chances of winning: He's too young (fifty), too liberal, too slick, too big-city Eastern, too Johnny-come-lately—he switched to the Democratic Party only last August, prodded by bitter feuding with Rockefeller, by the President's writing off of the cities, and by a delicious Louis Harris poll that gave Lindsay 16 per cent of the vote in a Presidential race against Nixon, Kennedy, and Wallace. The odds against him may very well be too long, but if John Lindsay gets his 20 per cent of the New Florida, he will at least be welcomed into the party. □

Jack Shepherd, a long-time Lindsay-watcher, was formerly a senior and assistant managing editor at *Look*, and is now an associate editor of *Newsweek*.

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THE MILITANT MALTHUSIANS

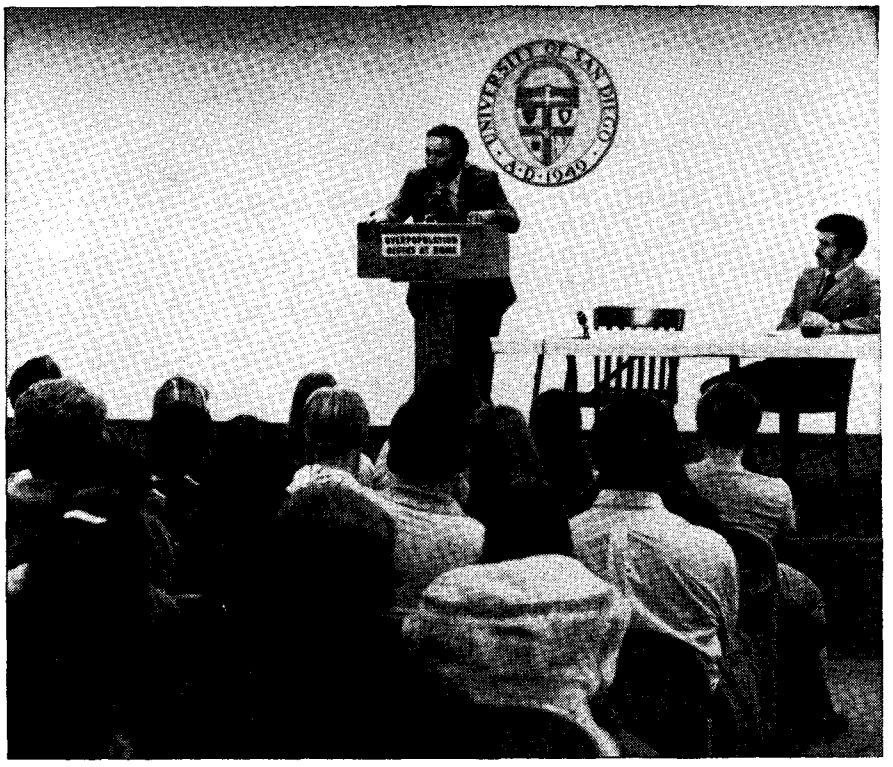
Be fruitful and multiply. . . .
God, according to Genesis 1:28

Make Love, Not Babies
Zero Population Growth bumper sticker

You've come a long way, babies. Social philosophers of one sort or another since the Reverend Thomas Malthus's time (population about one billion) have been saying that man has been altogether too fruitful for his own good. But these philosophical reflections have suddenly been transformed in our time (population 3.7 billion) into the zealous actions of a grass-roots movement, the kind that has made the bumper sticker its banner.

Among other exhortations to unfruitfulness—all glimpsed on cars at a recent Connecticut gathering of the new militant Malthusians—are "Love Is Beautiful, Overpopulation Isn't," "Stop Heir Pollution," "Every Litter Hurts a Bit," and "Overpopulation Begins at Home." The movement's concern is focused on the 209 million inhabitants of America the bountiful—up two million from a year ago—not, with conventional detachment, on milling hordes half a world away. Overpopulation, they are saying, does in fact begin at home; it is at least as much of a problem in the United States as in India, perhaps more. This, the argument goes, is because affluent Americans put an enormous, disproportionate, and potentially calamitous strain on the environment, not just of the U.S. but, through globally spewing water and air pollution, of the planet as a whole. "Each American has roughly fifty times the negative impact on the earth's life-support systems as the average citizen of India," writes Paul R. Ehrlich, thirty-nine-year-old professor of biology, author of *The Population Bomb*, and ultimate guru of the movement, the central purpose of which, quite simply, is to delimit the number of Americans.

The movement's thrusts are principally in two directions and are based on the Malthusian proposition that man has an inclination to overprocreate. One aim is to get the government and its resources behind a policy of "population control." The other is to make a direct appeal to people's ecological consciences, to try to persuade them to have fewer children. ("Stop at Two" is yet another slogan.)



Biologist Paul Ehrlich (speaking) is the zero population growth movement's guru; its main concerns—demography and ecology—are basic themes of ZPG lapel-wear (right).

Remarkably enough, the movement can point to encouraging signs in both areas of late, developments that few would have even conceived of a dozen years ago. It has been only that long since President Eisenhower stiffly proclaimed that "this government [will not] as long as I am here have a positive political doctrine in its program that has to do with birth control." But this month a Commission on Population Growth and the American Future, named by Eisenhower's Vice President and headed by John D. Rockefeller III, is expected to endorse population stabilization as a national goal. President Eisenhower's brother Milton recently came forward as the cochairman of a Coalition for a National Population Policy. And no fewer than thirty-seven U.S. Senators have joined in sponsoring a resolution that would declare it the policy of the U.S. government to halt the country's population growth.

The movement appears to be making significant inroads, moreover, not only in the chambers of government, but, more decisively, in the chambers of the governed. The grown-up babies of the post-World War II baby boom should be producing a baby boom of their own these days, but aren't. Instead, as front pages around the country have noted in recent months, the number of new babies actually has been decreasing, prompting talk of a "baby bust." The economic recession is held largely accountable for the demographic recession, but there are those who detect more enduring and more profound changes in childbearing patterns, and these are attributed at least in part to the deliberate drive toward zero population growth—the movement's somewhat more flamboyant synonym for population stabilization.

Whatever movement the movement has effected can, to a considerable degree, be attributed to some 35,000 Americans who rally around the purposes and slogans of and pay dues to Zero Population Growth, Inc., the national

Wade Greene, an editor for The Society supplement of *SR*, has written widely on social and environmental issues.

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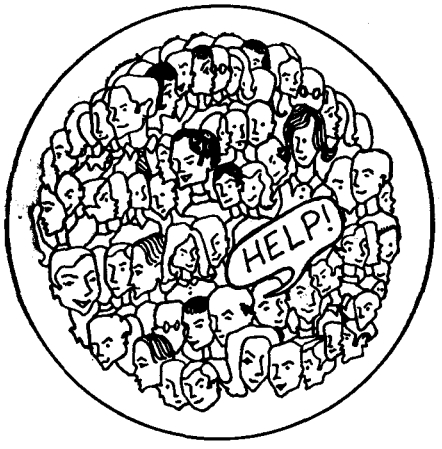
BY WADE GREENE



organization. Who are these main movers within the movement? According to a sample survey that ZPG made of its membership, 65 per cent are Protestants, 15 per cent Catholics, virtually all are white and very educated—98 per cent have some education beyond high school, and 29 per cent hold master's or doctor's degrees. Members estimate that a high proportion of those probably have a science background.

ZPG's activities are divided roughly between national and state and local pursuits. Nationally, the group employs twenty-two paid staff members, including four full-time lobbyists in Washington. From ZPG's headquarters in the affluent San Francisco suburb of Palo Alto, the staff puts out a monthly publication and distributes the usual paraphernalia of modern movements—pamphlets, buttons, bumper stickers, etc. ZPG also receives about 2,000 pieces of mail a day and spends a lot of its energies just processing this flow. But perhaps the most dramatically effective operation on a national level involves the organization's mailings. ZPG coordinates a well-organized and somewhat covert letter-writing system aimed primarily at the ramparts of "pro-natalism." Some 1,500 ZPGers, all unpaid volunteers, get out at least four letters a month each. Advertisers, the mass media, and politicians are the principal targets, and the fire can sometimes be withering. When, for instance, an ad for Eiderlon panties showing a mother and six children ran in a number of national magazines last year, the manufacturer was promptly targeted and swiftly subdued. "The response was unbelievable," says Stanley F. Gross, president of Spunlo-Eiderlon, who seems to have been unaware that the response was not totally spontaneous either. He received between 7,000 and 9,000 letters, he estimates. According to Gross, many of the scoldings went something like this: "How can you countenance running an ad with a mother with six children to sell cheap cotton panties? Don't you realize in this day and age our planet is being endangered with overpopulation? We don't have enough food to eat, enough water to drink. In the future use more corporate responsibility." Sighing in tribute to ZPG's letter-writing effectiveness, Gross adds: "Next year we're going to run an ad with just *one* kid."

ZPG also operates a computerized national abortion referral service in Palo Alto. But the bulk of the organization's activity comes from its 350 local chapters. There, the ZPGers are in the forefront of campaigns to liberalize abortion laws and to make sterilization operations more readily available. They have joined with women's liberationists in a number of causes, on the assumption that, given an opportunity to get out of the home more, women will find and exercise alternatives to childbearing and rearing. On behalf of local zero population growth, they have provided some of the more militant forces for environmentalists' efforts to halt development projects. Malibu ZPGers, for instance, were instrumental in defeating a bond issue for a sewage system that would have allowed an expansion of building—and of population—in that southern California seaside town. These days ZPG chapters routinely set up leaflet stands at country fairs, distribute their literature on streets, have floats in local parades, even put signs in the sky. Weekend bronzers around Miami squinted up from the thronged beaches and poolsides one Sunday afternoon not long ago and saw flickering across the sun on an aerial banner the message "People pollution is a drag—ZPG."

ZPGers are unabashedly aggressive. In a meeting of the directors of the New York ZPG chapter that I sat in on recently, the chapter's executive director, Judy Senderowitz, a pretty veteran of Berkeley activism, described how she set Jerome Kretchmer, New York's environmental protection administrator, straight on his demography after he spoke at a freshman orientation session at New York University. "He said," she recounted, "that population in the U.S. is *decreasing*. I told him that I don't care if you're against us, but don't get up there and *lie* about population problems." "How'd you get to debate him?" somebody asked. "I got him on the way to the men's room," she answered.

ZPGers hope to elucidate through example as well as exhortation, and most practice what they preach to the extent of keeping their own contributions to the population down to replacement level, two or less. In fact, one out of six members, according to the organization's self-survey, is not planning to have any children at all. A good number of male members, including Paul Ehrlich himself (after one child) and the nineteen-year-old head of the Richmond, Virginia, chapter of ZPG, have had themselves sterilized. Sterility, of course, is not a particularly visible state of being; so to make the point more pointed, some members wear lapel pins patterned on the scientific symbol for a male, with a chunk cut out of the circle.

All of this activity on behalf of halting population growth arises out of an organization that is a mere three years old. Zero Population Growth was formally founded in December 1968 by Richard Bowers, a lawyer from Old Mystic, Connecticut. Recently, I talked to him about the group's origins. He had been active in Nature Conservancy, he said, an organization devoted to helping buy up natural areas to preserve them from the ravages of devel-

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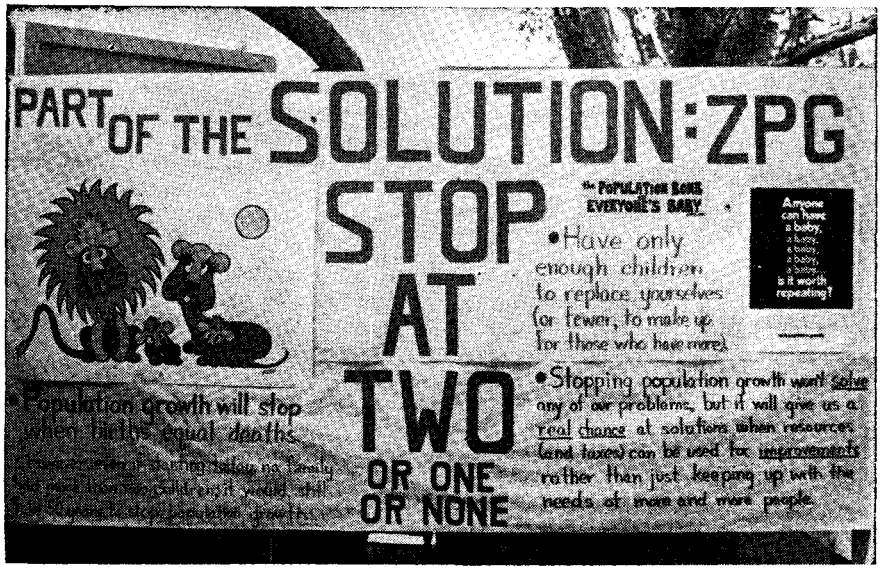
The movement appears to be making inroads, not only in the chambers of government but in the chambers of the governed.


PART OF THE SOLUTION: ZPG
STOP AT TWO OR ONE OR NONE
• Have only enough children to replace yourselves (or fewer, to make up for those who have more).
• Stopping population growth won't solve any of our problems, but it will give us a real chance at solutions when resources (and taxes) can be used for improvements rather than just keeping up with the needs of more and more people.
• Population growth will stop when births equal deaths.

ZPG's grass-roots activists get their messages across in many ways and media. At a recent "Alternative Environments" fair in the San Francisco area, ZPGers advertised their philosophy and arithmetic on wide, handcrafted strips of wrapping paper.

opment. "I began to realize that merely acquiring title to hundreds and hundreds of acres of land was not enough," said Bowers. "It became clear that we had to tackle the population explosion if we were going to have anything like the National Park system remain." In late 1968 Bowers got a small group of people together in New Haven to discuss setting up an organization specifically aimed at halting population growth. Among those present were Paul Ehrlich, whose *The Population Bomb* had come out earlier that year, and Lincoln Day, chief of the United Nations' demographic and social statistics branch and co-author, with his wife, of *Too Many Americans*, one of the first major discourses on population as a problem for the United States. Encouraged by the meeting, Bowers soon after incorporated Zero Population Growth, picking the term out of the writings of Kingsley Davis, a University of California demographer. "I told Bowers it was a terrible name," recalls Ehrlich. " 'It'll never catch on. People will never use the initials.' "

ZPG—the initials, in fact, are now widely used to refer to either the organization or the idea—grew very slowly at first. By September 1969, ZPG could count only 700 members nationally, most of them in California, where Ehrlich, who had been named president, was based. Then, in early 1970, ZPG became, almost overnight, a popular success, and in a hypertypically American way. Arthur Godfrey, who was beginning to get involved in a number of environmental causes, came across Ehrlich's book, was impressed, mentioned it to Johnny Carson, who invited Ehrlich to appear on his show. Ehrlich was on-camera for forty-five minutes, the word was heard across the land, and an avalanche of membership requests and inquiries poured in. Most exuberant of the new converts were thousands of environment-minded college kids. At Skidmore, a mostly women's college, the movement came on like electricity. Girls all around the campus began wearing handcrafted "2" pins, signifying the number of children at which everyone should stop. Fathers' Weekend arrived in the midst of the initial ardor, and a group of activists liberated the library's display cases, filled them with every known kind of contraceptive device, and then hid the keys. "What in the hell is this?" one father, a Darien stockbroker, exclaimed on the ritual library tour.

Some ZPG activity still bespeaks a good deal more single-minded zeal than delicacy. Several chapters have been fashioning Lippes Loops—a principal intrauterine contraceptive device—into earrings and selling them to bolster the chapter treasury. The San Diego ZPG, with how much irony aforethought I haven't determined, sponsored Mother's Day and Father's Day raffles last year in which the first prizes, respectively, were a one-year supply of birth-control pills and a free vasectomy. One ZPG button observes that "Jesus was an only child."

Yet the movement as a whole seems to have mellowed with age, size, and growing respectability. It has also begun to crystallize some of its thinking about the most effective means to its end. With this crystallization, it is becoming increasingly evident that the zero population growth movement is anything but monolithic. In fact, the broad and growing consensus that the U.S. should stabilize its population falls apart when it comes to grips with the how of zero population growth.

The movement divides into roughly three camps on the matter. There are the family-planning advocates who think that with sufficient sophistication and easy and certain means to control births, individual families having as many children as they want will tend to reproduce, societywide, at the ZPG level. Then there are those who feel that some form of compulsion is necessary to hold births down. Somewhere in between reside the "population control" advocates, who shun compulsion but feel that pure, unguided voluntarism is unlikely to do the job, that a government role is required.

Most widely associated with the first position is Charles F. Westoff, a sociology professor at Princeton and executive director of the Commission on Population Growth and the American Future. The group, in addition to advocating population stabilization, probably will emphasize eliminating unwanted births as a means of achieving it. On the basis of a sampling of mothers, covering the years 1960 to 1965, Westoff has calculated that 19 per cent of all births were unwanted—17 per cent among whites, 36 per cent among blacks. Therefore, he concludes, births will fall to approximately the ZPG level if the efficiency and availability of contraceptive methods are improved and if abortion on request is legalized "in case of failed contraception."

Advocates of compulsory birth control, at the opposite pole, have at vari-

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On Fathers' Weekend, ZPG activists liberated library display cases and filled them with every known contraceptive.

ous times proposed a number of Orwellian or Huxleian schemes such as putting contraceptive solutions in the water supply and providing an antidote for those approved for having babies or sterilizing parents after the birth of their second child. Such propositions are hardly appealing, and in the view of some who have studied them they are unworkable. Still, there are a number of quite respectable students of population problems who feel that some method of compelling adherence to social norms on family size will have to be devised in order to achieve population stabilization. Professor Garrett Hardin of the University of California, for instance, has made a carefully reasoned case for "mutual coercion, mutually agreed upon." "A purely voluntary system," he has written, "selects for its own failure; noncooperators outbreed cooperators. . . . If parenthood is a right, population control is impossible."

Most of the organization ZPGers seem to find themselves in between the two poles, located, I suspect, by pragmatic as well as philosophical dictates: If pure voluntarism is sufficient, ZPG, Inc., has little role to play that isn't already being played by family-planning-oriented groups such as Planned Parenthood; on the other hand, compulsory birth control is a singularly difficult if not impossible cause on which to build a mass movement. In any case, many ZPGers tend to reject family planning as insufficient, and they are often scornful in doing so. "Some divisions of Planned Parenthood still have the feeling that all you have to do to solve the problem is pass out condoms to the poor," said Paul Ehrlich in an interview that was almost a nonstop monologue. "They're under the impression that there are a lot of people who don't know how to control the size of their families, which is a lot of hogwash." The problem is the wanted children, Ehrlich and many other ZPGers feel, and they point to surveys that show the average number of children Americans want to have is around three.

ZPG, Inc., is officially opposed to using coercion to keep the average down to two (2.11 is the actual replacement level of average family size, the .11 being the margin needed to compensate for factors such as infant mortality). Persuasion, with a government assist, is the closest thing to ZPG, Inc.'s preferred means to its end, but even in this area a number of different approaches are advocated. Some ZPGers favor government financial rewards and penalties to keep family sizes in line, but others feel that such an approach would affect only the poor. The organization as a whole is tending to concentrate on neutralizing what it regards as pervasive pro-natalist factors built into government programs, laws, and institutions so that, even if the government does not penalize childbearing, it at least won't encourage it. The group is fighting to eliminate the income-tax savings married couples enjoy over unmarried taxpayers, for instance, and it opposes the priority families have in the call on public housing. More positively, ZPG would make medical services connected with abortion, sterilization, and contraception tax deductible as well as costs involved in adopting a child.

Above all, the ZPGers would like to get the government to do a lot of research on just what affects people's choice of family size and how this choice can be influenced. The call for research amounts to a tacit admission that between the boundaries of voluntary family planning and compulsory birth control the ZPGers have yet to find an effective means of population control. Douglas Ross, the executive secretary of the Coalition for a National Population Policy, confessed as much in an article last year in ZPG's monthly *National Reporter*: "If Congress came to ZPG advocates today and announced its readiness to use any means to stabilize population size short of making the conception of a third child a felony, we would be hard put to tell them precisely what to do."

Congress, of course, is not on the brink of any all-out program to stabilize population. In fact, though more than a third of the U.S. Senate, ideologically spanning that body from Goldwater to McGovern, is sponsoring a resolution advocating a stabilized population, the resolution appears to have little chance of emerging from the Senate Labor Committee. This is so, largely because of a fierce barrage of letters against the resolution late last year, mounted by antiabortion forces. Indeed, for all the evident strength of the ZPG movement, and its goal of a stabilized population, there exists considerable skepticism over the idea and some very determined opposition.

The very notion that society should have any say in the number of children individuals bear is rejected by many as an outrageous challenge to a sacrosanct private right. At a dinner of the Kiwanis chapter of Howard Beach, Queens, that I attended recently, the guest speaker, a ZPG advocate, was interrupted by a middle-aged Kiwanian with an oath and an assertion: "I lived through the Depression and I lived through World War II, and screw you, I'm going to do what I want to do if I have the money to do it."

For that matter, some social scientists, including a few noted demographers, are not at all convinced of a basic ZPG premise. This is the gloomy faith that an ecological doomsday is not far away unless the number of earth dwellers stops growing, including, or especially, Americans. Ansley Coale, director of the Office of Population Research at Princeton University, is decidedly skeptical about the urgency of achieving ZPG in the U.S. "Even if our population should rise to a billion," he has written, "our average density would not be very high by European standards. It seems to me that we must attack the problems of pollution, urban deterioration, juvenile delinquency, and the like directly, and if sensible programs are evolved, continued population growth on the order of the present would not make the programs less effective." Something of the same view is shared by segments of the radical Left that look upon concern about population as a copout, and a misanthropic one at that, a middle-class diversion from the need to redistribute wealth as the real answer to America's problems. (Marx wrote in much the same vein about Malthus.) Other doubters feel that the United States can solve whatever population problems it may have by redistributing not resources but the people themselves. Conrad F. Taeuber, associate director of the Census Bureau and the government's chief professional demographer, recently pointed out that three-quarters of the nation's

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The notion that society should have a say in the number of children people have is rejected by many as outrageous.

3,072 counties are actually losing population. The real problem, he suggests, is not that there are too many Americans but that 70 per cent of them have jammed themselves into 2 per cent of the land.

The ZPGers, of course, are quite familiar with the voices of doubt, and they have developed a catechism of counterarguments by now. Yes, they say, numbers are not the only problem, but they cite the Population Commission's interim report, which came out last spring and which states: "We regard population growth . . . as an intensifier or multiplier of many problems impairing the quality of life in the United States." As for distribution of the population, some ZPGers say they are not concerned with the amount of space people live on but with the resources they use up or defile.

In the arguments and counterarguments, the ZPGers are at least generally spared the need to dispute the proposition that a larger population is economically desirable. This traditional wisdom has largely evaporated in face of the Keynesian theory and practice by which governments can provide direct stimulation to the economy. Another traditional argument for a growing population also seems to have stumbled, if not fully fallen, by the technological wayside. This is the view that links population size to military might. The idea that numbers mean power, however, evidently has a firm, visceral hold domestically. It can be detected at the base of what is unquestionably the most deeply felt skepticism over the zero population growth movement.

Racial minorities, blacks in particular, have watched the growth of the movement with increasing concern over how it would affect their own numbers, almost as the French have historically fretted about population balances when looking eastward. Militant blacks ritually denounce any birth control programs for black communities as "genocidal." Even blacks who can see some merit in ZPG arguments view the movement warily. Willie L. Brown, Jr., who is a black member of the California state Assembly from San Francisco, testified before Senate hearings last fall in support of the population-stabilization resolution, but he noted: "Our community finds it strange that the concern about population comes precisely at the time when we have a declining white birth rate combined with a slight increase in black life expectancy and a decline in black infant mortality rates."

An equally skeptical, equally visceral countervoice boomed out among the Kiwanis diners at Howard Beach. "You're telling the white people not to have any more kids," the voice said, "and the niggers are screwing like crazy, and they're going to have three hundred million people, and we're going to wind up the minority."

"The black issue is really not relevant," the ZPG speaker, a young research psychiatrist named Michael Potegal, replied with the courage of his convictions. Nearly pure white and all middle-class themselves, ZPGers are extremely responsive to race and class sensitivities about population control. Throughout his talk Potegal emphasized a major ZPG philosophy—that the middle-class is the main source of the population problem in the United States and that the solution has to be found in its ranks. "The fact of the matter is," he said, "that, though the poor have more kids than the middle-class, there are proportionately so few of them that they could go out and have ten kids apiece and it wouldn't make a good goddamn. It's the middle class that's having three and four kids apiece that is really contributing to the bulk of the population growth in the U.S. So that's where the action is."

How much action? One important question facing the ZPG movement currently, in light of recent unexpected drops in birth rates, is whether U.S. population is well along the way to leveling off without, perhaps, much of anyone's even trying. ZPGers, of course, would like to see such a leveling, but while some are celebrating a drop in birth rates and taking a measure of credit for bringing this development about, others, and indeed a number of the celebrants themselves, are inclined to contend that there has been no profound demographic shift. The impression that there has been, they say, is likely to undermine the movement before it can inculcate its views for the long haul—that is, as many see the duration of the challenge, forever.

The numbers themselves are clear enough. Births were down last year from 1970 by an estimated 100,000—in spite of a larger number of women of childbearing age (fifteen to forty-four is the demographers' range). In terms of the number of births per thousand women in this category, one of the more sophisticated measures used, the annually interpolated rate dipped as low as 77.5 last July, close to the all-time U.S. low of seventy-six during the Depression. Over the longer run, birth rates have been falling in almost a straight line since 1957. But if demographers agree on the numbers, they don't agree on what they mean.

Some interpretations would suggest that zero population growth is just around the corner. "Absolutely nonsensical," huffed demographer Philip Hauser of the University of Chicago when he testified at Senate hearings on population stabilization. Like a number of other demographers, he suspects the recession is mainly responsible for the failure of post-World War II offspring to breed the birth rates upward. Any more profound interpretation, he warned, "may well turn out to be dead wrong. . . . It is possible and even likely that with recovery from the recession the swelling numbers of persons of reproductive age will lead to a rise in the number of births . . . and in the fertility rates." According to projections made in the Thirties, he reminded the hearing, the U.S. population was to reach a maximum of 165 million by the year 2000. In all likelihood, we will easily overshoot the mark by 100 million or more.

ZPG points out that in any case it would take the U.S. population at least fifty years to stabilize even if the replacement level of 2.11 children per couple is reached. This is due to the youth-heavy balance of our population, which even at current low birth rates means we are experiencing nearly twice as many births as deaths and are still becoming more numerous at the rate of about 1 per cent per year.

All the same, the demographers' numerology does indicate a slowing rate of population growth, and the results of a Census Bureau survey released a few weeks ago suggest that the rate may slow down a great deal more in the immediate future. The

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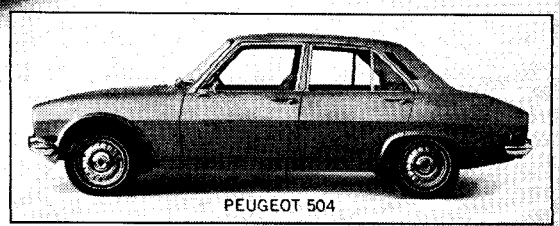

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"That people don't know how to control the size of their families is hogwash. The problem is the wanted children."

survey found that the average number of children expected by wives between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four had dropped from 2.9 in 1967 to 2.4 in 1971 and that, if young unmarried women were figured in, the overall national rate in this particularly important group of prospective mothers would probably come close to 2.2 children. In the past, such expectation averages have been closely borne out; so the figures are considered dramatically significant—and are attributed in part to the sort of "environmental ideology" ZPGers have been preaching.

All told, the arrival of zero population growth in the United States is hardly imminent, but it may, just possibly, be on its way, and this possibility has become considerable enough to cause a number of social scientists to begin analyzing what a stable population would imply. They all agree that it would mean an older population; the current median age of twenty-eight would rise, it has been calculated, to thirty-seven. Some sociologists and demographers are unhappy about this prospect; they see a more conservative, less creative, less flexible society.

Not necessarily, speculates U.N. demographic chief Lincoln Day, who has prepared a paper on the social consequences of a stationary population for the Commission on Population Growth and the American Future. "I don't think it's true at all about an older population being more conservative," he told me recently. "The population some demographers are getting so excited about would hardly be different than populations in Sweden and England and Wales today." Besides, he said, improved conditions of life that a stationary population would bring might soften the process of aging itself.

Day does see a potential lessening of ambition and individual competition in business because a greater proportion of older people would "afford less opportunity for promotion" for the smaller proportion of young people working their way up. But he does not consider this possibility as necessarily undesirable. "Whether a decline in status-striving," he writes in his commission paper, "would necessarily delay the march toward 'progress' (or some other similarly metaphysical concept) is at best a debatable point."

A "pregnant" male applicant seeks approval for an abortion from an all-female hospital panel in an evocative skit put on by the ZPG chapter of Urbana, Illinois.

Day thinks that feminist goals would be strengthened by a stabilized population. It would reduce "the number of woman-years devoted to the bearing and rearing of children," which would, in turn, "increase the pressure on men to regard women as more than simply 'helpmeets' and child rearers."

We talked mostly about the United States, where the ZPG movement and its goals are centered, but I also asked Day about worldwide birth rates and population control. The world's population is growing about 2 per cent a year, he said, enough to double the ranks of the human species every thirty-five years; it has grown about a billion-and-a-half, he lamented, just since he started studying demography. Population-control ideas appear to be taking hold in Western Europe (except in France, which still worries about there being too few Frenchmen) and a few other insular or peninsular countries, such as Taiwan, Japan, South Korea, but, Day indicated, the philosophy of population stabilization has a long way to go elsewhere.

Part of ZPG thinking is that once the United States gets its house in order, it can and should be more aggressive about preaching population control to the rest of the world. "Today the U.S., tomorrow the world," chuckled one ZPGer. And in a small way the movement has already begun to go global. When I talked to Ehrlich, he had just returned from a trip during which he studied reef fish and helped set up ZPG-Australia. Canada, too, now has a ZPG organization.

American ZPGers point outward, in fact, when it is suggested to them that the current trend in births in the U.S. might leave them someday with a movement without a cause. Some also answer that even as far as the United States itself is concerned, Zero Population Growth is only an upper limit, and once growth is halted, the U.S. should go on to strive for a declining population. "I can't think of any reason for having more than one hundred fifty million people," said Ehrlich, "and nobody has ever raised one to me." A number of ZPG advocates say, in fact, that if Americans and other nationalities want their per capita consumption to continue to rise, for ecology's sake the number of "capitas" will have to come down. The ZPG cause would appear, after all, to be almost boundless and bottomless, though its name may someday have to be changed. □

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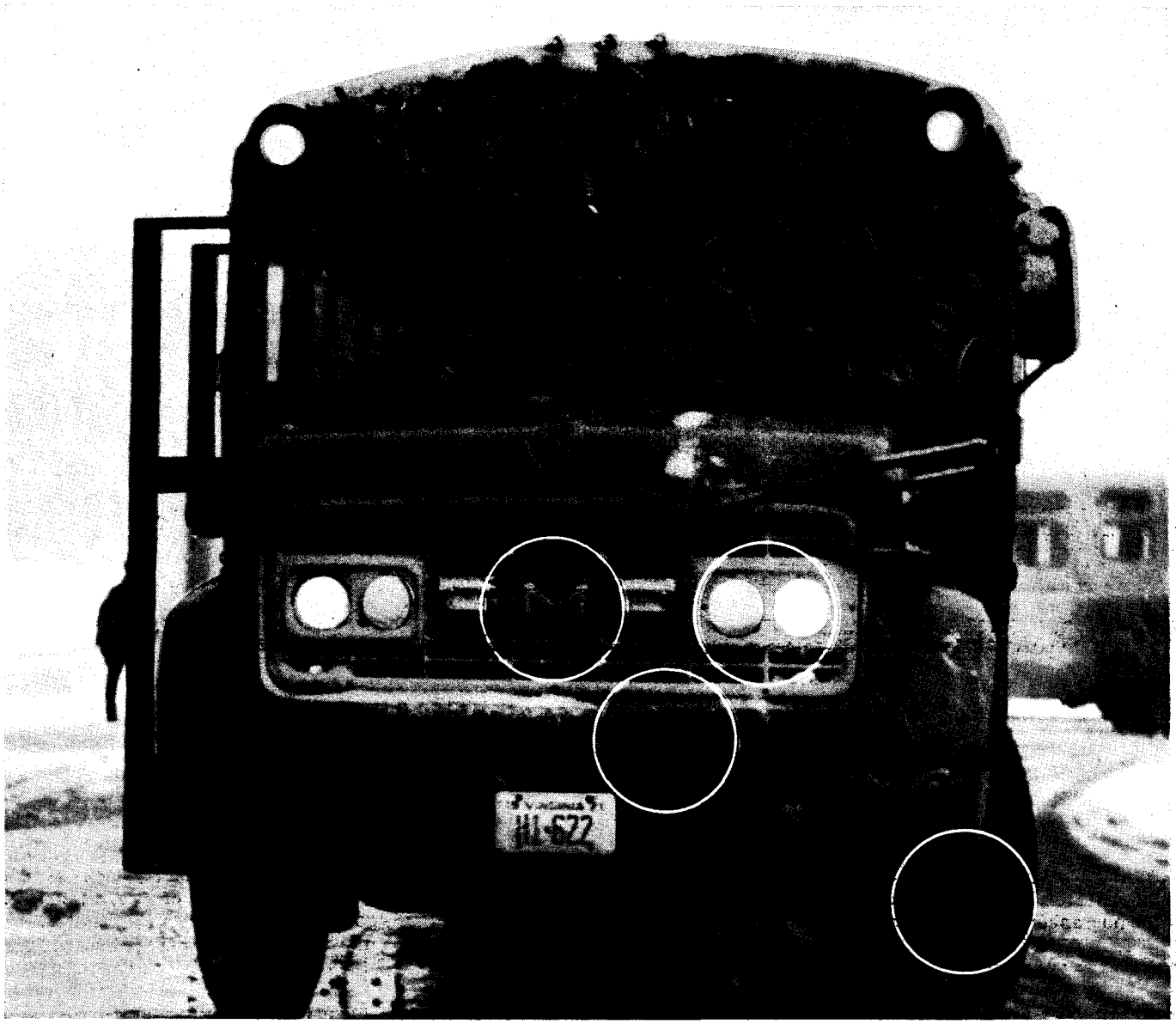

THE FAULTY SCHOOL BUSES

BY COLMAN McCARTHY

The soon-to-be-published
"In the Name of Profit: Profiles in Corporate Greed"
(edited by Robert L. Heilbroner)
dramatizes corporate irresponsibility
by focusing on the company men making the decisions.
The thesis is that corporate wrongdoing is not the result solely
of impersonal economic institutions;
it is rooted in human behavior.
The following case history is taken from the book.

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IN THE BOARD ROOMS of General Motors, the world's mightiest corporation, decisions are routinely made that affect the lives of Americans in ways that the actions of Congressmen in Washington seldom do. By the hard measure of dollars, little doubt exists about the comparative importance of Detroit and Washington. In a recent peak year, 1969, the board chairman of General Motors was paid $655,000, or fifteen times the salary of a United States Senator and more than three times what Americans pay their President. General Motors has $24-billion in gross annual sales (1969 figures), a sum larger than the budget of any of the fifty states or that of every nation except the United States and the Soviet Union. According to GM's records, its cumulative profit from 1947 to 1969 was $22-billion.

One reason for the corporation's Gargantuan size—it has 55 per cent of the American automobile market—is that its customers keep coming back to buy its products, especially its cars, trucks, and buses available at some 13,000 GM dealerships. Many customers return because they have been conditioned to crave the chrome, horsepower, and gizmos that GM puts into its vehicles. Others are the trapped victims of a corporate philosophy candidly described in April 1970 by former board chairman James M. Roche, forty-two years with GM: "Planned obsolescence, in my opinion, is another word for progress."

It is unlikely that any GM executive ever sends out memos to his staff saying things like, "Make the exhaust systems out of cheaper metal this year," or, "Order a lower-grade iron for the engine mounts." Yet in many cases he might as well, for underlings in the auto industry are quick to divine the intentions of their superiors. In February 1969, GM was obliged to notify 5.4 million owners to bring in their GM vehicles for correction of possible safety defects. Some 2.5 million of these were recalled to be checked for exhaust-system leaks. According to the Center for Auto Safety, the leaks were acknowledged by GM to have caused four deaths. The most recent GM recall, in January, set a national record: 6.6 million Chevrolets for possible engine mount failure. The Department of Transportation said it knew of 500 reports of such failures. The Public Interest Research Group, a Ralph Nader organization in Washington, reported at least six deaths and a dozen persons seriously injured in resulting crashes.

Down the line of corporate responsibility, someone had those thoughts about cheapening the exhausts and mounts, someone seconded those thoughts, and someone else carried them out. Death and injury resulted, and surely GM regrets it. Yet many millions of dollars of the $22-billion profit resulted also, and it is not likely that GM has regrets about that.

Consider the front bumper of the 1966 school bus, if a model in Washington, D.C., is representative. It is one-quarter-inch thick. On the 1969 model, it is one-eighth-inch thick. Thus in three years the bumper's thickness was cut in half. Considering the thousands of buses manufactured with the thinner and cheaper bumper, the savings must have been considerable. But so was and is the risk of injury and death to the thousands of school children who might be better protected with the thicker bumper.

Incredibly, as if more juice could still be squeezed from these lemons, the bumpers on these vehicles were the object of further GM cheapening. Behind the front bumper of the earlier model is a piece of steel extending from the frame in each direction about one foot, reinforcing the bumper. From the 1969 model, however, this piece of reinforcing steel is gone. And anyone who wonders why the 1969 bus rides so roughly need only measure the leaf springs that support the body. Compared to those on earlier models, the springs are seven inches shorter.

If GM cheapens parts that a layman can detect, what may it have done to parts hidden under the hood and within the chassis? General Motors, and its brother corporations such as Ford, Chrysler, American Motors, and foreign motor companies, assure prospective buyers that they can get into their products and go tearing off at high speeds. Yet between 1966 and 1970, some thirteen million vehicles, or 38 per cent of all vehicles manufactured, were recalled for possible defects. With 55,000 persons killed by automobiles in 1971 and nearly five million injured, it is reasonable to believe that not all the carnage was caused by drunk or wild driving. Much was doubtlessly caused by defective cars, and many of those defects resulted from decisions to cut costs.

One citizen who has experienced the cheapness of a GM product is John Donovan. Unlike most owners, who have only themselves or their families to account for when they drive, Donovan has responsibility for some 250 school children, the elementary and high school students he transports to and from six private schools in the vicinity of Washington, D.C. Ever since the famous Huntsville, Alabama, crash in May 1968, when the brakes of a GM school bus failed, killing one child, Donovan has watched his vehicles closely, servicing them frequently and driving carefully. At the time of the Huntsville tragedy, he owned two GM buses, and he didn't want any injuries or deaths due to faulty equipment or anything else.

A short, broad-chested man of thirty-six, born in Oklahoma, a former Marine Corps drill sergeant, brusque in speech, John Donovan first went to Washington as a student at Georgetown University. He stayed on, married, and wound up teaching at a private school—Ascension Academy in Alexandria, Virginia. Students there describe him as a friendly, approachable man with a skill for fairness and discipline. The graduating seniors twice voted him Ascension's most popular teacher.

Donovan began in the bus business in 1963 when a neighbor in the northwest section of Washington asked him if, for a fee, he would take his child to and from Ascension every day. Donovan agreed and took out the proper commercial-carrier insurance. He soon had other requests for the same service. By the 1968-69 school year, Donovan's business had grown; he spent $5,000 to purchase a 1966 GM sixty-passenger bus and a 1959 Chevrolet thirty-seven-passenger model.

In the spring of 1969, the chance to expand still further came along, so that with more school buses he could transport 260 children. The average yearly fare was $200. Many of the children in Donovan's buses were the sons and daughters of Senators, Ambassadors, judges, prominent lawyers, doctors, and other important and powerful Washingtonians. Encouraged by his wife and with confidence in his capacity for hard work, Donovan decided to buy three new 1969 GMC-V-6 school buses. Each cost $8,146.80. The body of this model was made by an independent company; everything else—basically, the transmission, the wheels, the engine, the electrical system, the gas tank—came from General Motors Truck and Coach Division, Pontiac, Michigan.

Early in September 1969, Donovan went to High Point, North Carolina, to pick up his three new buses. Accompanying him were two drivers, as well as a GM dealer from Laurel, Maryland, from whom Donovan was buying the vehicles. On the return trip to Washington, Donovan had what he called at the time "a little trouble." One bus required sixteen quarts of oil for the 300-mile trip. On the second bus, things went fine until the accelerator spring snapped. This meant that the driver had to put the transmission into neutral, find a place to pull over, get out, lift the hood, and, with the engine still roaring, try to adjust the throttle spring with a pair of pliers. The third bus worked well until dusk, when the driver tried to switch on the

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Colman McCarthy is a member of the editorial page staff of *The Washington Post*.

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headlights. They didn't work.

All of this irritated Donovan, but he understood that kinks are part of a new product and no cause for alarm. Except for rattling transmissions, Donovan's buses functioned normally for three days. He and his wife were proud of the buses. They had risked most of their savings on them and believed that no finer company existed than General Motors. Donovan named the buses after his wife, Virginia, and their daughters, Regina, who was three, and Colleen, just six months old.

In mid-September, as required by law, Donovan took the vehicles to be inspected before using them to carry children. One bus passed, two did not. One rejection was caused by a faulty brake-hose suspension. GM, Donovan believed, either had not installed the right part or had not installed any part. Thus, the brake hose, which is essential for stopping and which should be suspended several inches away from the wheel, was rubbing the wheel drag line on turns. Amazed that a slip like this could occur, Donovan was nevertheless grateful that the inspectors had caught it. "Thank God," he said to his wife. "Otherwise, the rubbing eventually would have broken the hose, and the brakes could have failed."

The second bus did not pass inspection because the exhaust-pipe hanger was faulty. It allowed the long exhaust pipe to dangle, thereby increasing the chances of its snapping. If it broke, carbon monoxide would seep out beneath the passenger compartment. "I thought the inspectors would be astonished, as I was," said Donovan, "that two brand-new General Motors buses, serviced by a GMC dealer, would fail to pass inspection. But they weren't surprised at all. They just said, 'Go get them fixed and come try again.'"

His amazement and annoyance slowly turned to dismay, for Donovan was serious about his responsibility for the lives of the children who rode his buses. Besides the Huntsville tragedy, Donovan knew of other failures of GM buses. Only the year before, eighteen children from the Accotink Academy in Springfield, Virginia, were riding in a new GM bus on Highway 236 in Annandale. The brakes failed. Somehow the driver managed to steer clear of traffic and coast the bus to a stop without an accident. The brakes were subsequently fixed three times by GM. The next year, another Accotink bus, a 1969 GM, was being driven along a highway in Fairfax County, Virginia, when the brakes failed completely. The driver steered into a pasture, and the bus lurched to a stop. *Those were new GM buses,* Donovan thought to himself, *and these three buses I just bought are new GMs, too.* His mind easily pictured one of his buses, full of children, crashing into a tree or into an oncoming car or truck. He became even more determined to do all he could to keep his three new buses in the best condition possible.

That commitment was made early in Donovan's ordeal, even though he had no way of knowing exactly what it would cost him—in loss of money, time, and peace. Between September 6 and December 6, 1969, according to Donovan's diary, he spent more than 225 hours either repairing the buses himself or hauling them to Central Motors, a GM dealership in Alexandria, Virginia. This averaged out to more than two hours daily, seven days a week. Additionally, he had to pay three of his drivers to do an extra ninety hours of repair work and hauling. A pattern emerged. When the buses finished the afternoon run about 4:30 or 5 p.m. and came to the parking lot in Washington, Donovan would ask what, if anything, had broken or malfunctioned that day. The drivers would tell him, for example, that the clutch had burned out for the second time, or that the left rear tire had leaked air for a second day, or that the bolts were falling out of the motor mounts the way they had last week, or that the wheels were wobbling, or that a gas tank was leaking, or that the power steering had failed.

Clutches burning out... wheels wobbling... tires leaking... bolts falling out of motor mounts... power steering failing... accelerator springs snapping—a waking nightmare.

The waking nightmare would now begin. Donovan would get into the broken bus and head for Central in Alexandria. Donovan's wife and two daughters would follow in the family car, so they could take him home when the bus was dropped off. It was a half-hour trip each way from Donovan's apartment in northwest Washington to Central Motors. After telling the mechanics what needed repairing, Donovan and family would return home. The girls would be fed and put to bed. He and his wife, staring at each other numbly, would have supper and wait for a call from Central—which stayed open until 2 a.m. The Donovans would wake the girls—no sitters were available at that hour—dress them, get in the car, and head for Alexandria. Donovan would pick up the repaired bus and drive it to the lot in Washington, his wife and children tailing. Donovan's records show that they made this trip approximately twenty-five times in the first three months of ownership. When two buses malfunctioned on the same day, two round trips were needed. Sometimes, since he needed to be up at 5:45 in the morning to call the drivers for the morning run, Donovan slept only three hours. During this period, both he and his wife lost weight, and friends found them unusually snappish. Donovan and his wife went out to dinner only twice in three months, and to a movie not at all.

The repairs made at Central Motors were seldom covered by the warranty. Trying to plug the dike through which money was beginning to flood, Donovan traveled to Laurel to talk with the dealer from whom he had bought the buses. "The dealer," said Donovan, "told me my buses were obviously special cases, that these problems certainly weren't universal." Nothing could be done, said the dealer, except to notify the factory representative. Donovan called the GM public relations office in Washington and was told the man who would help him was John Nickell, the truck-and-coach field representative for that area.

Between the breakdowns of his buses, Donovan tried locating Nickell. He called several garages that were, according to the local office, on Nickell's list of places to stop. The response was always the same: Nickell either had just left or was expected at any minute. Donovan never found his man this way. Finally, in a stakeout, he went one morning to the dealer's garage in Laurel, where, the owner had said, Nickell was scheduled to appear that afternoon.

He did. Donovan, momentarily elated at talking to a live GM face, detailed the problems, from the burned-out clutches to the leaky gas tanks. According to Donovan, Nickell's reaction at this meeting, and at several to follow, was astonishment—no other operators in his area were having these troubles; therefore, aside from warranty work, GM could not be held responsible. "It must be my drivers, Nickell told me," said Donovan.

Up against a wall and wanting his conscience to be clear if any of the buses ever crashed and perhaps killed someone, Donovan wrote a letter to the parents of the children he served. "In order to facilitate safe transportation for your children with a minimum of maintenance expense," said the letter, "I purchased three new 1969 GM buses in September of 1969. It verges on the impossible to run the

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routes safely and on time. The reason is that these three new GM buses continue to break down. The vehicles have been fixed, refixed, and re-refixed. These malfunctions are not minor. They are major mechanical failures that often involve the safety of your children." He listed the problems and concluded: "If this pattern continues, we will have to discontinue the service."

A copy of this letter happened to come my way. I called Donovan and asked if I could examine his records and look at his buses. After several meetings in his apartment, I concluded that his complaints were valid. In any event, his anguish was real. He and his wife had put their savings into the buses, and now they appeared lost. One evening after school, Donovan asked me to take a drive with him in one of his lemons. "I'm only going to get it up to twenty miles an hour," he said, "and then I'll put on the brakes." When he applied the brakes, the bus halted with an abruptness that threw me forward. "We were only going twenty," said Donovan, opening the door and going around back. On the road were two black skid marks. The two rear wheels had locked when Donovan put on the brakes. "Can you imagine what happens," he asked, "when a bus is going fifty or sixty and the driver has to stop suddenly?"

After again looking through Donovan's material, I approached General Motors to get their side of the story and give them a chance to be heard. I tried contacting John Nickell. I left my name at his office several times, but my calls were never returned. I visited Central Motors one morning—"He'll be there all day," said a secretary in his office—but like Donovan before me, I did not find Nickell that day or any other day. Workers at Central said that Richard Lockwood, the service manager, coordinated with Nickell and that he perhaps could help me.

I approached Lockwood. He preferred not talking about Donovan's problems. "General Motors has official spokesmen for questions from the public. You ought to ask them." When pressed for an explanation of why so many parts on Donovan's buses kept breaking or malfunctioning, Lockwood said, "Some of Donovan's problems are real, some are fanciful." Asked for an example of Donovan's fancy, Lockwood recalled a visit to him by Donovan when he asserted the clutch on one bus needed fixing. "We drove it around for a road test," said Lockwood, "and there was nothing wrong with it." When informed of Lockwood's statement, Donovan agreed; the mechanic did drive it around. "So I took the bus home, with no repairs made. Maybe Lockwood was right that time. But two days later the clutch burned out."

At 6:45 on the evening of December 9, Donovan phoned me at home. "Guess what," he said with elation, the first happy note I had heard from him since our initial meeting. "GM finally knows I exist. Three of their men are coming over to see me in an hour. They said they want to talk things over with me about the buses. That's all they said." Donovan asked me if I could come over and sit in on the meeting; it might be interesting. I said that I'd be there in twenty minutes.

When I arrived, the Donovans were on the last bites of a meal of meat loaf, canned peas, apple sauce, bread, and milk. Their apartment, a third-floor walkup in a housing project, was in mild disorder, a crib in the middle of the room, a chair holding a drawer filled with Donovan's records, a filing cabinet in a corner, and a card table covered with invoices, receipts, and other papers. I asked Donovan why he thought GM wanted this meeting. "Hard to tell," he replied. "Maybe they see my complaints are real and they finally want to square it all up. I've heard of things like that happening."

"I haven't," cut in Donovan's wife, Virginia, "especially not from a bunch like this. The bigger they get, the less they care." A short, sandy-haired woman, second-generation Polish, a user of short, bright sentences, Virginia Donovan was perhaps the wearier of the two. Home all day with the girls, she had to phone the parents when a bus broke down and inform them that their children would either not be picked up in the morning or be late in the afternoon. She had typed the letter to the parents as well as earlier letters to GM president Edward N. Cole, President Richard Nixon, Virginia Knauer, the Presidential consumer adviser, the Federal Trade Commission, and the National Highway Safety Bureau. She also had opened and filed the depressing form-letter replies. "It'll be a snow job, John," she said. "Just wait and see. The drifts will be so high, not even a bus could drive through."

Donovan speculated that GM had heard, probably from Richard Lockwood or someone else at Central Motors, that I was looking into the problem. "They hate bad publicity," he said. "Just the thought of a possible story in a major newspaper has flushed them out. It's funny. GM hasn't really been so bad. They've done a faithful job on the work they say is covered by the warranty. The mechanics at Central are superb. I get fast service; they're courteous. The eerie thing is that I can't find anyone who'll take responsibility for what's gone wrong."

At 7:30 the GM men arrived. Donovan, putting the infant in the crib and the three-year-old on a chair, went to the door and opened it. "Hello, Mr. Donovan," said the out-front man. "I'm Webb Madery of General Motors." Round-faced, heavy in the waist, he rubbed his hands briskly and commented on the cold outside. Madery introduced Jerry Fender and John Nickell. Donovan invited them in. The three were cheery, almost bouncy. Donovan introduced them to Virginia. Madery, with a large smile, said that he was happy finally to meet Mrs. Donovan and that everything her husband had said about her certainly seemed true. The woman did not respond to Madery's pleasantry. She knew her husband had spoken with him on the phone several times, but she also was sure her husband wouldn't have mentioned her. "What a nice little place you have here," said Madery, not letting up. He was unaware that the housewife didn't consider her apartment "nice" at all; she had told me five minutes before that her family would have moved into a house that fall if repairing the three buses had not consumed so much of their money, time, and emotions. Still icy, she took the gentlemen's coats and hung them up.

Of the trio, Madery was the oldest—sixty-two—and, as the Washington zone manager, was highest on GM's ladder. His career in the automobile industry began in 1933. After one year of college at William and Mary, he worked for International Harvester, then Chrysler. In 1958 he accepted an offer from General Motors to become heavy-duty truck manager in the Detroit zone. A year later he moved to Washington.

Fender was a trim, short-haired man of fifty-eight, with the longest GM service of the three, having begun in Oakland, California, as a twenty-four-year-old factory helper. Slowly rising from the bottom, he became shop clerk, parts manager, and so on, eventually moving to Washington as zone service and parts manager.

Nickell, forty-nine and gray-haired, had started with GM in 1940 on the assembly line in the Pontiac truck plant. He also went to school at that time, earning a B.A. in history from the Detroit Institute of Technology. Then he became a parts supervisor and began his climb.

Standing in the uncarpeted living room of the Donovan apartment and not yet down to business, the three GM men continued their cheeriness. They said they had just come from a delightful meal whose main dish was pheasant under glass. "You'd really like pheasant," said Madery to Mrs. Donovan with an overwarm smile, apparently determined to thaw her somehow. The woman could still taste the meat loaf she had just cooked and eaten, so the news about pheasant had a contrary effect upon her.

Moving from the living room into the

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adjoining part of the L-shaped area, Donovan introduced the three officials to me. I stated clearly that I was a *Washington Post* writer and had begun investigating Donovan's troubles. Still engaged in the busywork of cordiality, the GM men did not seem to notice the significance of having a newsman on hand while they went about the work of customer relations. Only John Nickell, an alert, lively-eyed man, looked twice at me. My name may have been familiar, perhaps from the message slips of my phone calls. Yet, after shaking hands with me at the Donovan apartment, Nickell, lowest of the three in corporate power but closest to Donovan's daily problems, seemed to let the fact of my presence pass. If his superiors weren't concerned, why should he be?

Everyone gathered around a small dining room table, everyone except Mrs. Donovan. She sat on a living room chair within hearing and took out yellow scratch paper, ready to take down in shorthand the important remarks of the conversation. The GM men produced a folder of records covering what they said was the past twelve weeks of Donovan's ownership of the three buses. As the senior official, Madery led off, explaining amiably that the reason for calling the meeting was that "GM wanted to make things right." He said that his corporation had a long record of being concerned about producing safe vehicles, especially those that carry children, and that since Donovan was concerned about safety, GM was most concerned about him. GM, he said, likes to satisfy its customers.

Impatiently Donovan broke in. "I've heard all that talk before," he said. "What I'd like from GM right now is a detailed record of the repairs you've made on my buses and also the modifications you've made on them." Donovan's request, made in a quiet but firm voice, was based on a desire to keep an accurate maintenance record. He explained that "this is the same as wanting information from your surgeon about what he cuts or takes out while operating on your insides. How can you find out unless the surgeon tells you?"

Madery laughed, saying with a final, happy grin that he had undergone operations where the surgeon never told him what he had fooled with. Donovan didn't laugh. On seeing this, Madery nodded to Nickell. "Mr. Donovan should certainly have his records," said Madery. "That's only fair." Nickell said he would get them to Donovan later that week without fail.

As the GM-Donovan case unfolded during the next year, the company never supplied Donovan the records he repeatedly asked for and GM repeatedly promised. In the week immediately after the December 9 meeting in the apartment, Donovan says, he was told by Jerry Fender that high-level officials in Detroit had made a decision not to release the records "at this time in these circumstances." The circumstances were that the first of my series of articles on Donovan and his plight had just appeared in *The Washington Post* and had been circulated by its wire service. Donovan believed GM refused to release the enormous record of repairs and replacements on the grounds that the public—specifically other owners—would learn of it and thus expect similar treatment. Donovan never learned precisely who in GM ordered the embargo. The question came up again at a meeting in January 1970 in Falls Church, Virginia, with Robert Stelter, general sales manager for the GMC Truck and Coach Division, who entered the case when it became a public issue. Donovan says he asked Stelter directly why GM had refused to release the records. Stelter, the superior of Madery, said he himself never understood why. He directed John Nickell, also present at this meeting, to pass along the records. Nickell said he would, but he never has.

> The buses continued to break down. They had been fixed, refixed, and re-refixed. The eerie thing was he couldn't find anyone to take responsibility for what had gone wrong.

At the December 9 apartment gathering, the next topic was an itemized reading by Nickell of the repairs made at GM's expense. The list was long—including leaking oil gaskets, broken motor mounts, flawed gasoline tanks, ruptured rear-wheel seals, uneven brakes, bad tires, wobbly wheels, weak tailpipe hangers. Anyone not knowing the whole story would wonder why Donovan was complaining when GM had done all this work free of charge.

"What about those tailpipe hangers?" asked Donovan. Nickell, shooting a confident glance at his boss as if to say the question was a routine grounder and easily fielded, replied that GM had replaced them on warranty. "I know that," said Donovan, "but the replacements were of the same design as the original ones. So where does that take me?" For my benefit, and looking at me, Nickell explained in layman's terms the nature of a tailpipe hanger: a metal, straplike device hung from the frame of the bus and attached to the exhaust pipe to keep it from dragging along the road and breaking.

At this point, the smooth GM presentation showed signs, like Donovan's buses, of falling apart. The customer insisted on getting across his point that replacing a flawed hanger with another flawed hanger, however new, is not really a victory for safety. Visibly annoyed at wrangling over such a small item and apparently sensing a no-win situation, Nickell broke in to admit that "the hangers were just not strong enough. The factory made them too flimsy."

Madery looked sharply at Nickell—either startled or angered at this frank concession. He jumped in to say that studies of the hanger were already under way in Detroit and that a better one was being designed. Donovan said he was happy to hear that. He asked, however, if GM was going to warn other owners of 1969 GM buses around the country that this particular part was made "too flimsy." Madery said the decision would have to be made by higher-ups in Detroit. "I'm sure they'll tell the public," said Donovan sarcastically, "because, as you say, GM cares about its customers and the safety of children." (The flimsy tailpipe hangers have never been recalled.)

All GM cheerfulness had now evaporated. The next topic involved the leaky gasoline tanks on Donovan's buses. Nickell reminded Donovan that three weeks earlier, to show GM's good faith, he had promised to repair the leaky tanks free of charge. That was a gesture of pure largess, Nickell made clear, because GM did not make the tank. Madery looked pleased. Nickell's statement backed up Madery's earlier one of wanting "to make things right."

"I'm not impressed," said Donovan, his anger growing. "After you told me that GM didn't make the gas tank that was leaking, I called up Thomas Body [Thomas Body Company, High Point, North Carolina, the firm that had produced the bodies for Donovan's buses and fitted them onto the GM chassis]. Mr. Thomas personally told me—categorically—that his company does not make the tank, GM does."

Nickell could do nothing but admit error. Coming back fast, however, Madery explained to Donovan that, even though Nickell was wrong about the maker of the tank, it actually didn't matter, because the leak was later found by mechanics not to be in the GM-made tank but in the extension from the tank to the exterior of the bus. "That is a Thomas product," said Madery firmly. He said that GM had nothing to do with it.

Donovan could not argue further, at

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least not then. The next morning, however, he was on the phone again to John Thomas. I also called Thomas within the week. Thomas said, with no equivocation, that his company did not make the tank-neck extension, that it was a GM product. To be certain, I asked him to check his file and read over the phone Donovan's order page for the bus bodies; it was number 9-12202, and the facts again fitted. A few days after the apartment meeting, Donovan reported to the GM men what he had learned from Thomas. The officials, according to Donovan, "just kind of passed it off, admitting they were in 'error' again but attaching no importance to it. But I attached plenty of importance to it. I was being lied to. Not by the men who had anything to gain from the lies, but because it was corporate policy. Put me down, brush me off, keep me happy—but don't ever tell me the truth or give me new buses."

As the meeting continued, Donovan running through his list of complaints, GM running through their list of solutions, the question came up of whether or not these problems were limited to Donovan's buses. They had to be, said Madery; otherwise, GM would have heard from other owners. "What about Tom Gist and Billy Jubb?" asked Donovan, referring to two owners of 1969 GM school buses in nearby Maryland, with whom he had spoken at length about their mechanical and safety problems. Donovan remarked that both were experiencing difficulties similar to his own and that both said they had seen John Nickell. His memory refreshed, Nickell said that was right, he had seen Gist and Jubb. Their problems, however, were different from Donovan's, said Nickell. Once again Donovan could not refute this with absolute surety. The following day I called Thomas Gist in Sykesville, Maryland, the owner of two '69 GMs. As was so with Donovan's buses, the power steering was bad, riding was rough, the clutches and brakes needed constant adjustment and fixing. I mentioned Donovan's name. Gist recognized it, laughingly saying they were fellow sufferers. Billy Jubb, in Pasadena, Maryland, owned four '69s and called them "the worst I've ever owned." Each had a broken clutch. What he said about clutches echoed John Donovan: "I'm always taking the damned things to the dealer to have them adjusted."

"How does GM explain all these failures of clutches?" Donovan asked Madery. "Driver abuse," replied the GM man, starting on a brief monologue about the many ways drivers ride the clutch, pump it unnecessarily, use it wrongly. Donovan replied, again with anger, that his drivers were not heavy-footed amateurs who loved clutch-riding but were veterans of the road with at least five years' experience in driving trucks and buses. None had ever burned out a clutch on earlier-year buses. Thus, said Donovan, it was unlikely they would have ruined the clutches at the rate they were being ruined on the new buses: Two had already burned out in each of two buses; three had burned out in the third.

The talk went back and forth, Donovan repeating his concern for safe buses because children's lives were involved, Madery cordially reassuring him that GM had made things right with its warranty work and that this was a fluke problem. He had a way of feigning surprise, as if to say wordlessly to Donovan, "You're not actually saying, are you, that GM is not 'the mark of excellence'?" Not once did Madery or his two companions offer sympathy to Donovan or ever admit there might be a safety problem. If a problem was admitted, it was inevitably "not safety-related." On specific points the reply was either, "Here, this is what GM has done, so why are you complaining?" or, "Here, you should have done this, and if you had, this problem would never have happened." Nor did the GM men ever mention that their buses had been the object of recalls two years running and that this year was an extension of patterns of work developed then.

As the hour neared 10 p.m., Donovan was still spirited, but Madery, Fender, and Nickell, the taste of pheasant long gone, were tiring. As they tried to wind things down, the phone rang. Mrs. Donovan answered. "It's for you, John, from Detroit, person-to-person." Donovan took the phone and was greeted by Robert Stelter, Madery's superior. "He wants to know how things are going with my buses," Donovan remarked to the group. Answering Stelter, Donovan said the buses were just as much broken-down lemons as ever. The two talked for about five minutes, Donovan asking for his records and repeating that he worried about his brakes, clutches, gas tanks, wheels, and everything else that wouldn't stay fixed, no matter GM's diligence in repairing them.

I signaled Donovan that I would like a word with Stelter. Identifying myself and my intentions clearly, I asked Stelter how three new buses could be so flawed. The company, he replied, was doing all it could to make things right. Beyond making things right, I asked politely, would GM make things better and do as Donovan thought it should—replace the buses? The official seemed surprised that Donovan had even thought of such a solution.

After expressing curiosity about what kind of story I might be writing but careful to remain pleasant and assuring, Stelter asked to speak to Madery. As GM Detroit spoke to GM Washington, there was little but "Yes, sir" and "No, sir" from the latter. Madery concluded his conversation by saying he would call Stelter in the morning. The phone hardly back on the receiver, the GM official looked at me in astonishment: "You're a reporter?" I nodded. Nickell nodded too.

Abruptly, the GM men began putting away the materials they had spread out on the table during the evening. The phone call from Detroit, apparently meant as final proof to Donovan that GM really cared, because his troubles had reached the ears of high powers in Detroit, had had the opposite effect. GM had learned that rather than having put down a customer, it had instead fired up a customer, one who had the crust to interest a reporter in his troubles.

Madery rose, as did Nickell and Fender, and recapturing his earlier verve, smiled broadly at Donovan and said that the evening was certainly well spent. Madery even had one last happy word for Mrs. Donovan, throwing her a compliment about "what wonderful boys" the Donovan's two baby girls were. Donovan got the men their coats and saw them to the door.

I remained for a few minutes. Mrs. Donovan said, "Let's get the snow shovels and clear out this place." Her husband saw the evening a little less bitterly. GM now knew, he said, that it could not talk its way out. "They didn't refute a fact I threw at them. That's the test. They would have slapped me down hard if one fact of mine, one record, or one document, was slightly off. But they didn't. Sure, they tried to scare me off, calm me down. What do you expect?"

After telling Donovan I would call him in a few days to check whether anything happened, I said good night.

My story of Donovan's ordeal appeared in the *Post* on December 15 and 22, 1969. On the day of the second installment, General Motors and the White House Office of Consumer Affairs held a joint press conference to announce two investigations of the 1969 buses, one by the government and the other by the company. The press conference statements of GM vice president Martin Caserio were oddly similar to the GM presentation at the Donovan apartment. Caserio said there were no complaints about the buses from other owners. Asked about the 1969 school bus that had suffered brake failure and careened into a pasture, Caserio said he believed the braking equipment on that vehicle was not the same as on Donovan's, adding, "I'm not certain about that yet." Like Madery, Caserio stressed GM's concern for safety. Thus, the faulty exhaust-pipe hanger should not be classified as

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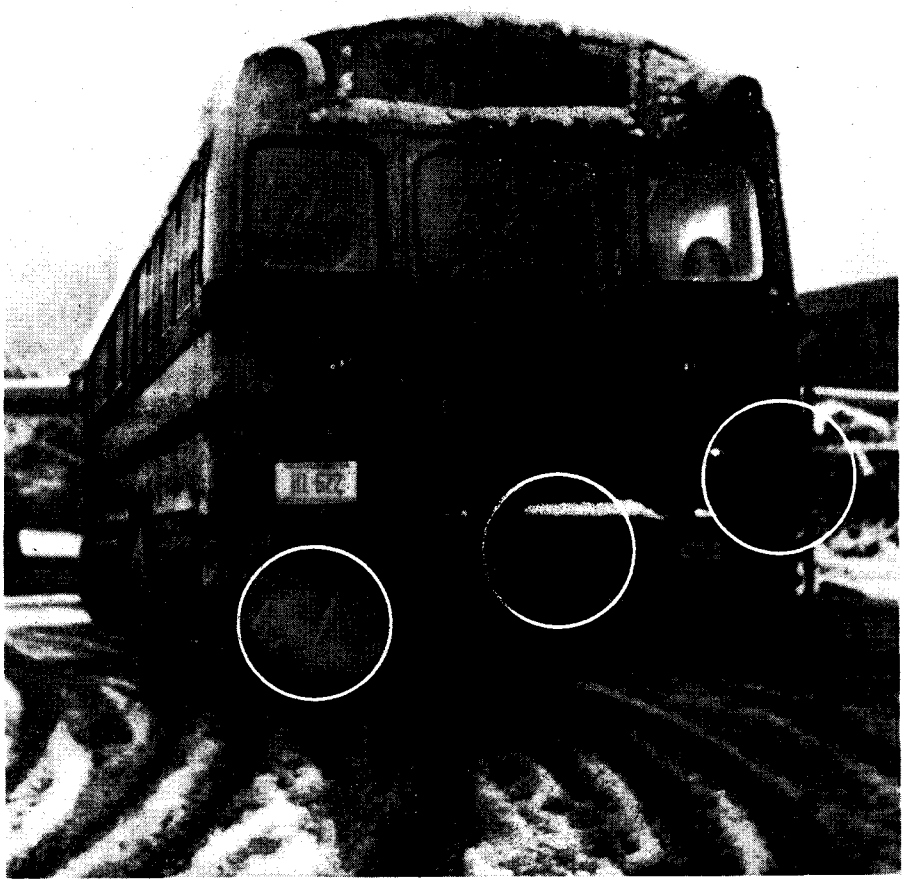

a safety-related defect, because if it broke the driver could hear the exhaust pipe clattering along the ground and have repairs made before any harm was done to occupants. (But what if it merely cracked?)

Reporters pressed Caserio on Donovan's problems. For the first time the company gave a little, Caserio conceding that some of Donovan's complaints were legitimate. But always added to these admissions was the qualifier, "They are not safety-related." One reporter listed all of Donovan's problems —from brakes to clutches—and said Caserio's claiming these were non-safety problems was an "incredible observation." The press conference did produce one memorable statement: "GM," said Caserio, "does not duck any responsibility for the finished product that bears our name."

Two months later, on February 19, 1970, a total of 4,269 school buses were officially recalled by General Motors, including John Donovan's three. Also recalled were 21,681 trucks using the same model chassis. "Some of the vehicles," said the announcement, "will require installation of new brake-hose retaining springs. Some will require inspection and possible inspection and possible alignment or replacement of a rear steel brake line. A few will require both services."

At my request, GM sent me a list of forty-four owners around the country who operated more than five buses. When I called them (four people were not GM owners, and one owner couldn't be reached because he had been dead four years), I found that a recurring theme was clutch problems. One owner was a GM dealer who had so much trouble with his seven 1969s that in 1970 he bought Fords. Asked if he thought it odd for a GM dealer to buy a competitor's product, he answered, "What should I do—keep on buying buses that I know are nothing but trouble?"

Within the next year, the GM buses were recalled two more times. The second call-in involved the brakes again—possibly faulty brake-fluid reservoirs that caused the braking fluid to leak out. The third recall was for possibly flawed clutches; the clutch linkage was found to be weak—meaning, in lay terms, that the bus could lock in gear and thus be unstoppable.

In a simpler day a consumer with a complaint about, say, shoes, had only to visit the local shoemaker to get justice. "Here," the customer would say, "these shoes are falling apart." The shoemaker, because he was ethical or simply aware that word would spread through the village about his sloppy work, quickly repaired the shoes or replaced them. The exchange was straightforward and there were no evasions. What's more, the shoemaker was *there*, he had a familiar face, he breathed, and the only separation between the consumer and him was his shop counter.

Things have changed. Seeking relief or redress from GM with its 750,000 employees is an agony. So it is with any large bureaucracy. The vice presidents at the top are protected from the consumers' complaints at the bottom by the mass of employees between; the latter will catch it first if the brass learns that the consumers are mad. So the vice presidents do not measure the company's success by the consumers' voice, as the shoemaker did, but by sales reports, profit charts, and the smiles of stockholders. If tens of thousands of cars are sold every year, the high-ups conclude that the public must be happy. Otherwise, why are sales up? When profits aren't up, however, or when management thinks profits can be bigger, the decision often made seems to be to cheapen the product. When such a decision ends in death, then the ethical numbness encouraged by the profit system becomes grimly apparent, and the need for remedy becomes urgent.

John Donovan's friends jokingly called him a "giant killer," since he had taken on GM and won. "Won? How can they say that?" he asks. "I never got new replacements from GM for my buses. I never got a cent for my lost time. They never compensated my drivers for the overtime spent in hauling the buses to the garage. They never even apologized to my wife for all those nights she spent trailing me over to Central Motors. What's even more chilling, after three recalls, I have yet to hear from the GM crowd even the slightest hint admitting they may be doing something wrong in the way they build buses. But lives are involved; those are not alarm clocks that they're selling.

"That's the true horror of all this—not that they tried to screw one owner like me. It's the corporate callousness. If I were in the business of making school buses—an engineer, a vice president, a local representative like Madery—and someone came along with proof that dangerous defects were in my product, well, I think I'd jump pretty quick to correct them before I had any blood on my hands." □

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WHY MA BELL STILL BELIEVES IN SANTA

BY NICHOLAS JOHNSON

Christmas came a little early for Ma Bell last year—to be precise, two days early. On December 23, the Federal Communications Commission announced its decision to dismiss its six-year-old inquiry into AT&T's rate base and operating expenses, while continuing its generous effort to set ever higher rates of return for Bell. (Two of the seven commissioners, H. Rex Lee and I, dissented, and Commissioner Robert Bartley concurred "reluctantly.") The commission, which acknowledged that it hadn't been doing much to regulate the telephone company anyway, as usual chose a "graveyard time" to announce an important decision—the late afternoon of the last working day before Christmas—in the hope that the press would not particularly notice the announcement. Journalists, as well as consumers and public officials, are bored and confused by the subject of regulation of public utilities—or at least so the FCC thought, and no doubt AT&T officials thought so too.

After that holiday weekend, AT&T stock went nicely up, and telephone executives could gather round the hearth a few days later to toast what promised to be a vintage new year.

In the next few weeks a storm of public protest boiled up, stunning the majority of the FCC, which had never really understood the consumer movement or correctly measured its powerful influence on the press, citizens, and Congressmen. The first day Congress reconvened after the Christmas holiday, the AT&T matter came up for floor discussion. Even the Department of Defense, on behalf of all the federal executive agencies, said that without an inquiry the fairness of long-distance phone rates could not be determined. What had seemed to the FCC majority as merely a more candid way of dealing with business as usual ("As long as we're not really going to conduct a hearing anyway," one commissioner had said, "why not just cancel it?") was publicly denounced. On January 28 the FCC reinstituted the inquiry,

Last December, the FCC dismissed its hearing into the real issues of telephone rate regulation. Within a month, the hearing was on again. Now, at last, will the FCC really regulate AT&T?

and on February 1 Chairman Dean Burch was trying to explain to the Senate Commerce Committee why an investigation that involved billions of dollars in phone company charges had been dropped in the first place.

Before trying to unravel the implications of the December 23 decision and the January 28 reversal, we must understand a little about the economics of the Bell System and the FCC's so-called "rate regulation." It's not all that complicated. The Communications Act of 1934 gives the FCC the responsibility of regulating the rates of "common carriers by wire." The act states that these rates must be "just and reasonable" and that proposed rate increases must be "in the public interest." Any charges not in the public interest are prohibited. As it works out, the FCC sets the long-distance rates and state commissions set local rates.

Telephone rates are based on three variables: Bell's capital investment, or "rate base" (the value of the poles, your telephone, and so forth), the "rate of return" (or profit) on that capital investment, and Bell's expenses.

First, consider the rate of return. Suppose the FCC, after a hearing, decides that Bell should get, say, 7 per cent as a fair return on its investment. Taking Bell's capital investment figure, compute 7 per cent of it. Then, figure out how much revenue all our telephone bills have to generate so that, after all expenses are paid, Bell will be left with that 7 per cent figure as profit. Finally, figure out what long-distance telephone rates must be to provide their share of the money. Conceptually, it's a relatively simple process.

You would think that, since the public interest is the guiding criterion for this calculation, Ma Bell would use FCC hearings to tell us how the public will be better off in terms of faster dial tones, fewer busy signals, and more telephone installations if we would grant an 8 per cent return as opposed to a 7 per cent one. Right? Wrong. I asked a Bell attorney at the 1967 rate hearing how service would be affected if the company got 4 per cent—or 10 per cent. He was totally unprepared for such a question.

Instead, the hearings are concerned almost exclusively with the marketability of Bell stocks and bonds—stock prices and rates of interest. Ever higher stock prices are assumed to be necessary for the phone company to raise new money for construction. For some reason, the commission seems to buy this reasoning, in spite of the evidence that the quality of telephone service has declined during the very years Bell has enjoyed its highest earnings.

The size of Bell's capital investment, the rate base itself, may have a far more substantial effect on telephone rates than the rate of return. If we assume that Bell has a legitimate capital investment of $50-billion and is entitled to a 10 per cent rate of return, that's a $5-billion profit. An 8 per cent rate of return would give the company $4-billion—and the subscribers a $1-billion saving. But suppose the $50-billion figure is too high. Suppose that for any number of reasons—unreasonable depreciation practices, paying Western Electric, Bell's wholly owned subsidiary and supplier, too much for equipment, or counting items of operating costs as capital investments—Bell has inflated its rate base. Even at the higher 10 per cent figure, if the company's rate base ought to be valued at $20-billion, its return is only $2-billion—rather than $4- or $5-billion. I don't charge that Bell has done any of these things. I don't know any more than you do. The point is that nobody else at the FCC knows either and that the commission has not yet made any real effort to find out.

Let's look at an example. What's the

An FCC commissioner since 1966, Nicholas Johnson has been a persistent critic of the agency's regulatory shortcomings. He is the author of *How to Talk Back to Your Television Set*.

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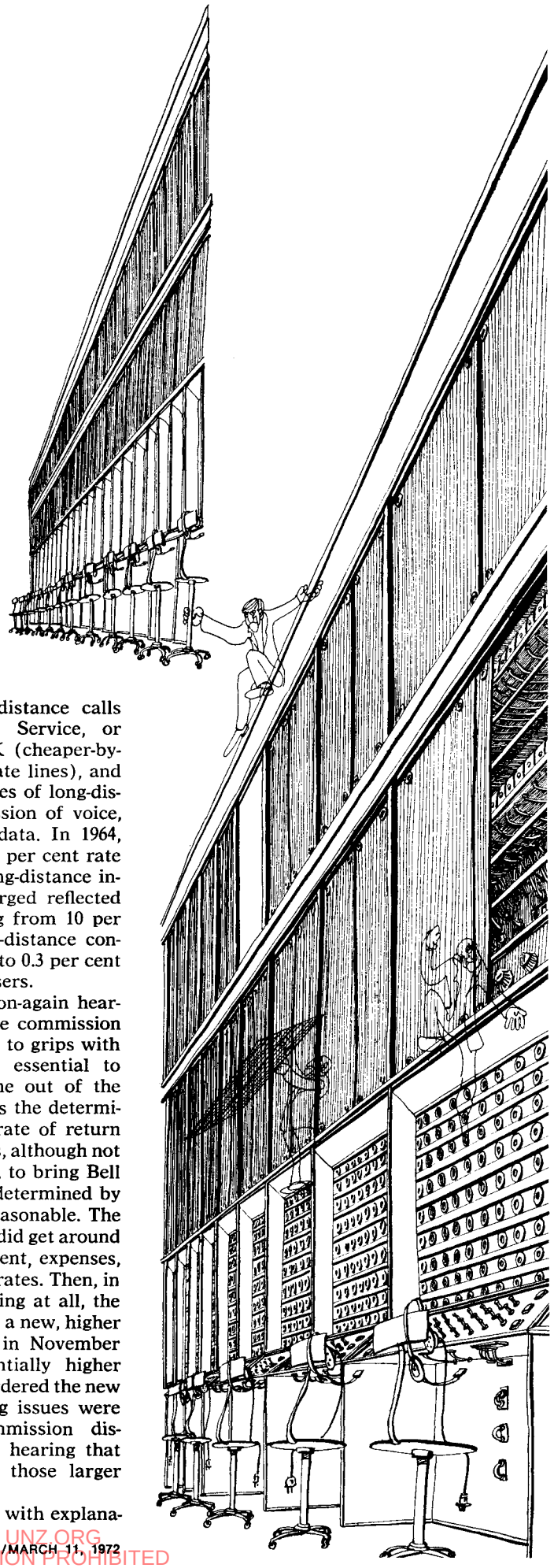
rate base value of the telephone instrument in your home? Bell purchased that phone from Western Electric, whose phones are produced only for Bell and are the only ones Bell buys. And Western Electric's price—including Western's *profit*—has never been regulated by the commission. As far as the Bell System is concerned, these purchases are merely bookkeeping entries. Bell's incentive, in general, is to put as much value as possible on a rate base item because every dollar "in the ground" immediately starts earning its own rate of return. When that dollar includes Western's *profit*, it means AT&T is making two profits on the same piece of equipment—a rate of return on a rate of return. The FCC's trial staff—the agency's "prosecuting attorneys"—now urges the commission to consider Western Electric's rate of return in any decision on AT&T's overall rate of return.

Most of your phone bill doesn't have anything to do with Bell's profits, but with the third variable, "expenses"—$13-billion of them. How much do the executives get paid—in salaries, stock options, expense accounts? Is there a cheaper way of installing a telephone than sending a man to take out the old phone one day and another man to put in an identical one in the same apartment two days later? Advertising, policies on accelerated depreciation, use of employees, and maintenance costs all go into Bell's expenses. You're paying every month for those telephone trucks you see running around your town—and the public relations firm that told Bell it was time to give up on the drab green paint and the nineteenth-century company emblem. The FCC is supposed to be ensuring that Bell—and you—are not paying too much. In the thirty-eight years since the 1934 act, the agency has yet to complete a single hearing examining expenses. We have always simply accepted the figures supplied by Bell itself. At best, that is a lot of trust in Bell's multibillion-dollar infallibility.

Finally, there is the manner in which AT&T apportions its phone rates among different classes of customers. FCC's jurisdiction over long-distance service is not limited to individual subscribers' calls. It includes rates for "free" (flat rate) long-distance calls (Wide Area Telephone Service, or "WATS" lines), TELPAK (cheaper-by-the-dozen rates for private lines), and other large corporate uses of long-distance lines for transmission of voice, picture, and computer data. In 1964, when AT&T earned a 7.5 per cent rate of return on its total long-distance investment, the rates charged reflected a rate of return ranging from 10 per cent for individual long-distance consumers like you and me to 0.3 per cent for corporate TELPAK users.

In years of off-again, on-again hearings, starting in 1965, the commission has been unable to come to grips with any of these questions essential to regulation. All that came out of the first two years' work was the determination of a reasonable rate of return and a few rate reductions, although not enough, as it turned out, to bring Bell down within the range determined by the commission to be reasonable. The commission really never did get around to Bell's capital investment, expenses, and the apportioning of rates. Then, in 1969 and without a hearing at all, the commission granted Bell a new, higher rate of return. Finally, in November 1970, Bell filed substantially higher rates still, and the FCC ordered the new hearing. None of the big issues were settled when the commission dismissed that part of the hearing that would have dealt with those larger issues last December.



Struggling to come up with explana-

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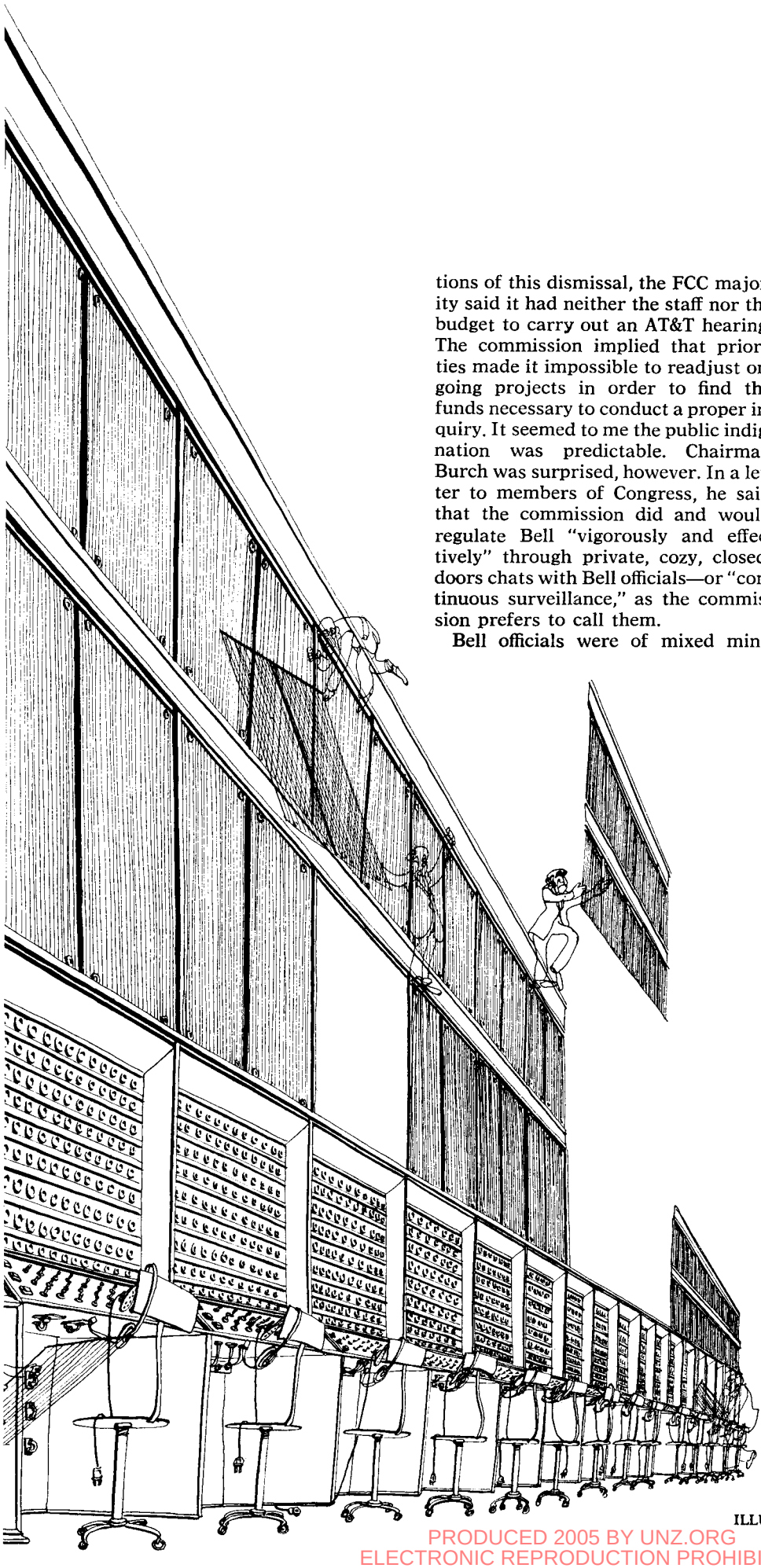

tions of this dismissal, the FCC majority said it had neither the staff nor the budget to carry out an AT&T hearing. The commission implied that priorities made it impossible to readjust ongoing projects in order to find the funds necessary to conduct a proper inquiry. It seemed to me the public indignation was predictable. Chairman Burch was surprised, however. In a letter to members of Congress, he said that the commission did and would regulate Bell "vigorously and effectively" through private, cozy, closed-doors chats with Bell officials—or "continuous surveillance," as the commission prefers to call them.

Bell officials were of mixed mind about the decision. AT&T Vice President for Federal Relations E. B. Crosland said that the decision to dismiss the hearing into rate base items was "encouraging, because it should lead to a prompt commission decision" on the now pending rate increase case, and he applauded the long record of success of the FCC's practice of "thorough regulation without excessive costs and extended hearings." But AT&T Board Chairman H. I. Romnes later backtracked and called the dismissal "very unfortunate." As a Bell lawyer put it, the decision was embarrassing, because it "made it appear as if Bell isn't regulated." It is always unfortunate for an unregulated monopoly when the public learns the truth.

Now that the hearing is to be reopened, will it finally deal with all the real issues of regulating Ma Bell? It likely won't be as broad a hearing as the one originally planned, nor can we expect it to be accomplished as soon as we had hoped. Chairman Burch told the Senate Commerce Committee in January that he couldn't even indicate a starting date.

The FCC still doesn't know where it is going to get the manpower to conduct the inquiry. Indeed, it has admitted that it doesn't even have the resources or expertise to determine what resources it will need. After all, the commission has never done so large a study before, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to find a suitable model. If the commission intends to proceed with the investigation using its current resources, or with just a few additional staff members, it will surely be engaged in what Chairman Burch called "window dressing."

Senator Fred Harris and Congressman William Ryan, as well as Senator Philip Hart and Congressman Jonathan Bingham, have introduced bills to give the commission the necessary funds. When given an opportunity to support the Harris-Ryan bill, and accept the funds, Chairman Burch, in a letter to Senator Harris, declined even to comment on his proposed legislation.

What, in fact, has been the FCC's budget position? In fiscal year 1972 Congress gave the FCC all the money it

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requested. Indeed, for fiscal 1973, after the criticism of the commission, the Office of Management and Budget insisted the commission take more than it had asked for AT&T regulation. Thus, if the FCC does not in fact have sufficient funds to conduct an investigation, the responsibility rests with the commission itself. It is hard to plead poverty when you get all you ask for, and more, and refuse to accept a $2-million gift from Senator Harris and Congressman Ryan.

What is the meaning of the AT&T caper? At least the days of bluntly "dismissing" such hearings seem to be over. But telephone users will continue to suspect, with some reason, that they are being charged more for long-distance service than the law permits. Beyond that, state public utility commissions, most of which have even fewer resources than the FCC, will be under pressure to permit excess charges for local and intrastate service as well. Many of them were legitimately concerned by the commission's admission of inability to regulate Bell.

It is difficult to predict precisely the dollar benefits that could come to you and me from the reopened inquiry. In establishing a rate base and expenses, there are, for example, hundreds of accounting decisions that affect your telephone bill—among them the proportion of debt and equity financing, using (or not using) accelerated depreciation, and the methods of evaluating property. But for the consumers dealing with a monopoly, these are more than "accounting practices." In an industry whose annual revenues are roughly twice the yearly income tax collected by all fifty states combined, a fraction of a per cent here and there may amount to millions of dollars in phone-bill savings.

There are implications to this whole affair that are bigger than our phone bills, however. The history of nonregulation of AT&T is a bad omen for the current efforts at broader economic regulation. Public utilities regulation is the closest working model we have to the current Phase II wage and price controls. In both, the guiding criterion is "fair and reasonable" profits, and the controlling question is where the balance should be struck between corporations and consumers. In both, the regulated industries are well organized and capable of hiring the finest lawyers and economists to plead their cases, while the affected public is essentially unrepresented. The inadequacies and biases of public utility regulation do not speak optimistically for the success of the much vaster Phase II regulation. If the FCC cannot effectively regulate one company, how can we expect to accomplish meaningful regulation of the entire economy by the Wage, Price, and Rent boards?

In the telephone industry, whose annual revenues are about twice the yearly income tax collected by all fifty states, a fraction of a per cent difference in accounting may amount to millions in phone bill savings.

The short-lived FCC dismissal of the AT&T hearing is only part of the current pattern of governmental deference to large corporations at the expense of the small consumer. Other examples include the continuing reluctance to reexamine, in a serious way, the Internal Revenue Code with its capital gains taxes, oil depletion allowances, prepaid interest deductions, bad debts reserves, tax-free municipal bond income, investment credits, and other "special interest" loopholes. The tax code, through these provisions, gives those earning more than $25,000 each year a "welfare payment" of at least $4,000 annually; those earning below $3,000 a year get $16 in such "welfare." The oil-import quota costs the consumer an additional 5 cents a gallon in gasoline prices. The maritime subsidy gives big ship companies and shipyards benefits estimated at $750-million annually from the Treasury, with no advantage to consumers or taxpayers whatsoever. The continuing refusal to require quality labeling of canned goods (labels describing the grade or the product, measured against government standards) produces a 20 per cent increase in the cost of such items. In virtually every area where government affects business, there is a battle between consumer interests and corporate interests, and the corporate interests generally win hands down. Publicity aside, the trend in the day-to-day decisions in government during the past three years is against the consumer on every front.

Possibly the most distressing aspect of this corporate-consumer imbalance is that those who make such decisions often honestly believe they are acting in the public interest. Just as supporters of the SST argued that the project provided jobs, and opponents of the recently vetoed day-care legislation felt the family was being threatened, so those who applaud the commission's decision in the AT&T case believe we are protecting the investments of countless "little people."

Maybe so. But if that is the justification, let those who make the decisions say so. If the public interest is to be found in some secondary gain, let the choice between the alternative ways of attaining that gain be given to the public. If American automobile production is to be encouraged not because it produces the best product for the money (it clearly doesn't) but because the planned obsolescence creates jobs and stimulates economic growth, let the American people decide that's the way they want to do it. If we can't—or won't—regulate AT&T, let's consider breaking it up into manageable pieces, or perhaps nationalizing it, and then find another way to support those who are holding its shares.

Some would argue that our decision to reinstate the AT&T rate base hearing is a step in the right direction. I would like to share their optimism, but in my eight years in Washington I have seen too much that leads me to believe otherwise. Until the finance company comes to repossess the Christmas loot, Ma Bell is going to go on believing in Santa Claus. □

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Theatrical Plenty in the Days of the Great Depression

BY NATHAN R. TEITEL

RUN-THROUGH:
A Memoir

by John Houseman

Simon & Schuster, 507 pp., $9.95

"I was conceived in the second year of this century and legitimatized five years after that. By then I was speaking English with my mother, French with my father and his friends, Rumanian with the household, and German with a visiting governess. Two of my first four birthdays were celebrated on board the Orient Express between Paris and Bucharest, the city where I was born on September 22, 1902, of a Jewish-Alsatian father and a British mother of Welsh-Irish descent."

So begins John Houseman's *Run-through*, a collection of theater memoirs that from its opening sentences up to the final page is provocative, factually informative, and refreshingly frank. Add to these welcome qualities the author's extraordinary talent for total recall, together with a style almost feverish in its intensity, and the result is a work whose impact is as immediate as its contents are compelling.

Mr. Houseman came to the hurly-burly of theater by an amazingly circuitous route, but his unconscious preparation for that most quixotic of professions was uniquely apt. The first twenty-seven years of his life were marked by a series of dizzying contrasts in scene and in fortune that culminated in a heady but short-lived triumph in the wheat exchange. (Just before his career as a "merchant prince" collapsed, Houseman made an unfortunate marriage to a "beautiful, exciting, vulnerable" actress, to whom he briefly represented security.) During his youth he had fitfully resided in a number of European capitals, endured the British public school system, with its attendant loneliness and insecurity, and made business forays across the length and breadth of the North American continent. Always the succor of a fantasy world sustained him. In his summing up the author states rather modestly: "I had been born into an era of prodigious mutations in which my floating, eclectic energy had proved an effective substitute for the creative originality I lacked. . . ." In short, the ideal climate and perfect qualifications for the successful theatrical entrepreneur.

In 1933 Houseman, who always managed to know the right people, met Virgil Thomson at one of Constance Askew's fashionable Sunday salons. ("The Askew Salon" attracted the avant-garde of New York's notables in those days.) Thomson, who had written the music to Gertrude Stein's *Four Saints in Three Acts* nearly six years before, had finally found backing for an American production by a Hartford group whimsically called The Friends and Enemies of Modern Music; now he needed a director. Houseman readily agreed to step into the breach. Having no theatrical reputation at the time, he had nothing to lose and, in his "total ignorance" of the task that lay before him, he took on the job "in a mood of irresistible euphoria." Thomson had decided that the opera must be staged with an all black cast on the grounds that "Negroes . . . alone possess the dignity and the poise, the lack of self-consciousness that proper interpretation of opera demands. And," Thomson added, "they are not ashamed of words." After the cast had been picked, rehearsals began in the basement of a Harlem church. "North of 125th Street I found another world," writes Houseman, "a world of poverty and desola-

Nathan R. Teitel is a playwright and adjunct professor of modern literature at New York University.

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tion and fear where the winter winds seemed to blow twenty degrees colder than downtown and one could smell decay and despair in the uncollected garbage in the streets. But in our clean, stuffy church basement, all through Christmas and into the New Year, we were crowded and warm and secluded and busy."

Houseman had been warned that one of the main problems posed by rehearsing in Harlem would be that the company would split up under the pressure of the intolerable straits and harassment in which most of the cast lived. It was, Houseman believes, the shared excitement of working together on an unusual opera that helped him hold together his company of "eighteen principals, a chorus of twenty, and six dancers" for the seven weeks that led up to the premiere of *Four Saints* in the new theater of Hartford's Wadsworth Athenaeum. The audience that turned out for the opening was spectacularly chic, and both they and the critics received Thomson's opera with tremendous enthusiasm. A resounding success in the Connecticut capital, the production was brought to New York, where it ran for four weeks—"the longest continuous run ever enjoyed by an American opera." The ex-grain speculator was off to a promising start in his new profession.

The Thirties was an era of theatrical plenty in spite of—or because of—the Great Depression. The Theatre Guild was flourishing, the Theatre Union and the Theatre of Action were agitating, and the Group Theatre was earnestly experiencing its "fervent years." There was also a hectic and thriving Broadway. (Incidentally, in those economically needy days New York had an abundance of influential, knowledgeable critics. Also, there was more than one significant morning newspaper. And, happily, radio and TV pundits had not yet appeared on the scene.) Still, the fledgling director faced a number of obstacles. His initial success had labeled him a maverick and a highbrow, which meant that Broadway regarded him with suspicion. Moreover, though a committed liberal, Houseman was temperamentally unsuited to becoming a mere cog in any Marxian drama group. Even worse, he was plagued by doubts about his own ability. Endowed with three attributes essential to the sought-after producer—namely, organizing skill, taste, and a capacity for creative collaboration—Houseman, while waiting to be sought out, set himself to learning the multitudinous and exacting duties of a director. It was during rehearsals of Maxwell Anderson's *Valley Forge*, which the playwright asked him to direct in 1934, that, Houseman says, he learned his most "painful lessons in the human relations of the theater—that strange process of meeting and parting, wooing and testing, trusting and knifing that forms part of the business of getting a play onto the stage."

A few weeks after *Valley Forge* opened in New York, the stage designer Jo Mielziner invited Houseman to join him and his wife, Annie, at the premiere of a production of *Romeo and Juliet* starring Katharine Cornell and Basil Rathbone. In Houseman's eyes, the star of the evening was the nineteen-year-old Orson Welles, who played Tybalt. "A monstrous boy," Welles possessed "a voice of such clarity and power that it tore like a high wind through the genteel, modulated voices of the well-trained professionals around him." Shortly thereafter Houseman snared Welles for the leading role in his production of Archibald MacLeish's verse play *Panic*. The two strong-willed men managed to survive the experience of working together to form an association that led to one of the most fruitful, innovative, and exciting periods in American theatrical history.

Mr. Houseman paints a full-length portrait of his enormously gifted partner. For once, "the boy genius" emerges wholly shorn of encrusted myth. He was, in truth, a phenomenon: a prodigious worker in pursuit of impossible visions. Larger than life, but intensely vulnerable. Capable both of great largess and infantile behavior. A difficult man, a complex man, but a man who left his indelible stamp on the American theater and films. Houseman makes the reader *feel* Welles's volcanic energy as the actor strives "to stretch the familiar elements of theatrical effect far beyond their normal point of tension." Basically, perhaps, Mr. Welles was a magician: a conjurer with lights, sounds, voices, and massed effects—all calculated to dazzle and overwhelm on cue. Yet even the greatest of illusionists needs, on occasion, to be moored to earth. Houseman did the mooring—and so much more: cajoling, arguing, fuming and sweating. His was a Herculean labor that would have broken a lesser man's spirit.

In 1935, as the newly appointed artistic director of the WPA Negro Theatre Project, Houseman returned to work in Harlem. After getting his black company off to a slow start with a couple of plays that Broadway praised only faintly, in 1936 Houseman produced a spine-tingling voodoo *Macbeth*, directed by Orson Welles. The cast included a troupe of Africans, whose drums were made from the hides of five black goats that "were brought into the theater by night and sacrificed . . . according to approved tribal ritual . . . before being stretched into resonant drum skins." The advance publicity was similarly colorful: "Macbeth" was stenciled "in luminous paint on every street corner from 125th to 140th—from Lexington to Broadway" and, on opening night, bands and marchers bearing Macbeth banners paraded through the streets of Harlem. The public's response to Welles's production, which linked the play's mood and plot to the career of Haiti's King Henri Christophe, was wildly enthusiastic. Roi Otley, a militant Negro journalist, stressed the all-important racial significance of the event: "From the point of view of the Community, Harlem witnessed a production in which the Negro was not lampooned or made the brunt of laughter. We attended the *Macbeth* showing, happy in the thought we wouldn't again be reminded . . . that we were niggers." After playing to full houses in Harlem for ten weeks, *Macbeth* moved to Broadway for ten months, then was taken on a triumphal tour of WPA theaters across the country. When the actor who was playing Macbeth fell ill in Indianapolis, Welles, "who had been waiting for just this chance . . . flew out and played the role in blackface for the rest of the run."

In spite of increasing political pressure and sudden, drastic cutbacks in funds the indefatigable duo subsequently managed to mount a most imaginative *Doctor Faustus* at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. But their next joint production—Marc Blitzstein's revolutionary *The Cradle Will Rock*—played only one night. After that, "the lights were turned out and the doors of the theater were locked. For us, they were never reopened." The WPA funds that had backed the theater project had been slashed. Houseman's account of how Blitzstein's musical was staged, against all odds and in an atmosphere rife with strikes, demonstrations, and near hysteria, makes for gripping reading. The author here as elsewhere manifests a penetrating historical sense. Indeed, at times *Run-through* reads like a socio-economic history of the age it depicts, except that Houseman's narrative is full-blooded and concerned not merely with events but with the people caught up in them.

Welles and Houseman's next collaborative effort was the Mercury Theatre—a classical repertory company "with a program of four productions, a company of thirty-four, and a capital of ten thousand, five hundred dollars." Its initial production—mounted on Broadway under harrowing circumstances—was *Julius Caesar*. Opening on November 12, 1937, it was an instantaneous hit, largely because Welles brought out the play's relevance to the "tottering" world of the day. John Mason Brown, the drama critic of the *New York Post*, wrote: "The astonishing all-impressive virtue of Mr. Welles's production is that, magnificent as it is as theater, it

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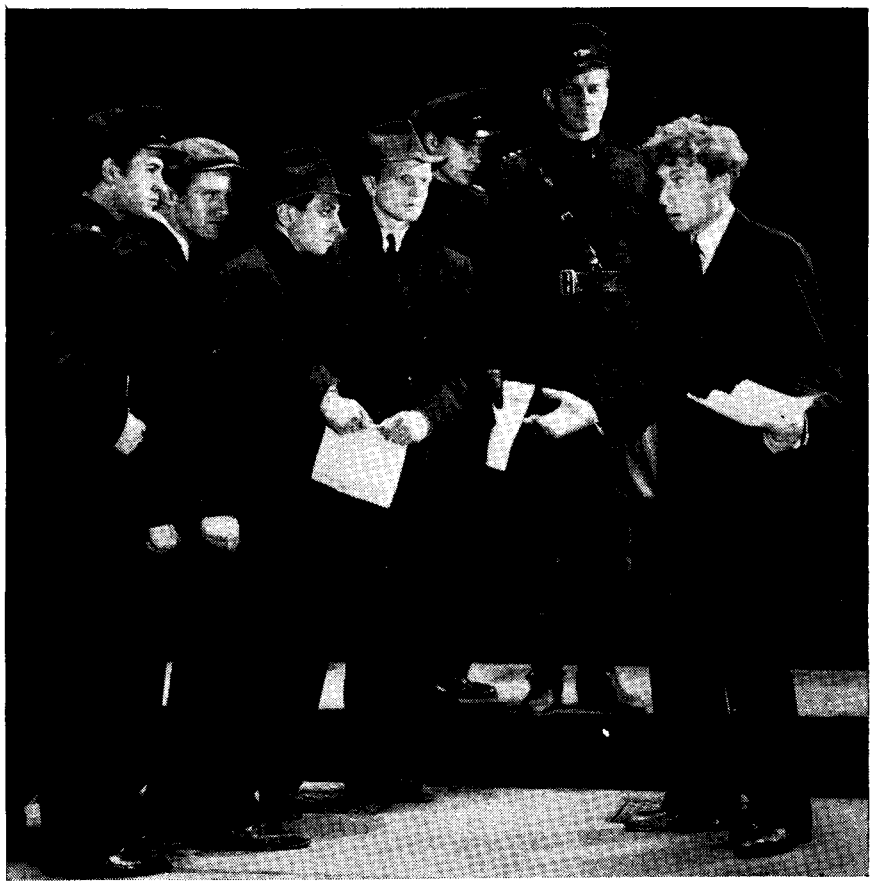

is far larger than its medium. . . . It is something fearful and turbulent which distends the drama to include the life of nations as well as of men. . . ." (Mr. Houseman, as usual, provides an instructive analysis of the set and explains the director's use of sound and lighting effects.) Paradoxically, the phenomenal early success of the Mercury Theatre doomed it to eventual failure. The reasons were many: overexpansion, actor defections, ego problems, slackening of commitment, and sheer fatigue. Yet the accomplishments it chalked up in its brief history (1937-1939) were impressive. Among other noteworthy Mercury productions were Thomas Dekker's seldom staged *The Shoemaker's Holiday* (which opened "388 years to the day after it was first performed before Queen Elizabeth") and a dramatization of Richard Wright's *Native Son.*

Meanwhile, the brief golden age of radio dawned. And to *The March of Time,* The Columbia Workshop, and Norman Corwin's *Studio One* was added Orson Welles's *Mercury Theatre of the Air.* At this point the already delicate relationship between the two partners became more strained.

John Houseman and Mercury Theatre's initial production, "Julius Caesar" (top)—"mounted on Broadway under harrowing circumstances."

The formula "produced, written, directed and performed by Orson Welles" was one that I approved and encouraged. In the first place it was true: The Mercury of the Air *was* Orson's show. In the second, it was good showmanship and sound business to publicize and exploit one dominant, magnetic and salable personality. But its effect on our association and on the future course of the Mercury was deep and irreversible. From being Orson's partner I had become his employee: the senior member but, still, no more than a member of his staff. In the beginning, because it was all so spontaneous and exciting and successful and because of our deep personal affection and continued professional need of each other, the change was barely perceptible. In the tensions of the following months, under the alternating extremities of great success and dismal failure, this growing imbalance in our partnership became the main cause of its final and inevitable dissolution.

The two men were still collaborating, however, when, in the fall of 1939, the Martians dropped in on New Jersey. (This reviewer recalls that fateful Sunday very clearly: the pandemonium that ensued, the frantic phone calls, the crowds of frightened people rushing into the streets.) Mr. Houseman tells the story of how this "invasion" was plotted and executed in an appropriately matter-of-fact tone:

> On Sunday, October 30, at 8:00 P.M. E.S.T. in a studio littered with coffee cartons and sandwich paper, Orson swallowed a second container of pineapple juice, put on his earphones, raised his long white fingers and threw the cue for the Mercury theme—the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor. After the music dipped, there were routine introductions—then the announcement that a dramatization of H. G. Wells's famous novel *The War of the Worlds* was about to be performed. Around 8:01 Orson began to speak. . . .

Then all hell broke loose as listeners around the country—particularly those who tuned in too late to hear the introduction—went hysterical.

The closing scenes of *Run-through* come as something of an anticlimax, although the author's pace never falters and the names of the illustrious and the not so illustrious continue to tumble pell-mell over the pages: Martha Graham, Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard, Pavel Tchelitchew, Alfred Hitchcock, George Gershwin, Lawrence Langner, David O. Selznick, Nathan Zatkin, Asadata Dafora Horton, Jack Carter, Mina Curtiss . . . All or nearly all of the people whose names are mentioned in passing are perceptively observed and wittily etched. On occasion Mr. Houseman's wit seems excessively waspish. But, after all, he *is* writing about the theater, radio, and films—institutions poorly designed to engender loving-kindness amongst mortals.

The author's sporadic sojourns in Hollywood are tersely chronicled. As writer and editor Houseman labored for various moguls. His most important West Coast task, however, was to edit Herman Mankiewicz's film script for *Citizen Kane.* Yet somehow by then the glow had dimmed. Houseman and Welles were going their separate ways. *Ava atque vale.* The memoirs come to an abrupt halt with the author's appointment to the office of chief of radio propaganda for the United States Government in the Second World War.

Run-through is a big book, a sprawling, rousing book, a most welcome gift in today's theatrical wasteland.

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WILL THE REVOLUTION SUCCEED?:
Rebirth of the Radical Democrat

by Edward Schwartz

Criterion/Abelard-Schuman,
204 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Emile Capouya

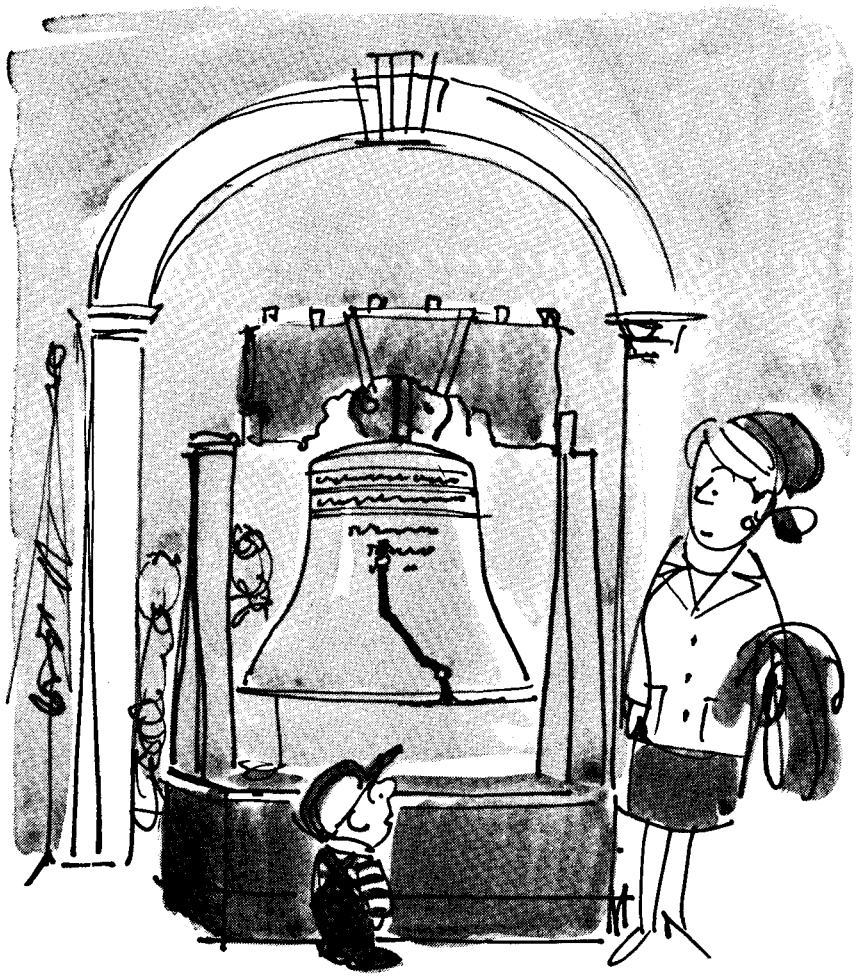
■ What revolution? The one going on around us, of course, the renewed struggle to make good on the unfulfilled promises of the American experiment. It is the great merit of this book that it reminds us of the moral claims put forward by this nation's founders, and repeated by subsequent statesmen as long as we had any—above all, the claim that the ideal of this society is to establish justice. How did we come to forget that the deliberate attempt to promote social justice was the particular business of the American people? In Henry George's formula, progress and poverty made us forget. Industrial expansion, the spread of private affluence, ultimately the achievement of pre-eminent power among the nations, went hand in hand with the creation of a class of industrial helots, and with them a class of driven clerks—together the largest part of the population—and the progressive denial of the citizens' freedom and initiative by the very mechanism that underlay the country's industry, abundance, and power. That condition once established, cycles of attempted reform over three-quarters of a century had no other result but to strengthen the power of the corporate state and enfeeble the power of the citizens. We forgot the ideal as it grew ever more unattainable in practice.

Edward Schwartz's brash tone and careless style are irritating. His logic is often defective—his arguments support conclusions other than those he advances. His citations tend to be idiosyncratic; the reference to Montesquieu suggests that he assumes the reader has never heard of that author, and that his own acquaintance with him is a slender one. Mr. Schwartz declares that John Stuart Mill's argument for freedom of opinion was based on his desire, as a middle-class intellectual, to advance whatever views he chose, and took no account of the possible benefit to society of the free expression of unorthodox ideas; as readers of *On Liberty* know, one of Mill's central arguments was, precisely, the benefit to society of having unorthodox ideas presented *by their adherents*, on the ground that advocates are generally in a position to uphold the merits of their case better than can opponents or indifferent persons—and society must hear them if it is to judge wisely. Then, Mr. Schwartz's book has many more than its fair share of typographical errors—in some sections, one to a page. In a number of instances the nature of the error suggests that the author recorded his words on tape, and they were then transcribed by a person unfamiliar with the subject who substituted words of similar sound but different meaning.

The question is, are these annoyances trivial or serious? Both, most likely. On the one hand, Mr. Schwartz explains, in a priceless paragraph, that "Even now, Jews remain among the more liberal voting blocs in the population" because Jehovah brought them out of Egypt, the house of bondage, showing them many marks of His favor and punishing them for bad behavior—which must be a very subtle joke indeed. But, on the other hand, the author who perpetrated that is the same who, almost alone of present-day writers on politics, understands America to be the original "intentional community," founded on moral premises deriving from a religious tradition, and exalting justice above every merely practical or prudential consideration. Just so, and for a century thereafter it was the light of all the world.

Mr. Schwartz declares, reasonably enough, that any attempt at social reform in this country must be animated with that hunger for righteousness, or it is bound to fail. And he proposes a number of plausible programs that imply a concern for distributive justice, very much in the American grain. The first is an attempt to deal with the problem of poverty by "redistributing the welfare," his shrewd phrase for extending the subsidies now enjoyed by corporations, special interests, the rich, and the middle class to the great majority of the people. The second, under the general rubric of "The Ecology," is a campaign to revive the metropolitan areas while following practices that are benign to, rather than destructive of, the physical and biological balance of nature. The third, "Peace," is conceived as a function of a redirected foreign policy—one aimed not at preserving America's commercial and military hegemony but at contributing deliberately to raising the moral and physical level of the peoples of the world.

These programs are offered in a somewhat slapdash, *al fresco* manner, but that seems fair enough. They make sense even if Mr. Schwartz can offer no blueprints; indeed, it is not his business to do so. Instead, he dwells on practical measures that add up to organizing effective pressure groups, and



"I didn't do it!"

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he is concerned at every point to emphasize the importance of respecting the claims to dignity and good faith of opponents, adherents, and beneficiaries of those programs. That is, he is concerned to treat as men and brothers those persons customarily traduced, exploited, and patronized by movements of reform.

Mr. Schwartz's revolution, it is clear, is pragmatic in its inspiration and its practice. The defects of the opposite approach—Utopian, theoretical, doctrinaire—are sufficiently well known. What are the defects of Mr. Schwartz's pragmatism? Well, he is in favor of a proposal to guarantee a minimum of $6,500 per year to every family of four persons. Would that minimum income represent an advance, in human terms, over present conditions? Undoubtedly. For about five minutes. Thereafter, prices of commodities would rise, and it's anybody's guess what $6,500 would buy on the day following. But cannot some addendum to the law establishing the minimum income be framed to take care of this difficulty—say, a ceiling on prices for low-income families, or for everybody? No, it cannot. That is where pragmatism stops, just short of altering the basic mechanism for the division of the social product. The mechanism assuring that to him who has shall be given is off-limits to pragmatism. And at that precise point where pragmatism stops, the real meaning of Mr. Schwartz's principle of justice becomes discernible to the revolutionaries of the contrary temperament—Utopian, theoretical, and doctrinaire. Justice, to such temperaments, means equality: Whatever's going, everybody gets; $6,500 for *every* family of four, or it's no deal.

Now, Mr. Schwartz's activity is more than laudable, and such installments of dignity and freedom as it can exact from the reigning social order are well worth struggling for. His method is one of the two by which history is deliberately molded. But the Utopians, whose activity also contributes to the human adventure, will persist in saying that justice means equality, in terms of necessities and amenities. In 1972, they feel, $6,500 doesn't go far enough to cover *their* necessities and amenities, and therefore it's no deal. It is one of life's ironies that Mr. Schwartz's revolution is now feasible mostly because of the presence of those intransigents on his left. In these times he has more chance of political success, while they have a clearer view of the meaning of his moral premises. In times of actual crisis their insight promotes great changes, and great tragedies.

Emile Capouya, who is literary editor of *The Nation*, frequently comments on social issues for *SR*.

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THE MULTINATIONALS

by Christopher Tugendhat

Random House, 242 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by H. Lee Silberman

■ *The Multinationals,* by a young former British financial journalist who has since gone on to Parliament, sets out to tell the definitive story about a loosely knit business genre consisting of major corporations, whether U. S. or foreign based, that operate on an international scale. The subject of corporate enterprise conducted on a global basis holds a great deal of fascination for executives of international or multinational companies. Accordingly, the topic has been examined and commented on over the years in numerous speeches delivered to industrial groups and in monographs and reports issued usually under business tutelage. Essentially what Christopher Tugendhat has done is to mine this rich vein of resource material and rearrange it competently into an interesting narrative covering the history, *modus operandi,* and implications of this rapidly growing form of business organization. But, because he is content principally to clip and tell, the book lacks the passion and insights that are usually inspired only by original reporting.

Nevertheless, the appearance of *The Multinationals* is particularly well timed for American consumption since it comes out in a period marked by mounting pressure by labor in this country to curb foreign investment by international-minded U.S. corporations. Labor has long contended that such diversion of capital and technology to their foreign factories results in increased employment abroad at the expense of jobs here. While this argument previously had some effect in quietly influencing both the Kennedy and Johnson administrations to retard foreign investments by American business, it has now picked up additional adherents against a background of continuing high unemployment and impossibly bad U.S. balance of payments deficits. Labor's complaint is, in fact, the catalyst of the controversial Foreign Trade and Investment Act of 1972, sponsored by Senator Vance Hartke, Democrat of Indiana, and Representative James A. Burke, Democrat of Massachusetts, a measure that would levy stiff tax penalties on business investments abroad.

In rebuttal, the international corporations offer studies which they say show that the present level of U.S. exports is as high as it is only because the large number of existing overseas plants and sales offices have helped make foreign markets receptive to American exports that otherwise might never have been put on the boat. The upshot, say the international corporations, is that their foreign plants add to, rather than subtract from, employment in the States.

People who would like to judge this issue impartially are not advised to look to Tugendhat for objectivity since he is unreservedly on the side of the internationals, on this issue and many others. Though he started researching for the book with a journalist's presumed open mind while on the staff of the London *Financial Times,* he appears to have become quickly persuaded that the multinational form of business organization provides the only viable mechanism for the most effective production and distribution of the world's goods. Central to his thinking also is that the subsidiaries of the high-powered multinationals give enormous support to the national economies of which they are a part.

To his credit, Tugendhat refrains from guessing how many more General Motors, Standard Oil, Unilever, Phillips, and IBM super giants may evolve in the intermediate-term future (in contrast to one expert he quotes who believes that by 1985 world industry will be dominated by 200 to 300 very large international companies). If he abstains from playing the numbers game, the author is concerned that numerous multinationals will prove so powerful politically as well as economically that they will often find themselves in open conflict with many of the countries across whose borders they operate. Indeed, he suggests fleetingly that the position of the multinationals is in some ways analogous to the Catholic Church in its early history.

Although he does not dwell on the Church analogy, Tugendhat manages nonetheless to imbue the multinationals with a distinctive mystique, in which the companies do not identify with any single country, but place corporate interests ahead of the nations' interests. Pressing this concept to its logical conclusion, he sees the emergence of new corporate governments with sufficient power to challenge, if not perhaps topple, existing conventional political states. History is not as yet on his side. While several international corporate giants at present have annual sales well in excess of the total yearly national output of a number of middle-sized countries, none of these super corporations has been known to flaunt its power in a confrontation with a mere temporal state.

H. Lee Silberman is first vice president of Shearson, Hammill & Co., a securities brokerage and investment banking concern.

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THE BOYS OF SUMMER

by Roger Kahn

Harper & Row, 442 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by John K. Hutchens

■ Those were the golden years when, with most of the world going to hell in the pages up front in the newspapers, those farther back—the sports pages of the New York newspapers—were recognizing a miracle when they saw one. The miracle was a baseball team. The team was the Brooklyn Dodgers, who (by what gave every sign of being a suspension of the laws of nature) began to look like a big league club in 1939. Observing their progress, with a concentration bordering on frenzy, was a Brooklyn boy named Roger Kahn, who when the wind was blowing toward the Grand Army Plaza section of the borough, could hear the cheering in Ebbets Field, the home of his heroes. When they repaid his faith in 1941 by winning Brooklyn's first pennant in twenty-one years, the miracle business would seem to have run its course.

In point of fact, it was just getting under way. So was a writer, the Brooklyn boy grown older. Then, another miracle, or so it had to seem to him: In 1952 he was not only observing the Dodgers; he was living and traveling with them, and writing about the team for a newspaper that believed in style, the New York *Herald Tribune*. Although after another year with the Dodgers he ceased to be strictly a sportswriter, in a sense Mr. Kahn never left the ball club, and now in these pages he is still with it: with the Jackie Robinson Dodgers as he restores them to fields where they brawled their way to stunning victory and dismal defeat, and with survivors in sundry places where he has sought them out in their old age, as the age of athletes goes.

They, and what they stood for, stayed on in Mr. Kahn's mind, as his book will stay on in yours. For *The Boys of Summer* is not simply "a baseball book," rich as it is in technical and personal detail that will hold baseball fans enthralled. It is a book about a country in which a commercial game, thanks to tradition, loyalty, and the long-gone daydreams of millions of American males, serves as a common denominator. It is about newspaper sportswriters and how they satisfy that undying hunger for glory vicariously arrived at. It is about an integrated group of men, black and white, who were pioneers in the war against racism and bigotry. It is about men who have in common the skills necessary in professional sport, but otherwise may be as dissimilar in personality as any given collection of lawyers, doctors or journalists. Finally, it is about what time does to those who, like all athletes, live two lives—their heyday and the days that follow.

In Roger Kahn's childhood he was, like all baseball-minded boys, a hero-worshiper. The simple adoration faded, but never the respect for what it took to be a major leaguer—the dexterity, above all the courage, moral as well as physical—with Jackie Robinson in the forefront as the first black man in organized baseball. There never, I believe, has been as good a portrait of Robinson as you will find here, the tough, aggressive player, the heartbroken father who admitted his failure as the parent of a wayward son.

Was ever a team made up of characters so varied as those Dodgers? In contrast with Robinson, the cheerful, calm Roy Campanella, who in retrospect has a kind word even for white players who insulted him. The moody Duke Snider, a great outfielder who disliked baseball, and Andy Pafko, a less than great outfielder who loved it. Joe Black, the ferocious relief pitcher who drifted out of baseball only five years after his best season. Carl Erskine and Pee Wee Reese, two gentlemen who remained gentlemen in what Mr. Kahn mildly calls "the rough reality of the baseball life." Billy Cox, the lithe third-base magician, now a fat bartender in Newport, Pa. Preacher Roe, running an Ozark version of a supermarket and talking about the outlawed spitball he threw with matchless deception and success. Gil Hodges, currently the master of the Mets, who had to school himself against flinching from a right-handed pitcher's curve.

By and large, Mr. Kahn reports, they have "aged with dignity, with courage and with hope." Old Brooklyn Dodger fans, who do not recognize the Dodgers transplanted to somewhere or other on the West Coast, will be happy to hear that. They surely will be happy also about Mr. Kahn's book, which in sum is a realistic chronicle of a love affair with a game, a team, an era. *The Boys of Summer* rings with the sound of battle, the pungent talk of those who engaged in it, the camaraderie of clubhouse and press box, the clink of convivial glasses, the inside dope cherished by all grandstand managers.

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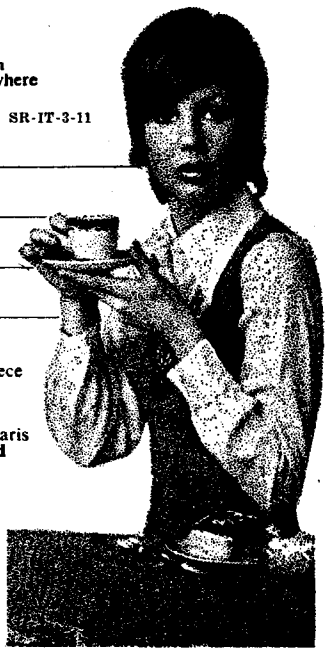

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THE SKY PIRATES

by James A. Arey

Scribners, 360 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Fred J. Cook

■ An aerial hijacker demands $200,000 and some parachutes, bails out in the black night over the rugged American Northwest—and so far has evaded the law, inspiring a flock of recent imitations, a number of them lethal. Such deeds are invested at times with a spurious celebrity, and their perpetrators romanticized as modern Robin Hoods of the sky. No reaction could be further from reality. James A. Arey, a skilled newsman who joined the public relations department of Pan American Airways, makes the point in *The Sky Pirates* that there is nothing admirable about the modern sky-jacker. As his title suggests, this new breed of the twentieth-century air age has less in common with the Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest than with the Blackbeards of old, who did not hesitate to make their helpless victims walk the plank.

In this thoroughly documented book, which examines world-wide the new craze for aerial piracy, Arey emphasizes that most hijackers are losers taking out their resentments on hapless plane crews and passengers. There are, of course, various motivations. Some sky-jackers, as in Iron Curtain countries, are merely trying to escape to freedom. Cubans who have fled from Fidel Castro's regime occasionally become so homesick for relatives and native country that they hijack planes to fly back. Some hijackers are criminals ducking the law; others still are zealous ideologists like the Palestinian guerrillas who pirated four planes, including a Pan American 747, in September, 1970, and blew them up outside Cairo and in the Amman desert. Arey stresses, however, that the modern aerial hijacker, whatever his motivation, is usually an unstable person who cares nothing for the scores of lives he endangers so long as his own ends are served.

Nothing can be more terrifying than the spectacle of a madman or fanatic some 30,000 to 40,000 feet aloft in the sky, threatening to murder the pilot or bomb a plane loaded with passengers unless his every order is heeded. Yet we make our sick jokes about flying to Miami by way of Havana, and we often tend to romanticize the sky pirate. Typical was the glamorization of Raffaele Minichiello, who hijacked a plane all the way from San Francisco to Rome.

In the subsequent Italian trial even the *prosecutor*, emphasizes Arey, described Minichiello as " 'a good boy, a timid boy' who had only wanted to return to his native land . . . and find peace." And the defense took off into the wild blue yonder, picturing the sky pirate as "a rustic and uneducated Don Quixote" who "flew through the skies

Raffaele Minichiello "flew through the skies of the world following his dream."

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of the world following his dream and his goal."

Arey cites other examples of the maudlin sympathy lavished upon Minichiello, then asks:

What was it again that he did? Save a life, commit an unselfish act, prevent an aerial disaster, make his family proud and happy, give $200 to the poor, take a step toward ending the war? No, he did not. He got high on beer, broke into the PX and stole what he thought was coming to him, threatened compassionate people, committed the longest and most hair-raising hijacking in history, abducted a police chief, and then, when found, said innocently, "Hey, paisan, why are you arresting me?"

This is the reality, and we had better understand it; for sky-jackings are sometimes a tragic and bloody business, as one of the earliest of them demonstrated. On November 1, 1958, when the Batista rule in Cuba was coming to an end, a band of Castro's followers hijacked a Cubana Airlines plane from Miami, bludgeoned the pilot, took over the controls, and crashed the plane while trying to land. Seventeen persons were killed; only three survived.

The Federal Aviation Administration has perfected what it calls a "behavioral pattern," a top secret formula that helps airlines to spot potentially dangerous passengers. The magnetometer, which flashes an alarm when it detects objects with a high metallic reading on a passenger's person or in his luggage, is another effective device. Facing such checks, some passengers ditch their weapons and decamp. Others have been caught. Arey writes:

An amazing number of odd objects have been found in hastily sought-out hiding places near the boarding gates: knives, pistols, pieces of lead pipe, filthy pictures, glassine envelopes, packages of pot and so on. One man who was actually searched had an arsenal of guns strapped around his belly; another had a knife hidden up his pants leg; another had diamonds sewn inside his coat; another had a case bulging with bank notes; and yet another carried a fortune in heroin . . .

The trouble is that total protection is costly; until every boarding area is effectively screened—which airlines are now attempting—those terrifying hijackings in the sky will go on. Perhaps this book, with its dramatic exposition of what is at stake and its appeal to reason, will play its part in helping to relegate the new pirates of the air age to the same limbo as the Blackbeards of the past.

Fred J. Cook is a free lance who has written often on criminal topics. His latest book was *The Nightmare Decade: The Life and Times of Senator Joe McCarthy.*

WIT TWISTER #260

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

A youngster's brain, befogged by Mother Goose,

Is like a — — — — spinning on the loose.

Dame Goose's senseless — — — — twirls him

Toward the — — — — tales of Brothers Grimm.

A.S.

(Answer on page 84)

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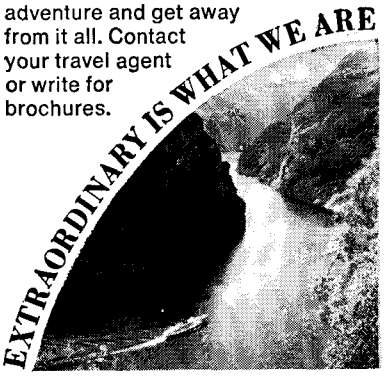

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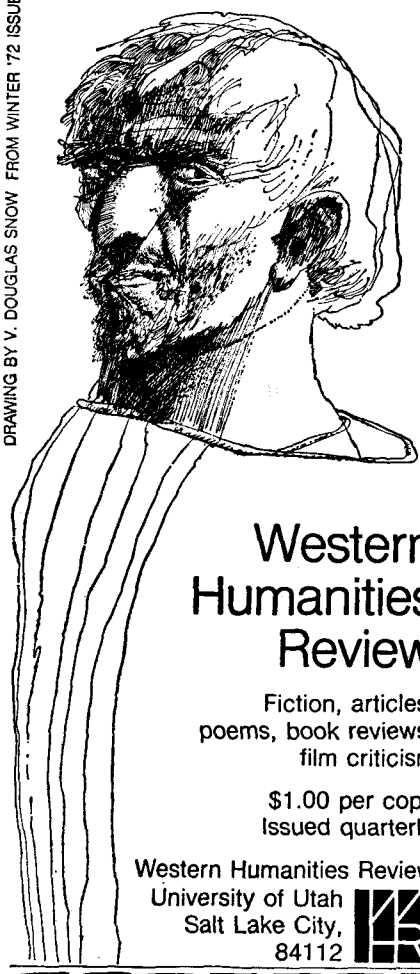

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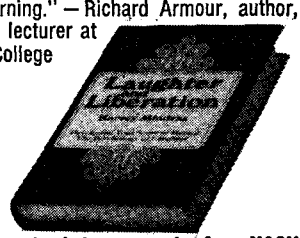

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SORTIES

by James Dickey

Doubleday, 227 pp., $6.95

STRAW FOR THE FIRE: From the Notebooks of Theodore Roethke, 1943-63

selected and arranged by David Wagoner

Doubleday, 262 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by William Heyen

■ "For those few moments of a lifetime when the stream is running full and deep: those are the justification for everything." This is the important James Dickey, the essential Dickey speaking truer and deeper than those images likely to cross the public mind these days—Dickey, as poetry reporter for *Life*, getting drunk in the company of astronauts before their lift-off for the moon; Dickey, as *the* Southerner, playing sort of hickish and dumb in the big cities; Dickey, as novelist and actor, causing friction on location as his *Deliverance* is being filmed. These images don't really matter. The Dickey who does count—and who, in *Sorties*, reveals himself in a half-dozen essays and 150 pages of a journal he's been keeping—has written some of the best poems and some of the most readable criticism of our time. I take my stand: I once made a list of the twenty poems by American poets that I most wished I'd written—envy tells me the real truth about what I feel—and Dickey wrote three of them. In addition, I don't think there is any question but that his own verdict on Dickey as critic is a true one: "If I have made any contribution to literary criticism," he writes in *Sorties*, "it is that I have reintroduced sensibility and emotion back into it." Yes.

To Dickey, the late Theodore Roethke never attained the stature of Yeats or Rilke, but was "the greatest poet this country has yet produced." *Straw for the Fire* consists of fragments of poetry and prose sensitively selected and arranged by David Wagoner from the 277 notebooks Roethke left behind at his death. Wagoner's was a labor of love, and Roethke would have been grateful, as we should be, for this volume. Wagoner realizes that those who know Roethke's work will find here primarily variations on the poet's obsessive themes rather than writings pointing in new and unexpected directions. Still, Roethke is never boring, and his great skill and imagination are apparent on every page. Exciting in itself, *Straw for the Fire* will also serve to send us back to the *Collected Poems* with a better sense of how much Roethke won through to.

It is right in many ways that *Sorties* and *Straw for the Fire* should be read and considered together. Roethke and Dickey are *American* poets—descendants in a direct line from Whitman and William Carlos Williams—in a sense that Robert Lowell and the late John Berryman (for all their poems about Jonathan Edwards and Herman Melville and Anne Bradstreet) have never been. "In poetry, one sickens of art-language," says Dickey. He demands a poetry free from impenetrability and contortion and glibness, a poetry of "large, basic emotions, and not endlessly subtle talk, palaver, and analysis." There is something rough-hewn, gross, assertive about this tradition. Just as Whitman refused to go on sweating through fogs with linguists and contenders, Roethke feels guilty about not liking Henry James and claims for himself one of "the more valiantly disorganized minds of our time"; he forsakes reason, and is out taking his chances. Williams wanted to throw out literature and convention; Roethke tells us he is tired of good taste and common sense; Dickey, in "The Son, the Cave, and the Burning Bush," yearns for nothing less than the totally miraculous voice of the oversoul. Of Roethke he writes:

> All his lifelong struggle with "craft" seems a tragic and ludicrous waste of time; and he looks on the productions of the whole history of literature—indeed, of all human communication and expression—as so much self-indulgent and irrelevant chatter in the unspeaking and accusing face of what *could* be said, if someone had the luck, the vision, and the guts.

Dickey, as did Whitman and Williams and Roethke, feels a tremendous compulsion to make something new, to throw the gates wide open no matter what animals come running through. These poets all conceive of the poet as a perpetual beginner, an adventurer among the infinite and unlimited possibilities of rhythms and words.

There is, however, another side to the typically American poet. This is his pastoral power, his delicacy, his precise sight. A fragment from Roethke's notebooks: "Greenhouse appeared in a dream as a sparkle of glass: like dream of flat water: the calm, the eye of a pond." These poets want to bring everything in, everything in the world that tends toward them. Demanding forms that will unfold themselves as their words declare themselves, they are, by and large, poets of affirmation. "More and more I see myself as the poet of *survival*," notes Dickey, and to him one of Roethke's most attractive qualities is that, despite his suffering, he proclaimed a condition of joy.

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It seems to me, also, that American poetry is a poetry of ego, bombast, even pomposity. These poets are not wallflowers, shrinking violets. They know that they're good, and anyone who disagrees is a damned fool. Let the money flow in, if only as a reflection of the worth of the poetry. Let the fame arrive *now*: Herman Melville thought that a "shock of recognition" for Hawthorne would only make Hawthorne freer, more forceful, better. Roethke and Dickey dote on their luscious selves, pound their athletic chests, drink enough for six men, and tell us that our lives are worth living.

But there is more to it than this. As Dickey notes in his journal: "A man cannot pay as much attention to himself as I do without living in Hell all the time." And Roethke writes: "The crater of hell: the navel." Roethke also speaks of "long, fruitless introspection, characteristic of the German, relieved by occasional dim flickers of insight. Like a half-blind animal that at best can see no colors but gray, he broods and broods." Dickey and Roethke are conscious of the need to hold themselves together against all sorts of dark forces in themselves and in their lands. They live at the edge. Something is always threatening to tear them apart. Dickey knows that "when the self-discipline goes, so do I."

These two books, then, are manifestations of the essential duplicity of the American poet: he believes in poetry as a moral force, as a way through to affirmation and joy, while continent and self are always singing songs of chaos and death. The body is dying, but long live the poem. What exhausting *physical* work a poem is, what it takes out of a man, both Roethke and Dickey know. This is the open but forked road of the American poem. This is Emerson yearning to experience the meaningfulness of larger forces so that he can explain away the death of his son and its effect on him in a few sentences. This is Whitman chanting a welcome to Death to the point of protesting too much. It is Williams seeing syphilis as a flower, and it is Robinson Jeffers, whose whole life, in the words of Hyatt Waggoner, was a "desperate effort to teach the heart not to love." However beautiful and frightening life is, they are going to live it intensely, and to the end. "Who drinks the wine/Should take the dregs," writes Jeffers. Roethke says something that all these men would have understood: "The exhausting fight of poetry is against the inner fatigue, the soul-sickness." There is no doubt in my mind that our best poets have won this fight.

William Heyen has interviewed James Dickey and edited *A Profile of Theodore Roethke.*

THE DEVIL IN THE FIRE: Retrospective Essays on American Literature and Culture, 1951-1971

by John W. Aldridge

Harper's Magazine Press, 364 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Brom Weber

■ For more than two decades John W. Aldridge has been evaluating the post-World War II American novel and, incidentally, creating a depressing portrait of our culture. Committed to literature as a vital art, Aldridge welcomes the new and measures it against high standards of esthetic craft, experiential breadth, and philosophic depth forged earlier in the century by such great modernists as Joyce and Eliot. *The Devil in the Fire* is an impressive and intellectually consistent record of Aldridge's achievement. Its unity is all the more remarkable considering that the book is made up of selections from five earlier works—beginning with *After the Lost Generation* (1951)—together with a number of hitherto uncollected and unpublished essays.

Throughout his career as a critic Aldridge's fine literary perception has been strengthened by his knowledge of the interconnection between art and the general culture. Art is a distinct system. However, it is concurrently a subsystem, a subculture of the general culture—the total system. Like other subcultures, art may or may not reinforce the assumptions and patterns dominant in the general culture. In Aldridge's view, it must not do so whenever culturally enshrined values, institutions, and behavior coarsen, degrade, or constrict the individual's powers freely to experience himself and his sociophysical environment as concretely and subtly as possible.

John W. Aldridge—"dedicated to a qualitative view of experience."

The great modern American writers who preceded World War II managed "to capture the imaginations of their contemporaries and to be accepted as the moral and intellectual spokesmen for their generation" because they dopted a needed adversary stance vis-à-vis the general culture. The tragedy of most novelists since Faulkner, Fitzgerald, and Hemingway has been their inability to carry on with equal power. The causes vary from writer to writer. Aldridge specifies them bluntly, whether they be arrested emotional development, pseudoprofundity, commercial caution, or self-destructive fatalism. Essentially, Aldridge holds that American culture has made it almost impossible for men and women to relate to people, objects, and social structures, to observe, feel, or judge them with interest or clarity except insofar as they can be reduced to numbers or other forms of abstraction. Only a few contemporary writers—Norman Mailer, Eudora Welty, and Jerzy Kosinski—have managed to extricate themselves from the pervasive depersonalizing numbness.

Witty, lucid, acutely alive, and stimulatingly forthright, Aldridge writes about literature and the United States with the immediacy of a participant-observer. His panorama of the American novel from the 1920s through the 1960s is built up with specific, detailed analyses of particular works and the general careers of representative writers such as Katherine Anne Porter, Saul Bellow, William Styron, John Updike, Wright Morris, and John Cheever. The social contexts in which they have flowered individually; the social factors, such as book reviewing and the institutionalization of creative writing in the university, that have affected them generally; and the rise and decline of impinging literary movements, such as New Criticism and Black Humor, are delineated with precision and vivacity. The book concludes with studies of American cultural history, environmental decay, and political dogmatism that demonstrate a breadth of thought and knowledge unusual in American men of letters since the heyday of Waldo Frank, Edmund Wilson, and Lewis Mumford. Brilliantly extending and crystallizing the nature of the general culture in which contemporary American literature has faltered, *The Devil in the Fire* is a work as important as those rare critics' best.

A book so emphatically dedicated to a qualitative view of experience, to the refinement and discrimination of individual perceptions and values, is bound

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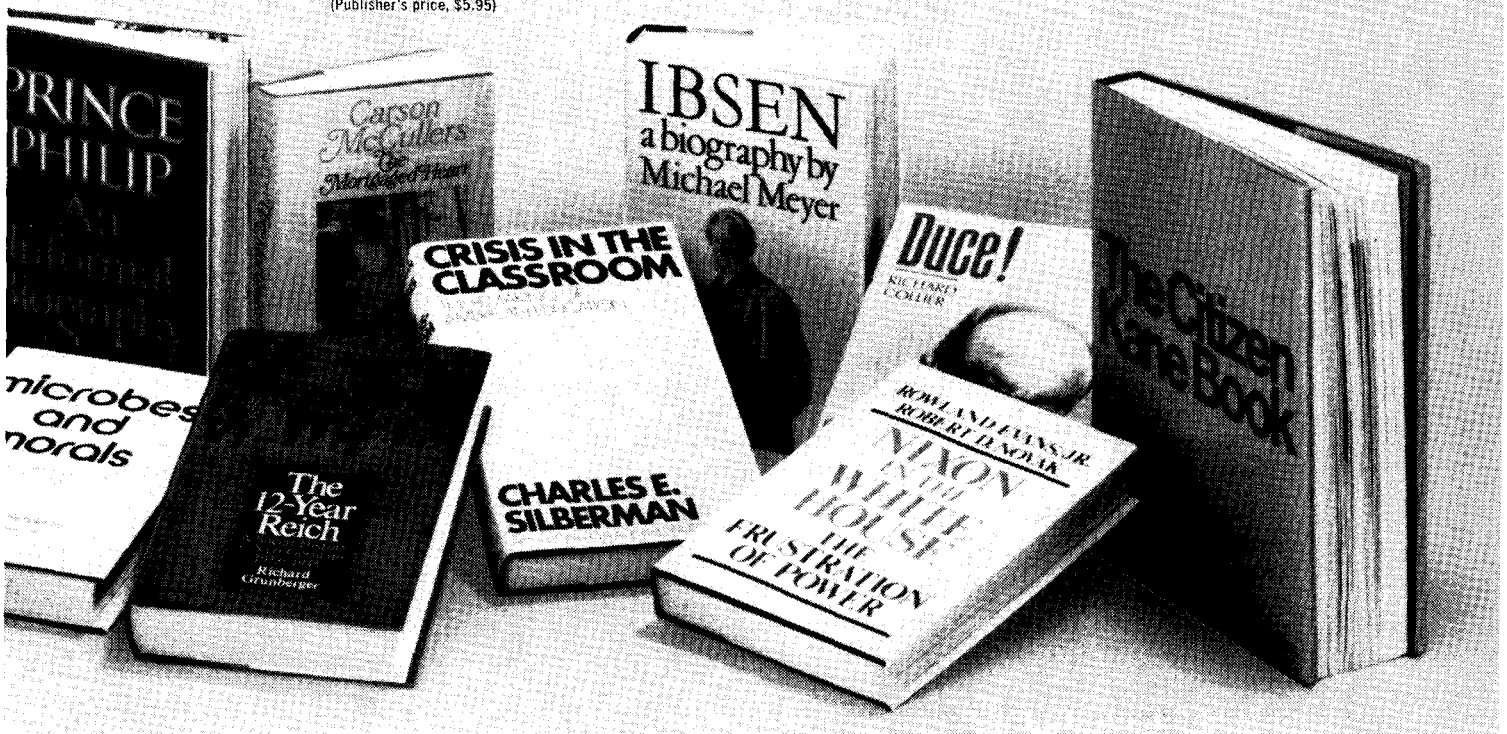

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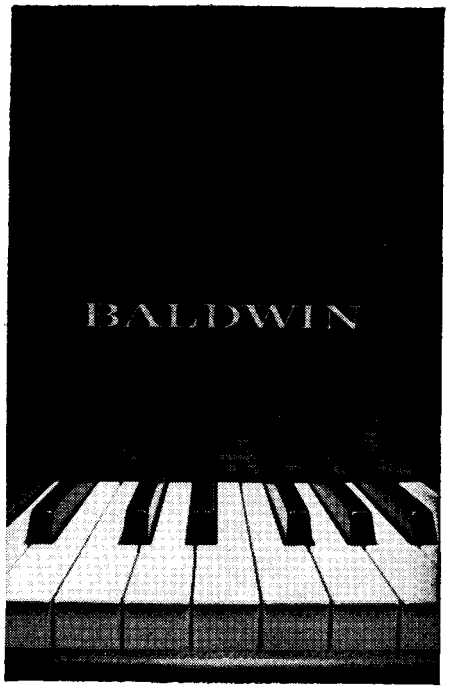

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to generate an aura of elitism alien to quantitative conceptions of democratic culture. Except for one or two lapses, as, for example, when Aldridge depreciates the perceptions of primitives and peasants *en masse*, he clearly adheres to the Jeffersonian dictum that democracy's role is to encourage the growth of the natural aristocrat. Unquestionably, American culture has developed along lines which, in general, exalt the mass over the individual and penalize or commercialize individualizing acts and situations—contemplation, privacy, and deviancy, among others. Nor can one disagree strongly with Aldridge's contention that such recent phenomena as social engineering and environmental engineering are all too often merely conceptual and methodological equivalents of freeway engineering. That the culture may be qualitatively unsatisfactory, however, is quite a different matter from the belief that its dominant characteristics are irreversible. This point, in fact, underlies Aldridge's separate studies of Mailer, Welty, and Kosinski. It is regrettable that *The Devil in the Fire* does not contain an essay comprehensively developing such an important idea. Aldridge's dramatic account of Norman Mailer's agonized effort to slough off a culturally imposed concept of success, and his subsequent attainment of artistic selfhood in *An American Dream* and *Why Are We in Vietnam?*, makes it obvious that individual freedom within a culture is a real possibility. Similar episodes in American history—vide Aldridge's own independent career—indicate that a deterministic view of culture is unwarranted.

Brom Weber founded and teaches in the American Studies Program at the University of California, Davis.

THE TIGER'S DAUGHTER

by Bharati Mukherjee

Houghton Mifflin, 210 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Joseph Hitrec

■ In the large genre of fiction on the theme of the returning native the Indian writer may well set out with advantages not available to his colleagues elsewhere in the world. The dramatic possibilities in East-West confrontation lie around invitingly: culture shock twice compounded, cherished illusions mauled, sense and nonsense vying for one's mind and heart. Ved Mehta and V. S. Naipaul, two notable Indian expatriates (the latter from Trinidad) have gone through the abrasion of this conflict and left us affecting records. Now Bharati Mukherjee—a young Bengali woman who is married to an American and teaches English at McGill University in Montreal—captures the unsettling experience in her first novel, *The Tiger's Daughter*.

The tiger of the title is the middle name of Bengal Tiger Banerjee, father of Tara Banerjee Cartwright who, after going to college in America, returns to Calcutta for a visit. The time is the Sixties, when the group-sings of Tagore's Santiniketan have long since been drowned in slogan-chanting along the avenues of a city gorged with refugees, bloated children, and professional militants. Day after day the police are out in force; the rich must padlock their gates at night.

Tara has seen the violence of America and tried to explain her ancestral quietism to her roommates at Vassar, as well as to her radicalized husband David, but this new Calcutta is hard to recognize: it spurns accommodation.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

TRIPLE-HEADERS

In Column 1 are a dozen trilogies, each lacking one volume. In Column 2 are the missing volumes. E. R. Cole of Euclid, Ohio, asks whether you can put 1 and 2 together. Answers and authors on page 82.

1. ( ), *Sons, A House Divided*
2. *Molloy*, ( ), *The Unnamable*
3. *Out of the Silent Planet, Perelandra*, ( )
4. ( ), *Hilda Lessways, These Twain*
5. *The Financier*, ( ), *The Stoic*
6. *With Fire and Sword, The Deluge*, ( )
7. ( ), *Peder Victorious, Their Father's God*
8. *Men at Arms*, ( ), *The End of the Battle*
9. *The Octopus*, ( ), *The Wolf* (planned)
10. ( ), *The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci, Peter and Alexis*
11. *The Turmoil*, ( ), *The Midlander*
12. *Herself Surprised, To Be a Pilgrim*, ( )

A. *The Death of the Gods*
B. *Officers and Gentlemen*
C. *Giants in the Earth*
D. *The Magnificent Ambersons*
E. *The Pit*
F. *The Good Earth*
G. *The Horse's Mouth*
H. *The Titan*
I. *That Hideous Strength*
J. *Pan Michael*
K. *Malone Dies*
L. *Clayhanger*

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"It was not a toppling or sliding of identities that Tara wanted to suggest to David, but an alarming new feeling that she was an apprentice to some great thing or power." In the United States such euphemisms as "urban decay" at least suggest that redemption may finally arrive through "rehabilitation." None seems possible for Tara's dank megalopolis—a monstrous tropical sore beyond all cure. Its angry throb might easily have made Miss Mukherjee's narrative strident had the author not exercised considerable restraint—a quality that is particularly impressive in this instance since her novel is plainly autobiographical.

Tara's homecoming is sketched in a series of family and social rounds, unmomentous in themselves but shimmering with perception and sudden doom-crack glimpses. Disharmonies of feeling—a leitmotiv in this book—generate a sense of drama beyond the commonplace. The Banerjees belong to a class whose members own industries and dominate commerce, drive imported cars, and still go to Darjeeling to escape the heat in the month of May. Their young wear bellbottoms and dote on American idiom ("Right on!" delights them no end). They watch raging mobs from the balcony of an elegant retaurant, stung to a harsh patriotism at the sight of their city disintegrating around them. They run for election under banners of law and order and hard work.

The scene is at once familiar to Tara yet terrifyingly different. The placid certainties of her Brahmin parents seem bankrupt, the hedonism of her own generation a petulant death-wish. In his letters David chides Tara for not becoming "involved," but how does one join a *Totentanz* when love, alienation, and fear combine and recombine to result time and again in the same crippling numbness? Monsoon is about to break when Tara buys her ticket back to America. David, looking up from his William James novel back in the States, might call it a copout. The reader may be less inclined to criticize, being compelled to feel Tara's mixed emotions.

Only once or twice does Miss Mukherjee appear bemused in her purpose, as in the episode of Tara's seduction by an ugly but dynamic Marwari industrialist. The incident, intended as a metaphor of Tara's paralysis of will, should have worked to expand the dramatic whole, but its tone of needless fastidiousness results in a blur. For the most part, though, Miss Mukherjee's story succeeds remarkably well in becoming a disturbing memoir not only of a returning native but of an ominous time and place.

Joseph Hitrec is the author of ***Son of the Moon*** and other fiction on India.

THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM

by Jan de Hartog

Atheneum, 677 pp., $10

Reviewed by John Haverstick

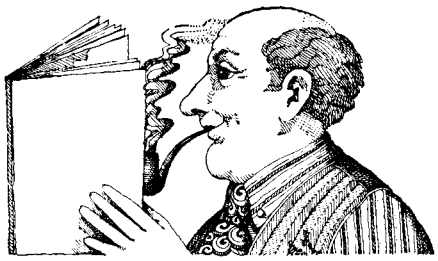
■ Most people know that the Quakers sprang from a far-out rebellion against the narrow Protestantism of the established Church of England in the mid-seventeenth century and that this rebellion began under the tutelage of an unschooled—and unkempt—shoemaker's apprentice named George Fox. Most people know, too, that traditional Friends (there are a startling variety of Quakers today, including Richard Nixon, who are by no means traditional) "affirm" instead of taking an oath, conduct silent meetings, disdain regular church buildings (Fox called them "steeplehouses"), and address each other as "thee" instead of "you" because, in the era of their founding, "you" was used only to superiors, and the Quakers admitted the superiority of nobody, but nobody.

In Jan de Hartog's historical novel *The Peaceable Kingdom*, these and other obvious Quaker customs and beliefs (and eccentricities) are served up lovingly—though sometimes inaccurately—in a long saga of the struggles and persecutions of Quaker beginnings from the time of Fox in England to the third- and fourth-generation Quakers involved in Pennsylvania's "Holy Experiment."

Perhaps equally important is the fact that de Hartog's story is packed with interesting sidelights, as well as highlights, of Quaker history. They are sidelights that probably won't cause any wincing in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, yet they may be new to non-Quakers. Here are some:

• One of the results of the persecution undergone by the Quakers was that they were forced to live not only by their "spirit" but by their wits. The Friends even gained a reputation for being a little sly: in doing business, Quakers would be utterly honest but they might *outwit* you. (In an age of bargaining, however, Quaker business methods proved useful since, in contrast to others, they set one price, stuck to it, and thus brought in more business—and commercial success—for themselves.)

• Except for a few important examples such as William Penn, early Quakers were a lively assortment from the lower-middle and upper-lower classes. Despite the later solemnity of Quaker meeting, early meetings could be—and



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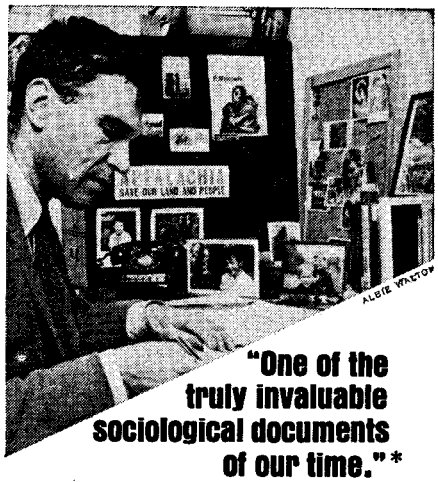

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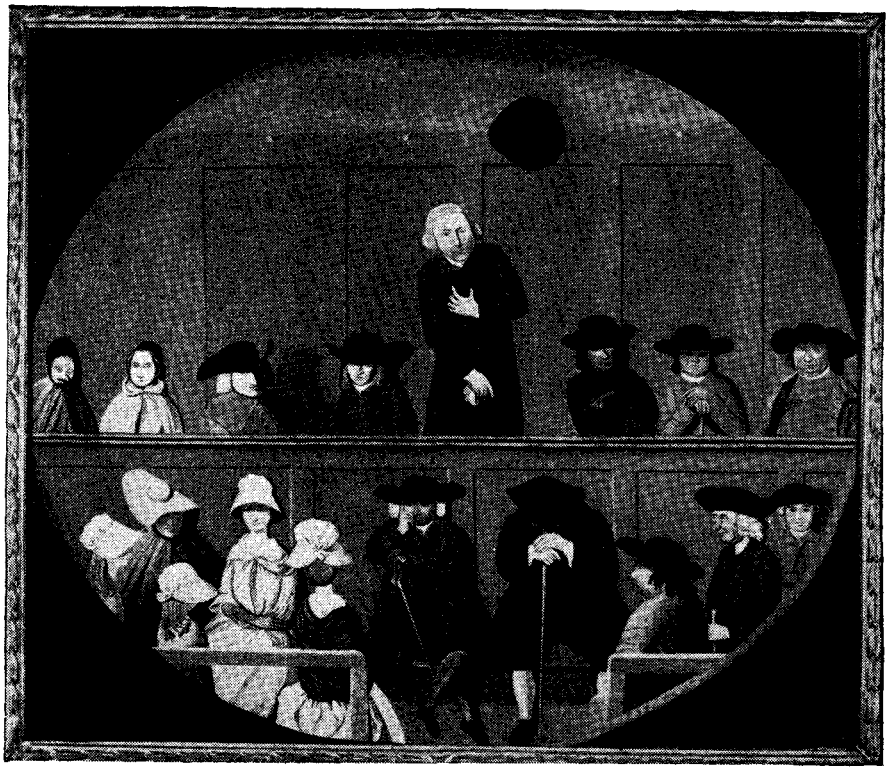

"Silence not only helped Quakers find the 'inner light'; it also proved useful."

occasionally were—interrupted by a membership that leaped and rolled, foamed at the mouth, and cried out that they wanted to be nailed to the cross of Jesus. One of de Hartog's characters bares her breasts, smears herself with excrement, and advises the assembled worshipers in an Anglican church that God wants them to smell for themselves the corruption of their souls.

• Margaret Fell, who became the wife of George Fox, was womanly enough to spice prison straw with lavender to improve the morale of Friends in jail —and practical enough to send packages of prunes to Quaker and non-Quaker prisoners for the purpose of forestalling constipation. In Margaret, de Hartog sees the real organizer of the Society of Friends. He also blames "sly Maggie," as he calls her, for deleting from Fox's journals after his death all references to Quaker miracles (in which Fox believed), thus, he says, turning the emphasis of Quakerism toward humane service and a life of patience instead of toward otherworldly salvation (though there are many present-day Quakers who would argue with de Hartog's interpretation).

• As de Hartog makes clear, there can be no doubt that founder Fox was a born actor who knew the exact moment to enter an established church, then pause for just the right effect before speaking up in loud protest against the incumbent preacher.

• When "sly Maggie" was in prison, she peppered Charles II with a stream of protesting letters, always beginning with the salutation "Dear Heart," never "Your Majesty." De Hartog also tells the story of William Penn's refusal to doff his hat to Charles II, thus putting Charles into the predicament of affably doffing his own hat on the grounds that only one person should remain covered in the presence of royalty.

• Even the silence of Quaker meeting originally had practical as well as mystical purposes. Silence not only helped Quakers find the "inner light"; it also proved useful under English law, for when a Quaker exhorter was hauled off to jail for disturbing the peace, the remaining group could continue to meet in silence, since there was no law against *silent* assembly.

• Always pragmatists as well as mystics, the Quakers said: "Stop crying for proof of God. Prove him by thy own life."

• One quality the best Quakers share is a sense of humor, though sometimes an eccentric one. In *The Peaceable Kingdom,* a minor character holds forth vociferously at meeting for a full ten minutes on the subject of the virtues of—brevity. And one Rhode Island Quaker ship captain, disobeying the Quaker injunction against war and violence, became known among Friends as "Holy Violence."

• In the second half of the eighteenth century the Quakers changed English

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grammar to suit themselves: they addressed each other with the objective pronoun "thee" instead of the second-person "thou," with which they blithely used third-person verbs: "Thee has" and "Thee is."

• The Quakers were largely responsible for several historic "firsts": the first prison reform in England, the first humane treatment of the insane, the first school among the American Indians, and the first concerted abolition of slavery. Yet, as de Hartog points out, all was not smooth in the course of these reforms. In Philadelphia some Quakers engaged in slave trade. With the Indians the Quakers sometimes proved geniuses of compromise despite their reputation for friendly treaties; in de Hartog's version, some "wet" Quakers (those likely to take a drink) rigged up a series of drainage pipes to resemble cannon and, thus bluffing that they were indeed violent, defeated militant Indian-baiters.

Jan de Hartog is the author of the Broadway success *The Fourposter*, which was later converted into the equally successful musical *I Do! I Do!*. Unfortunately, in spite of his nice sidelights, the plot of *The Peaceable Kingdom* is frequently over-romanticized, his characters are often leaden, and his historical research is peppered with anachronisms. The result: his latest entertainment becomes just as romanticized and as unreal as the marriage bed in *The Fourposter*. De Hartog describes Fox, for example, as a fellow of "a manly, almost noble face." Which is doubtful. One of the best historical sources for Fox's physical appearance was William Penn, who called him a "bulky" fellow. And to the great historian Macaulay, Fox's long, thick hair was reminiscent of "rats' tails." (Macaulay also points out that an Anglican of the day, outraged by Fox's persistence, advised the Quaker founder to "take a physic and a bleeding" as the best possible solution to his persistence.)

Also contrary to de Hartog, the Blackfeet Indians lived in Montana, not in Pennsylvania; the first Quaker meetinghouse built west of the Susquehanna was erected in 1747, so it couldn't possibly have been "old" at the time of the story; and the Quaker philanthropy that culminated in the present-day American Friends Service Committee didn't really take hold among Quakers before the eighteenth century though Mr. de Hartog implies that it did.

John (Mitchell) Haverstick, who is named after his Quaker great-grandfather, is the author of a comprehensive religious and social history of Protestantism, *The Progress of the Protestant.*

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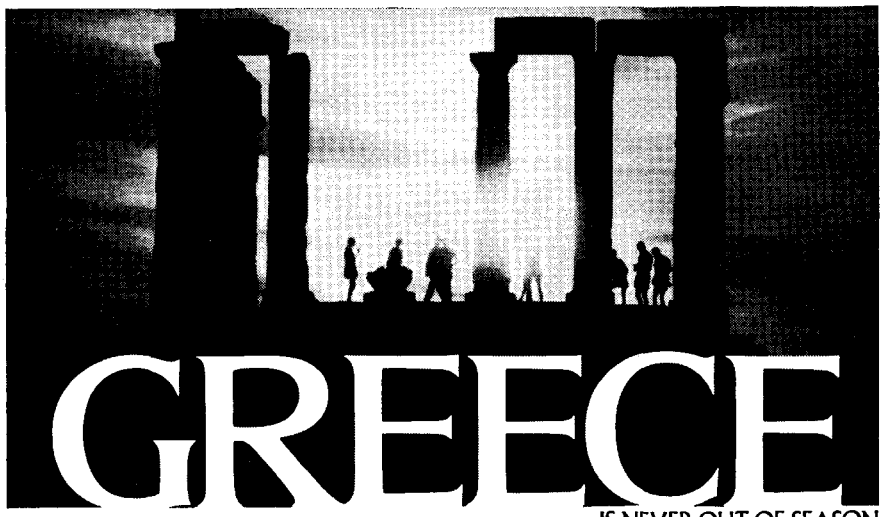

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CONCURRING BEASTS

by Stephen Dobyns

Atheneum, 76 pp., paperback, $3.95

THEY FEED THEY LION

by Philip Levine

Atheneum, 76 pp., paperback, $3.95

Reviewed by Robert D. Spector

■ Winner of the Lamont award to poets who have "not yet had a book of poetry published," *Concurring Beasts* bears no mark of either expected youthfulness or uncertainty. Stephen Dobyns looks warily at the chaotic world, dislikes what he sees, and responds to its disorder in crisply controlled verse keyed to a sardonic wit one scale above cynicism. For the young poet, rejected reality frequently leads to imaginative excesses, a turn to the power of fantasy. Dobyns maintains firm control of even the processes of imagination. For him there is "A disbelief in unicorns and concurring beasts,/ he fills their places, planting his sounds,/ waters them, watches them grow, their blossoms/ beginning to break forth jointly."

Whether he is relating autobiographical experiences, commenting on war and politics, describing the failure in human relationships, or exploring the processes of poetry, Dobyns writes with assurance and wit. He does not overvalue his conduct and scoffs at his attempts at reformation: "Rejection's cheap when the town's shut down." Death and joviality are wryly juxtaposed, and even the horrors of political assassination are expressed through a kind of metaphysical conceit: "the room, a bullet in its chamber,/ waiting to go off." Green, that symbolic color of youth and hopefulness, he observes, "becomes the color of decay." He levels idyllic pastorals by noting that at night cows go "back to the barn, banging horns,/ kicking soft hooves for company" only "if the trucks don't come." For the glory of war, he offers up the prospect of body counts; to the honor of dying for one's country, he responds, "stranger, with your myth and stoney name,/ what can you give me? A flag to sleep on, the quiet/ of long fields, the touch of horses to close my hand."

When he says, "Sympathy has no alphabet," he ironically plays on the expression "If you want sympathy, look in the dictionary"—a detachment that, unfortunately, constitutes the major weakness in his poetry. For Dobyns's best work suffers from a lack of human warmth and feeling. Even the beautifully balanced series of poems in "Hotel," poems that capture the essence of transient existence, fails to generate more than an objective view of his subject. Poems that deal with personal relations—"You sit as I do/ but across the room"; "You don't know who/ I talk to, talking to you"; "You ask for help. I can do nothing for you." —convey clearly enough the idea of alienation, but do too little to arouse the necessary sense of anguish that their subject demands.

Nevertheless, Dobyns's accomplishment is remarkable. In his first book he has consciously created a poetic world whose values and sounds are uniquely his. Aware of the poetic influences everywhere around him, he can say: "Now I shall begin to steal. . . ./ At the rag ends of fields my words/ are crouching. They know of a freight/ better than the one they've been riding." And yet, as his introductory quotation from Nerval suggests, what he seeks is "the power to create my own universe, to govern my dreams, instead of enduring them." He borrows not men's words or ways of looking at things but, rather, a kind of poetic inspiration to turn their collection of "old coins, cat's feet" to profit and to give value to their "numerous glass objects/ which will never be pearls." Far more often than not, Dobyns has succeeded.

Philip Levine's poems breathe the life he has lived. Born in another age, he most certainly would have been a nature poet. Throughout *They Feed They Lion* Levine identifies closely with nature, sharing its experiences, detailing its particularities. He can speak of "Fish head and man head,/ communing in their tongue," of "the strange root that is the heart/ of a boy growing/ to manhood," and of the sun hanging "under the rim of night/ waiting for the world." With great assurance, he offers a catalogue of the seasons as he has experienced them: "The end of winter, and the almond blooms/ . . . The plum, slower,/ unfolds under a streaked sky. . . ./ Now in February the

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pussy willow/ furs in the chill wind. In March/ the sudden peach, cherry, lilacs, in summer/ the drumming gourd, corn, grape, and later still the ghostly milkweed." Even the inanimate in nature has life. The stone, he is sure, "in its element/ . . . lives like you or me"; and when he casts it away, "as though I could banish it/ from creation," it sinks "somewhere in water to strike/ a conversation of stone."

But Levine, living in his own age, is as much a part of cities as of the nature they have defiled. He is painfully aware of how man has been boxed in, aware of "How small the space a man lives." A citizen of the auto age, with a kind of fluid energy that marks the rhythm of much of his poetry, he drives to escape from "my one-room life," to flee from companions in a factory existence, who, like him, are "too young to know/ this is for keeps." Detroit itself stands monsterlike in the middle of his poetry—"the city pouring fire,/ Ford Rouge sulfurs the sun, Cadillac, Lincoln,/ Chevy gray. The fat stacks/ of breweries hold their tongues. Rags,/ papers, hands, the stems of birches/ dirtied with words." Everywhere on the road from Washington to Philadelphia he finds nature assaulted: "All the/ way beside the tracks, empires/ of metal shops, brickflats, storage tanks,/ robbing the air."

A brief biographical note in his book describes Levine as having had a "succession of stupid jobs" in Detroit. Stupid perhaps, but most significant in shaping his poetry. He draws his emotion out of a sense of what it means to live a working man's dull, routine existence—"8 hrs/ plating toilet fixtures" or swinging the final dreary shift that ends at midnight. He knows a life whose moments are measured out in trips "on syphoned gas"; in watching "the kids/ scrub their brown faces"; in the frustrations of toilets overflowing.

Levine's poetic world values reality above all else, a reality that is reinforced by his earthy language, colloquial syntax, and natural rhythms. Emotion stands stripped of elaboration, exaggeration, and sentimentality. When he speaks of his children sleeping in the back of the car, his observation is candid: "the little ones/ breathing in their/ bad socks, farting/ and gnashing at/ the first sex dreams." He is honest about himself, "a poet/ in middle age still wandering in search/ of that boy's dream/ of a single self." Almost matter-of-factly, but not without an emotion that comes out of truth, he deals with the brutalities of life and death. To a world of sham, Levine has responded by writing a fine, honest book.

Robert D. Spector is chairman of the Department of English at Long Island University in Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE DONNER PARTY

by George Keithley

Braziller, 254 pp., $6.50

Reviewed by Norman Rosten

■ *The Donner Party*, by West Coast poet George Keithley, is a toughly heroic, engrossing, and inspiring work which, I predict, will take its place alongside *John Brown's Body*, Stephen Vincent Benét's book-length narrative poem based on another episode in America's past. History and people come fully alive in Keithley's immensely readable re-creation. For the poet has gone beyond the present schools of inward-seeking bards, verbal gymnasts, and ambiguous prophets to exercise his impressive talents under the open sky.

The story begins quietly. In 1846 a group of families from farm country outside Springfield, Illinois, led by George Donner, set out for California, where "All year you can smell the bloom in the air/ and farm the fertile land. . . ." The band of men, women, and children leave Illinois

> . . . during the damp days
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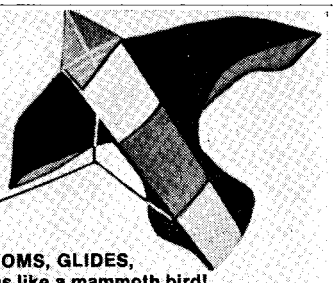

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who swore he had been west before.
"I remember the whole route.
I learned it by heart."

On May 12 the group, now numbering eighty, crosses the Mississippi and into the Great Plains. There the procession of 500 wagons moves on "in no particular order/thru miles of yellow meadow."

Keithley makes the reader familiar with the various members of the Donner party, and the prairies he describes through George Donner's eyes are hauntingly beautiful, still mysterious and untamed: Indians appear suddenly, hunt with the white men, drink with them, vanish.

By early October, however, the lyric mood of hope has begun to change into fear and uncertainty. Supplies are running out, tempers grow short, fights flare, a man is knifed. And between the Donner party and its goal, the Sacramento Valley, there still lies a thousand miles "of dry basin and mountain ground." Two months later, trapped in the snows of the Sierra Mountains, the starving remnant is tested and tried—some beyond the breaking point of their endurance or humanity.

George Keithley's spare, unsentimental verse rarely falters as he chronicles this grim trek which, in his telling, gains the dimension of a significant pilgrimage. Carefully wrought, his poem is filled with persuasive details culled by a writer who not only researched the history of this fateful journey but retraced the route, snowshoeing in winter through what is now called Donner Pass. Yet Keithley has not only studied long and observed closely; he has transformed his knowledge and perceptions into compelling verse. The elegiac note he attains toward the book's end is particularly moving:

The jays perch in the pines and cry
and wherever we may sleep
among the dead we will rise

together under the trees
like men who are set free
from the folly of a dream

into the fragrant morning. . . .

Written by a man who understands that within the archives of America's past can be found its legends, *The Donner Party* is a poem and a document, a testimony of horror and nobility.

Norman Rosten is the author of *Thrive Upon the Rock*, a book of poems.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1F, Pearl Buck; 2K, Beckett; 3I, C. S. Lewis; 4L, Arnold Bennett; 5H, Dreiser; 6J, Sienkiewicz; 7C, Rölvaag; 8B, Evelyn Waugh; 9E, Frank Norris; 10 A, Merezhkhovski; 11D, Tarkington; 12G, Joyce Cary.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Cyprus and the Demonstrations

Since it is almost impossible for Greeks and Greek-Americans to be objective about their country's political history, you might have looked elsewhere than George Anastaplo for a reviewer of *Phoenix with a Bayonet* and *Eyewitness in Greece* [*SR*, Feb. 12]. Mr. Anastaplo fails to mention the two pivotal situations that would help Americans understand this tangled subject.

Overriding everything else was (and is) the Cyprus issue, which divides every political party and social class. The U.S. attitude favors a policy of independence for Cyprus as long as cooperation from both Turkey and Greece is needed to offset the USSR's growing Mediterranean fleet and its possible impact on the Israeli-Arab cold war. Fearing that this reasoning won't satisfy idealistic Americans any more than it satisfies idealistic Greeks, apologists keep referring to the "frequent street demonstrations" in Greece in 1965 and 1967.

Americans are not told that these street demonstrations were the direct result of a semidictatorship set up with the cooperation of the royal family. For the first time in decades one political party had won a majority (53 per cent) of the votes for Parliament and had started such moderate but overdue reforms as education at all levels, further increasing public support. But when this majority party tried to appoint its own Chief of Army Staff, as provided by the Constitution, the King, great-grandson of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, fired the Prime Minister in July 1965, simultaneously throwing the popular majority party out of office and triggering the street demonstrations we hear about so often. Power to stop the street demonstrations by returning the majority party to office rested entirely with the King.

C. R. Zeininger,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Offensively Inoffensive

I wish to put your readers on notice that my review of Neil Sheehan's *The Arnheiter Affair* [*SR*, Feb. 5] differs in small but important respects from the one I wrote originally. The unedited version contained such words and phrases as *unstable tyrant, madness in power, oddball, distorted self-image, cunning and deceitful, self-mesmerizing delusions,* etc., which

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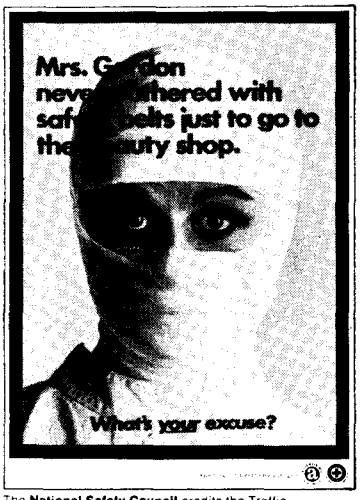

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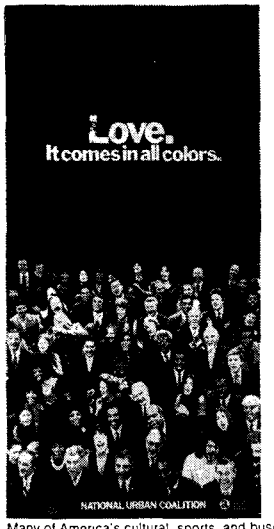

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lent a certain tone to my appraisal of Mr. Sheehan's book and its protagonist, Lt. Comdr. Arnheiter. All of these apparently *verboten* locutions were mercilessly excised by a vigilant and overcautious blue pencil. I am grateful, though, for the improvements of my grammar and style wherever those occurred, if for nothing else. The review as published will offend no one, which of course includes Comdr. Arnheiter.

Hal Dareff,
Weston, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Perhaps overcautiously, SR's lawyers advised that in context the words and phrases to which Mr. Dareff refers should be changed.*

Vivat McCloskey

Even a superficial reading of the review of Paul N. McCloskey's *Truth and Untruth* [*SR*, Feb. 12] reveals that L. L. L. Golden reviewed Representative McCloskey, not his book. With almost no discussion of the ideas and literary style of the author, the reviewer arrived at the sweeping, unsubstantiated conclusion that Mr. McCloskey is not an intellectual, not an original thinker, and not a philosopher, but a poor student of history who "does not grasp the realities of life." How Mr. Golden arrived at these immoderate conclusions he does not say, except to express the debatable opinion that one of McCloskey's recommendations — that citizens tithe their time and money in political matters —is unworkable.

The day I read the review of Representative McCloskey's book I heard him address an audience of about a thousand college students. His forthright, engaging presentation of his ideas and the enthusiastic response of his audience led me to an assessment of the man quite different from Mr. Golden's.

E. E. Carney,
Wichita, Kan.

He?

After reading Haskel Frankel's review of Lesley Egan's *Malicious Mischief* in Criminal Record [*SR*, Jan. 29] I suggest that he brush up on his homework. His reference to the author as "he" and "him" indicated Mr. Frankel is unaware that Lesley Egan is a pseudonym for a woman. She is Elizabeth Linington and under this name writes mysteries and historical novels, one of which, *The Proud Man*, was an award winner in 1955. Miss Linington also writes mysteries under the names of Egan O'Neill, Dell Shannon, and Anne Blaisdell.

Barbara R. Boyd,
Glendale, Calif.

Wrong Friend

In Book Forum Feb. 26 Charles Perrone states that in Book Business Jan. 29 I called Bernard Berenson "a close friend and informant" of Sir Joseph Duveen. I didn't. I said that of Berenson and S. N. Behrman.

Alan Green,
Westport, Conn.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 69: gyro, orgy, gory.

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(Continued on page 86)

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NATIONALLY PUBLISHED BOOK WRITER and editor, tired of urban flim-flam, seeks editorship of independent, no-nonsense weekly newspaper in New York-New Jersey area. Box E-542.

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For Sale

QUOGUE, LONG ISLAND (in the Hamptons)—Big, old, funky summer house on 1 acre with over 30 trees and shrubs. 10 bedrooms, 4 large brick fireplaces, 3 porches, all appliances. Living and dining rooms are 50' x 22' expanse. Entire house, except baths, kitchen, pantry, all dark, stained, varnished wood. Plumbing, wiring in good, restored condition. Everything painted, varnished and well-maintained. $75,000 firm. SR Box E-753.

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NATURALIST'S PARADISE. central Florida. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace. $32,500. Owner, 813-676-6862.

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CONVERTED MILL. Connecticut. 2 bedrooms, fireplace, old beams, wide floor boards, waterfall, pond. Taxes $340. Approximately 1½ hours mid-Manhattan. $62,000, principals only. Weekdays 212-753-0808.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

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IMMACULATE HOME—3 bedrooms. Magnificent Catskill mountain location. Write Billie Wyer, Delhi, New York 13753.

For Rent—Furnished

GREECE—6 bedroom villa, Aegean Island, superb view. SR Box F-167.

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SMALL SEMINARS. large families or several friends could enjoy this charming Cuernavaca, Mexico, casa, with pool, garden, view and congenial staff. Available April, June, July, mid-September to mid-December. SR Box F-542.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

FARMHOUSE ON STREAM. 55 miles New York. $275 negotiable. Box F-821.

MALLORCA—Overlooking Bay of Alcudia. 2 bedrooms, 2 baths. Inspiring view. Weekly or monthly. Inexpensive. 516-938-7690 evenings.

UNWIND: Luxury, oceanfront condominium, 2 bedrooms. Fully appointed. P.O. Box 1144, Ormond Beach, Florida 32074.

ST. JOHN, U.S.V.I.—Newly built house overlooking Coral Bay. $300 weekly includes jeep. Lower summer rates. Jahnige, Williamsburg, Massachusetts 01096.

COUNTY CLARE, IRELAND, near Doonaha (which cannot be found on the map), an 11-room, completely furnished, Manor House on 20 acres sloping down to the Shannon Estuary. All conveniences. $600 monthly. Maid available. Shapiro, Suite 3000, 69 West Washington, Chicago, 60602.

NORTH ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS. Beautiful waterfront 2-bedroom, 2-bath house. New 1966. $200 week through April. $175 May through December. C. G. Sargent, 112 West Central, Palisades Park, N.J. 07650.

MIJAS, COSTA DEL SOL, Spain. Luxury villa for July, August and/or September. Sleeps 6. Maid, pool. Inquiries, phone 305-945-3844 or write Harbledown, Mijas, Malaga, Spain.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—New, panoramic, waterfront. Privacy. Summer rates. Daniel Sullivan, Cruz Bay, 00830. 809-776-6444.

For Summer Rental

CASCO BAY—Cottages for monthly or seasonal rental. All conveniences. Golf, beaches, boating. $400-$700. Virginia Schroeder, Chebeague Island, Maine 04017.

NORTH SHORE, L.I. SOUND. Own mooring, private beach. Swimming, fishing, in wooded area, view. Salt-fresh waters. Traditional furniture, 3 bedrooms, 4 baths, studio separate level. Commuting distance NYC. June/September. Adults, no pets. SR Box F-819.

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CAPE COD family cottage on Truro's salt Pamet. June-July. SR Box F-843.

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE—Oceanfront home, private beach, superb view, all conveniences. Ideal for writer, artist, etc. or responsible family. $1,100 monthly. SR Box F-836.

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MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10022.

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Furnished/Unfurnished

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COME LIVE WITH ME in Manhattan. I'm a lively, literate, elderly lady interested in theatre, opera, travel and current events. Your own bedroom and bath at little cost . . . just help keep the place clean. New building York Avenue and 87th Street. Centrally air conditioned, rooftop pool, garage, 24 hour doorman. Sunny apartment, private balcony, many books and prints, color TV, lovely decor. Prefer retired business or professional woman seeking a comfortable home. SR Box F-859.

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CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage, 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating, Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla. Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-MW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

CONDOMINIUMS—St. Croix, U.S. Virgins, Caribbean. 1-2-3 bedrooms. Ft. Louis Augusta Development Corporation, P.O. Box 1481, Christiansted, St. Croix, U.S.V.I. 00820, phone 809-773-2575.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

MALLORCA—Vacation home on Alcudia Bay; 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, completely furnished; fabulous views of sea and mountains; condominium operation with pool and club facilities. $15,450. Panorama International, 810 18th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006. 202-783-3600.

ST. MARTIN REAL ESTATE—Studio apartments to luxury villas. Building sites. HANSON-NICHOLS, Marigot, St. Martin, F.W.I.

NOVA SCOTIA—Attractive 8-room, 140 year-old farmhouse, large barn (hand hewn beams), other buildings. Rural plumbing. All buildings sound. About 9 acres, mostly meadow, overlooking Bay of Fundy. Additional land available. $16,500. Terms. Details, photograph. Albert Oglesby, Putney, Vermont 05346.

CAPE COD—8-room, year-round house, private ocean beach. $80,000. Sim, Box 562, North Eastham, Massachusetts 02651. 617-255-4546.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

VERMONT FARMETTE—Nifty renovated farmhouse all modernized, some old barns. 10 rolling acres. Bonus: extra 2-bedroom apartment. $28,500. Frank Punderson Agency, 8 South Main, Rutland, Vermont. 802-775-2552.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . low as $1.00 acre! Vacationing, Investment, Homesteading! All provinces! "Opportunities in Canadian Land" includes complete purchase information! Send $1.00. Canadian International, Box 29193-MV, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

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CAMPS

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(Continued on page 88)

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CAMPS

(Continued from page 87)

DRAMA. MUSICAL COMEDY. Dance, Art, TV, Filmmaking—Public Performances, sports. Nation's foremost summer training center, Lake Sunapee, N.H. Coeducational, 11-19. 8 weeks, $1,150. Beginners Showcase, Dept. 14G, 240 East 76th Street, NYC, 10021. 212-249-9288.

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CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10036. 212-736-1660.

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AMHERST MUSIC CENTER. Sebago Lake Region, Raymond, Maine. A vacation-with-music study. Coed, ages 12-20. Full or half session: July 1st-August 19th. Orchestra, concert band, chorus, chamber music. Seminars in voice, keyboard. Opera Workshop. Academic music. Recreation program. Brochure: Dr. J. C. Schuler, 47 Braeburn Road, South Deerfield, Massachusetts 01373.

ELK RIVER Recreation Association, Inc.—Exceptional leadership training/camping/recreation/education opportunity, boys and girls 12-19, Colorado Rockies. Float trips, pack trips, fishing, ranch experiences. Write Hank Croes, Box 836, Clark, Colorado 80428.

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CAMPS

TEENAGERS RATE HUMAN RELATIONS and community spirit even higher than our arts, sports programs. They could be right! Coed 6-18. Brochure! Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 22, New Jersey 08318. (Opening for drama specialist.)

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SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly—no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 2478, Rockport, Maine 04856.

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COLORADO MOUNTAINS — Rent one of thirty professors'/physicians' modern vacation homes in remote 1,300 acre ranch near National Forest. Antialcoholic owners prefer kids, quiet families seeking rugged mountain recreation. LCR, Box 84, Buena Vista, Colorado 81211. 303-395-2364.

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PUERTO RICO BEACH HOUSE—Costa Azul at Luquillo. 3 bedrooms, yard, terraces. Fully equipped kitchen, linens, washing machine. Comfortable, private, convenient to other resort areas. For rent weekly. Edward Pinney, 148 East 78th Street, New York, New York 10021.

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VACATIONS

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UNSPOILED CONNECTICUT CAMPSITES. Pool. Many activities. Box 432, Watertown, Connecticut 06795.

FAMILIES: BLISSFUL VERMONT VACATIONS on Lake Champlain resort. Color Brochure. TYLER PLACE, Box 33, Highgate Springs, Vermont 05460.

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WEST COAST Summer Humanities Workshop—coed, for high school students—Claremont Men's College, June 25th-July 22nd. Box 25, Inglewood, California 90306.

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U.S. PROFESSOR has 1972 VW Camper to sell in Germany late July. Best offer. Box F-826.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1979

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. *Wandered aimlessly*	45 67 78 99 104 117 151
B. Currently active astronomical field	152 159 32 17 114 125 77 83
C. Poem by George Darley	85 90 168 6 19 58 105 129
D. Element of most oriental calligraphy	163 176 10 27 165 130 145 65
E. Longfellow poem	68 157 41 61 86 50 115 124 140 169
F. Talkativeness	143 8 54 93 100 107 172 13 64
G. Faint indistinct vowel sound	96 118 128 21 37
H. Am. reformer (1867-1960) leader of an old-age pension movement	102 119 127 150 167 15 63 89
I. An eyebright	111 122 16 133 146 4 33 74
J. Payment	135 144 7 30 69 94 158 79 103 175
K. Situation, condition, etc. that serves to foster something	71 109 138 147 156 170 81
L. Largest of the Canary Islands	148 25 88 136 29 59 121 48 56

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Gr. goddess of ghosts and witchcraft	162 23 31 73 132 44
N. Swedish-American inventor, marine engineer who designed and built the *Monitor*	51 153 18 42 57 110 12 91
O. Eng. playwright (1674-1718; "The Fair Penitent")	24 52 112 139
P. Ciudad Bolivar's river	46 38 84 98 60 142 66
Q. Natural secretion that lubricates hair and skin	40 76 116 55 9
R. Having acquired or gained nothing (comp.)	39 171 28 20 160 3 149 26 82 106 92
S. Rigorously just	43 14 87 154 95 72 108 126 173 22 166 120 35
T. Semitic goddess of fertility and love	62 123 11 137 47 161 70
U. Suit	80 131 53 97 174
V. Stoops	75 141 1 34
W. Largest of the Scottish counties	113 101 5 134 49 164 2 36 155

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

		1 V	2 W		3 R	4 I	5 W	6 C		7 J	8 F	9 Q	10 D		11 T	12 N							
	13 F	14 S	15 H		16 I	17 B	18 N	19 C	20 R		21 G	22 S	23 M	24 O	25 L								
26 R	27 D		28 R	29 L	30 J	31 M	32 B	33 I	34 V	35 S	36 W		37 G	38 P	39 R								
40 Q	41 E	42 N	43 S	44 M	45 A		46 P	47 T		48 L	49 W	50 E	51 N		52 O	53 U							
	54 F	55 Q	56 L	57 N	58 C	59 L	60 P	61 E		62 T	63 H	64 F		65 D	66 P	67 A							
68 E		69 J	70 T	71 K		72 S	73 M	74 I		75 V	76 Q	77 B	78 A	79 J		80 U							
81 K		82 R	83 B	84 P	85 C	86 E		87 S	88 L	89 H		90 C	91 N	92 R		93 F							
94 J		95 S	96 G		97 U	98 P	99 A	100 F	101 W	102 H	103 J		104 A	105 C	106 R								
107 F	108 S	109 K	110 N	111 I		112 O	113 W	114 B	115 E		116 Q	117 A		118 G	119 H	120 S							
121 L	122 I	123 T	124 E	125 B	126 S		127 H	128 G	129 C	130 D	131 U		132 M	133 I	134 W	135 J							
136 L		137 T	138 K	139 O		140 E	141 V		142 P	143 F	144 J	145 D	146 I		147 K	148 L							
149 R	150 H	151 A	152 B	153 N	154 S	155 W		156 K	157 E	158 J	159 B	160 R	161 T	162 M	163 D	164 W							
165 D		166 S	167 H		168 C	169 E	170 K	171 R	172 F	173 S	174 U	175 J	176 D										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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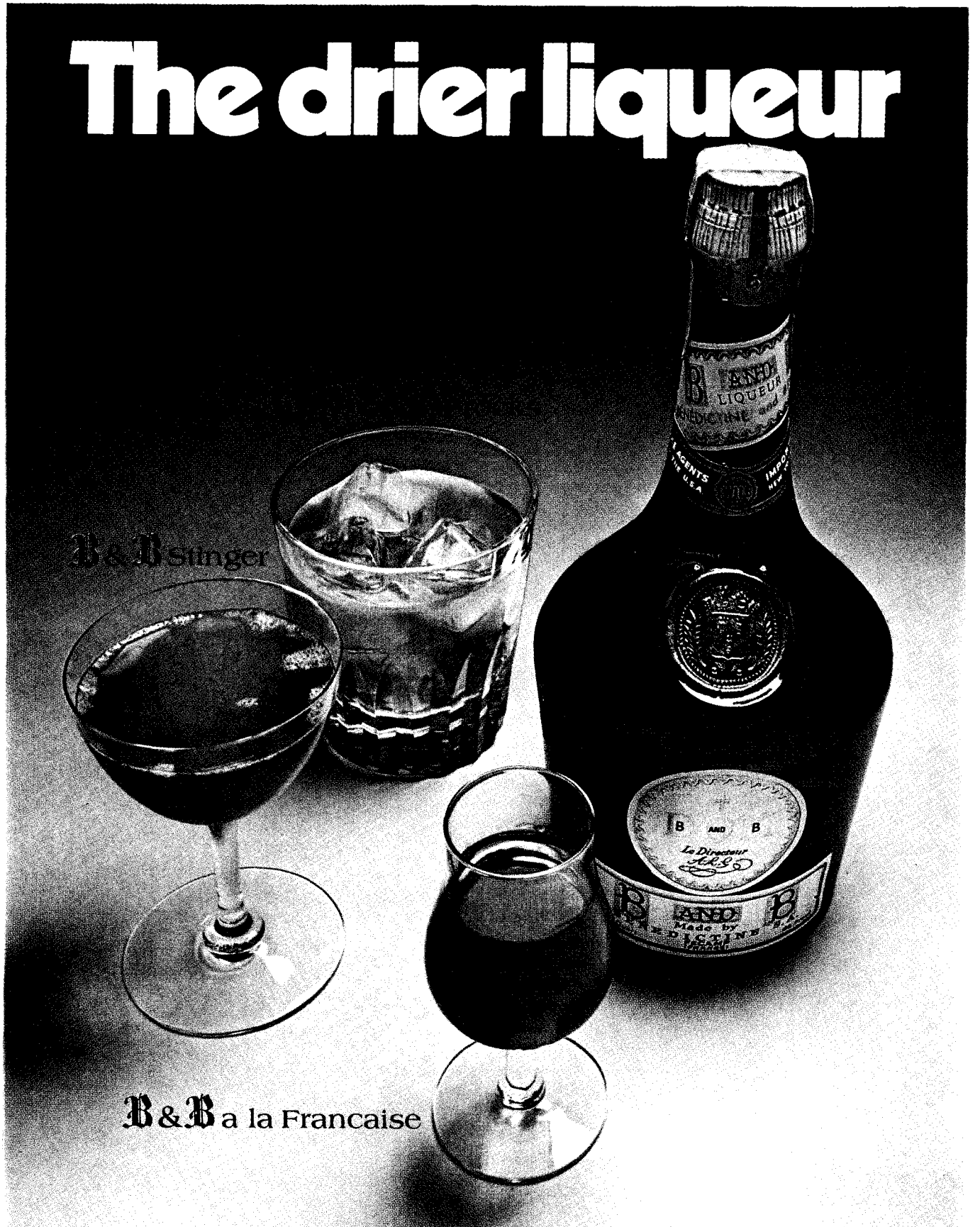
The drier liqueur



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Duke Wile Sons & Co. Inc. NEW YORK
86 Proof

B AND B
BENEDICTINE BRANDY
The drier liqueur

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